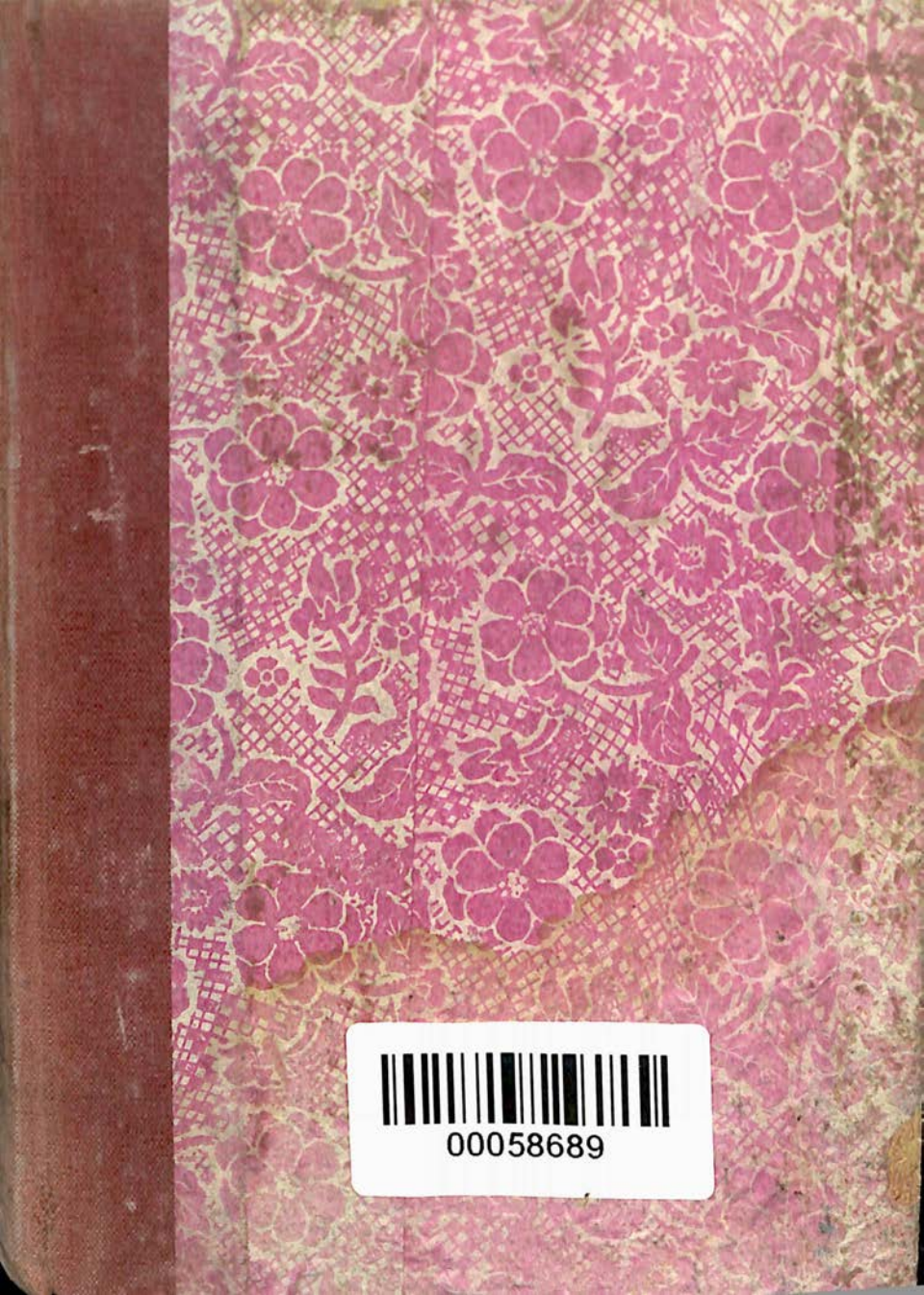
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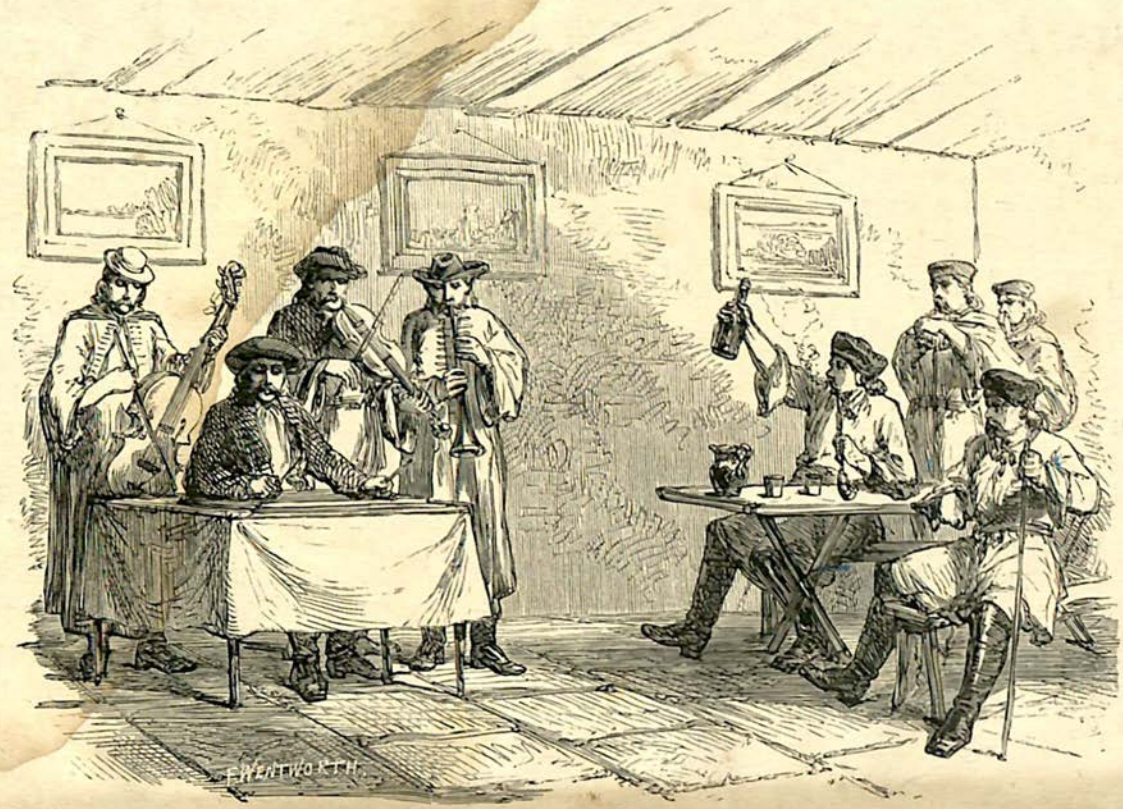
PICTURES

OF

HUNGARIAN LIFE



ZIGEÜNER BAND.

PICTURES

OF

HUNGARIAN LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS," "GHEEL,"

ETC. ETC.

Illustrated by the Author.

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Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore!
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more—
That Art nor Avarice intrude
To tame thy torrents' thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vineyard of the rock
Magnificently rude!

CAMPBELL.

LONDON:
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169, PICCADILLY, W.
1869.

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TO

THE REVERED MEMORY

OF

HIS EMINENCE

THE LARGE-MINDED AND LARGE-HEARTED,

WHILE MINUTELY-BENEVOLENT,

CARDINAL WISEMAN

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THE NARRATIVE OF THIS JOURNEY,

(ORIGINALLY PLANNED BY HIMSELF,)

AS A GRATEFUL RECORD OF

THE CONFIDENCE AND FRIENDSHIP

WITH WHICH HE HONOURED ME,

A CHOICE AND ELEVATING GIFT,

DEEPLY VALUED, AFFECTIONATELY REMEMBERED,

AND ACCEPTED

AS ONE OF THE COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE.

PREFACE.

This volume, containing the narrative of recent experiences in West Hungary, interspersed with details of travel and personal incidents, will help to remove the formidable idea, generally entertained by the holiday tourist, of the difficulties attendant on a visit to that country. It will serve to shew what may be accomplished by the ordinary traveller, and how much may be enjoyed with a moderate outlay, and within a brief period, by those whose time is limited.

Its object is to introduce its readers into a comparatively new world of travel, and to open to them facilities for gratifying and cultivating their most legitimate tastes and aspirations, amid scenes beyond the hackneyed range of mere pleasure-seeking excursionists.

It seeks to incite them to study nature under a new phase, and while admiring the beautiful and diversified, but idiosyncratic scenery of Magyar-land, to make acquaintance also with her noble people.

The author has endeavoured to describe such objects

as are calculated at once to divert and elevate the mind, and to afford to the thoughts that refined relaxation which must in time cease to be found in localities familiarized by constantly repeated visits, and deprived even of their natural charm by the baneful influence of common-place and distasteful associations.

In Hungary, all is still, so to speak, fresh; and those on whom the oft revisited autumn scenes have palled, and who sigh for a new sensation, may open to themselves a fertile source of contemplation in the almost unexplored fields of this interesting and suggestive land. They will find a fascination in all connected with it—its antecedents —its actualities—its future. Its history is a romance, full of picturesque episodes. Its people are patriots: the struggle they have made for their rights and liberties is meeting its reward, and their complete emancipation must soon be attained. The honesty and simplicity, manliness and generosity of their nature, imparts a special charm to their domestic intercourse; while the peculiar character of their town and village life—their nomad and erratic tribes—their art and architecture—their Roman and yet earlier antiquities, Turkish remains, legendary lore and native literature—their social habits and general progress—render a sojourn among them at once singularly fascinating and eminently instructive.

The hospitality of the Hungarians is as graceful as it is generous. A single introduction almost suffices—by passing the word on from one to another—to open every door, to warm every heart, and to secure the most cordial reception everywhere—no slight boon in a land where purchased accommodation is often at fault.

Of their cordiality and genuineness the author speaks from most agreeable personal recollection: these pages are therefore capable of supplying what their title intimates; and—together with descriptions of the country, whether from a practical or æsthetic point of view, of its social, moral, and commercial prospects, its advancement in education, its progress in art, science, and literature — of affording "sketches of life" in various ranks of society.

Moreover, it may to a certain extent meet a want which must have been felt and appreciated by those who have wished, as well as those who have attempted, to travel in Hungary.

Thus far there is a dearth of *guide-books* to that most interesting land, and among the numerous manuals for the use of travellers in adjacent countries, the few scraps of information relative to it are scanty and often unworthy of credit, many being extremely incorrect and delusive. The little volume here offered to the public, though it embraces no very large tract of country, is at all events

accurate in its statements, complete in itself, and equally available, whether for fireside entertainment or travelling companionship.

It is a simple act of justice to acknowledge here the author's debt to the late courteous no less than distinguished prelate, Cardinal Wiseman, first for His Eminence's suggestion of this journey many years ago, and secondly for the success with which it was accomplished and the enjoyment it afforded, mainly due to the useful hints and valuable letters with which the author was furnished by his thoughtful kindness.

To His Eminence's honour be it said, that although antedated by many years, these introductions proved as influential as if the generous heart that dictated and the friendly hand that wrote them had been yet active.

There are not many great ones of the earth of whom we can thus say that his benefactions extend beyond the grave, and that

"Being dead, he yet speaketh."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ZIGEÜNER BAND AT RAAB . *Frontispiece* . (*see page* 83)

PRESSBURG . . . . . *to face page* 17

RAAB 43

GRAN 106

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ERRATA.

Pages 68, line 21, and 70, line 1, *for* "Gheistliche," *read* "Geistliche."
Page 107, line 11, *for* "Esztregon," *read* "Esztergom."

PICTURES OF HUNGARIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Vienna and its attractions—Intentions to visit Hungary—Warnings of the Viennese—National aversions.

Early departure—Take the River route—Character of the river—Danube steamers—Scenery—Marchfeld—Scene of Ottocar's victory—Simmering—Historical events—The Fischa—Fischamend—Petronell, anciently Carnuntum—Relics of the Templars—Of the Romans—Aquæ Pannonicæ—Altenburg—Large barrow—Circular church—Hainburg—Tobacco manufactory—Roman Altar—Ruined castle—Modern castle, residence of Murat's wife—Rohrau, the birthplace of Haydn—Picturesque island—Rock of Theben—Temple of Venus—Curious promontory—Legend of the Nun's Tower—Wolfsthal—Custom House—Approach to Pressburg—Ruins of the Royal Palace—Bridge of boats—Our Inn—Reminiscences of Maria Theresa—A Jack-in-office—The Schloss-berg—The Ghetto—Synagogues—Jewish population—The Theatres—The Königsberg—The Cathedral—Details of the Coronation ceremonies—Crown of S. Stephen—Town Hall—Legend of the "Teufel's Gemälde"—Neighbourhood of Pressburg—Mines and manufactories—Tyrnau—Tramroad—Mineral springs—Brewery—Bösing—Mariensthal, Pilgrimage—Blasenstein and its dropping cave—Lueska, Legend of the Dragon's den—Ice cave—Chalybeate spring.

"USED UP" is certainly the motto of the nineteenth century. We were about to enumerate the objects, moral and physical, and the phases of life to which it might be applied, but we pause; for what is there *not* used up? Sensationalism is the order of the day, but even that will come to an end soon, for sensations themselves are almost used up!

London aldermen, like Roman emperors, have been said to indulge themselves with every known and unknown

luxury to such an excess that they have not only yearned after a new sensation, but would have been willing to part with half their wealth to purchase the common—alas! too common—sensation of hunger from a ragged boy!

Among objects "used up" we may indisputably include tours. Locomotion is now so rapid, and travelling so easy, that everybody has been everywhere; and we are sure that numbers of tourists, in this very year of grace, have repeated most reluctantly their visits to spots of which they are thoroughly tired, for no other reason than because they know of no new place where they can bestow themselves during the period of their autumn holiday. The selection they have made is at all events a pleasant change after the fatigues of the season. Green hills, even when we have known them before, are cool and fresh to look upon after brick-built streets, and the *laisser-aller* even of a hackneyed watering place is reposeful when contrasted with the social tyranny of London society; and so they go jogging away, satisfied that they are doing, if not the best thing possible, at all events the best thing under the circumstances.

We address ourselves, as in duty bound, first to the public in general; but indirectly also to the numerous population of *blasés* tourists, when we offer them information—not of a new planet, which, with present means they could not very well explore—but of a new holiday-excursion well worth pursuing. True, it is not within the reach of all, and may baffle the search of the "poor devil" whose vacation is restricted by the tyranny of employers, the "rules of office," or the ties of red tape; but what of that? The spot is only the more exclusive, the more *récherché*, the better worth visiting by those whom Fortune and Taste have taken it into their capricious heads to favour with

more leisure, more money, and, perhaps, a more refined appreciation of the rare and the beautiful.

To them, therefore, we dedicate the recital of a delightful little tour which will always leave its bright flash upon the retrospect of our lives; for it came with its healthy, fresh, and genial influence to put us in better humour with nature, in better humour with our fellow creatures, and in better humour with ourselves.

We confess to being in our own individuality somewhat *blasé*—to having wandered over England, France, Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, Tirol, Italy, and even Spain. But, with the exception *perhaps* of the latter country, no journey has left, on the whole, so fresh and pleasurable a reminiscence on our minds as our autumn visit to the Magyars and Magyar-land, and our exploration of the flourishing and attractive, though sequestered, cities it contains.

We had been spending three reckless, sight-seeing weeks in the Austrian capital; for, between ourselves and the public, time flies no one knows how at Vienna. We had still more than half its curiosities to explore, and our appetite for them was still insatiable, when the waning season reminded us of the half-formed determination with which we had left England some three months before, and which had been half forgotten while lingering on the banks of the broad Danube, exploring and sketching its ruined castles, listening to the wild traditions with which popular superstition loves to gild their picturesque remains, living in fact among the "wrecks of days departed," and indulging the dreams of retrospective fancy to which this romantic valley afforded such wide and suggestive scope. Every now and then, as time advanced, one or other of our party would exclaim, with something like a tone of self-re-

proach at our indolence, "When do we start for Hungary?" but there was always something to be seen, or something to be done in Vienna or its vicinity; so that the move was deferred from day to day, and we scarcely seemed to take into account that the vintage, which we wanted so much to see, was approaching, and that we were exceeding all reasonable limits. Under these circumstances there was no choice but to take an irrevocable resolution, and determine to tear ourselves away; and accordingly one afternoon, unknown to the rest, one of our number dropped behind while on a walk to Schönbrunn, hastened back to the city and thence to the quay, entered the steamboat office, and deliberately took tickets for the whole party. The following morning's steamer started at six o'clock!

At dinner time, when we met as usual in the "Speiselokalitaten" of our hotel, and had ordered what the natives call supper (!), on being called to account for his disappearance, the bold strokesman was compelled to confess the desperate deed. Fortunately, the abrupt act was taken in good part, for all felt it was the only way to break the spell, and defy the witcheries of the gay capital.

There were, however, yet other demons to cast out, of which perhaps prejudice was the most formidable; though ignorance of the language, and an entire want of any personal acquaintance with a single inhabitant, created a vague apprehension in our minds. As regards the former, however, so far from being deterred by any of the warnings held up to us by our landlord and a rather officious waiter—a most amusing fellow by-the-bye, who thought himself qualified to advise us on the subject, and considered we should do far more wisely to remain beneath the protecting influence of his master's roof-tree than to risk

our property and imperil our lives among the "savage and over-reaching Huns"—we were only the more curious to judge for ourselves if their reports were true, and to brave the dangers they described, if they existed.

"The travelling is detestable," said one: "the railways are in an unfinished, unorganized condition, the vehicles are crazy, the roads bad, and the rivers are so often dried up that when you reach them you find them quite unnavigable."

"And then," chimed in another, "the habits of the people are so dirty. There is not a decent hotel in the country. The inns are few, ill-supplied, exorbitantly dear, and kept by Jews. Civilization is at a low ebb, and the language is totally incomprehensible, while the people purposely ignore German, and understand neither French nor English; you will therefore have to rough it to an extent you could hardly expect."

"Besides all this," added a third, "the roads are not safe. Brigandage is more systematically practised than in any other country; and it is by no means unusual for travellers to be decoyed into so-called inns, which prove to be the dens of assassins, where they are robbed and murdered."

"It is to be hoped," observed a fourth, "that you have plenty of letters of introduction, and that you are already acquainted with persons of influence in the country, in the very probable event of your requiring protection."

A fifth was most anxious about our personal comfort, and advised us to take every possible precaution in providing ourselves with common necessaries, which there was no chance of our meeting with in so uncivilized a land.

"Of course," said all, "you will travel properly armed and escorted, in order to be prepared for all hazards."

In fact they rather overdid it; for we one and all came

to the conclusion that it was not quite impossible that our friends at the "Oesterreichische Hof" might have their own interests slightly in view in giving us their counsels. We embraced every opportunity of consulting others, and among them the bureaucracy of the several Danube steamboat offices, where, strange to say, we were discouraged almost as vehemently.

In after time, when our own proper experience had taught us the utter fallacy of these officious counsels, we could but wonder that party-feeling and national animosity could be cultivated to such an extent as either completely to blind the judgment or dull the conscience.

It is never very pleasant to be aroused from one's downy slumbers, and to be told that one *must* rise whether so disposed or not, on pain of being too late, not only for the diligence, train, or steamboat, as the case may be, but also for one's "party," who—we may be sure—never forget or forgive the unlucky circumstance, and take good care mercilessly to remind the author of their annoyance of his misdemeanor, to the journey's end. The unpleasantness of the situation is not diminished by the fact that the first waking moment reveals a sky just reddening into early dawn, and a slumbering house, enjoying the repose from which one is being cruelly torn.

There is little doubt but that in our heart of hearts we all sympathize with, rather than condemn, Dr. Watts' "sluggard;" and, notwithstanding the early contempt with which our parents and nurses did their best to inspire us for his want of moral energy, we are quite as ready to "turn on our bed," exclaiming as we stretch our indolent limbs, "a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

On the August morning on which we were to leave Vienna on our Hungarian expedition, we awoke with the disagreeable conviction that temporizing was out of the question; so we rose, albeit protesting against the inconvenient interruption.

The steamer started at six, and we had a considerable part of the city to traverse; the effort being aggravated by the annoying circumstance that the distance must be accomplished on foot, all our endeavours to coax a cab-driver to bring his vehicle out at that uncomfortable hour having completely failed. It was necessary therefore to be stirring not later than four. Our luggage was consigned to a truck, and was taken in hand by a little half-starved porter—rejoicing in a brass-plate numbered 30—and his wife, who alternately relieved each other, and at last succeeded in reaching the landing-place. It was an uncomfortable beginning, for a fine penetrating drizzle covered the whole place, and whipped our faces at every corner we turned. Fortunately this detestable Scotch mist at last blew off, and the day, which proved warm and genial, without being too sunny, turned out all that could be desired for a river journey, when one wishes to remain mostly on deck. There was a considerable number of passengers on board, and as the scenery of this portion of the river is not particularly attractive, the majority betook themselves to the saloon, which soon became very close and stuffy. The velvet canopies were occupied in a very short time, and a series of small white cloths laid, nearly all down the polished mahogany, proved eminently suggestive of breakfast. Every one chose to order it simultaneously; and the waiters, although they rushed frantically hither and thither, did not suffice for the occasion, being terribly in each other's way, and in that of every one else. Under these circumstances

we resolved to enjoy ours *al fresco*, and carrying it ourselves on to the quarter-deck, found we had materially improved our position. We had taken the precaution of bringing on board with us an ample supply of those inimitable "kipfels," for which Vienna has obtained a merited celebrity; and it was well we had, for the Restaurateur, thinking, probably, that his customers must submit to whatever he chose to put before them, served up rolls of a very inferior quality and of ancient date, politely regretting, nevertheless, that "the steamer had started so early he had not been in time to take any fresh bread on board." His *cuisine* was by no means first-rate, and we thought it a pity the Company should not pay sufficient attention to this department to deserve the confidence of the passengers, and spare them the inconvenience of providing themselves, as we found many did, with their own *comestibles*.

The Danube, take it as a whole, is a noble river, and the historical events of which its banks have been the scene render it classic ground; but the three hours' *trajet* we had marked out as our morning's work was not an uninterrupted scene of beauty. The first hour was passed in extricating ourselves from the narrow arm of what is called the Viennese Danube, and then, after we were fairly on the broad clear breast of the main river,* in the somewhat difficult navigation of the channels ever and anon formed by clusters of islands which soon came in our way, and are

* The little steamers employed to convey passengers along the Viennese Danube between the city and the large Danube boats are very elegant in design and ingenious in construction. They have a rudder at each end of peculiar make, and so arranged that either can be fixed at will, and thus form the cutwater of the vessel. This obviates the necessity of turning round, which would be a matter of some difficulty in the narrow and overcrowded portion of the river.

more numerous here than in any other part of its course. They are by no means a "feature" in the eye of an artist, being mostly covered with stiff bushy willows, cold and monotonous in colour, and not improved by a foreground of pale grey sandy bank, surmounted by tall bull-rushes. As our steamer passed along, heaving up the surface of the water, and carrying its curl to the edge, whole lengths of these reedy banks would give way, falling flat into the water below them.

We had passed the dreary *Marchfeld*, or plain skirting the tributary March, and lying in the shade of the Hohenleuthen hills, a locality once stirred by the bloody contests of Ottocar of Bohemia and his more fortunate rival the great Rudolph of Hapsburg, who here won his final victory in 1278, destroying as many as 150 strongholds of brigand chiefs, and establishing his dynasty over the great empire of Austria.

We had also passed the village of Simmering, almost a suburb of the capital, and famous for its extensive brewery of Viennese beer, and other popular manufactures, lying unsheltered in the midst of an open waste. This same Simmering was once rendered available as a roomy spot where foreign ambassadors and their suites could be assembled and treated with; but in recent times its common is devoted annually to the amusement of horse racing. A large edifice, which we were told had once been a suburban palace of the Emperors of Austria, now serves the purpose of a store for ammunition, but covers the site of what in the 16th century was the tented abode of Solyman the Sultan, who, in 1529, after taking Buda, besieged Vienna, and encamped himself there. The city, it is said, sustained twenty assaults in as many days; but Solyman the Magnificent was

fain at last to raise the siege, and retreated with a loss of 80,000 men.

Not far from this place, a small river called the Fischa, rising in the Schneeberg between the Presting and the Leitha, and receiving the Reisenbach, falls into the Danube, giving its name to a village which stands at the junction, and is called Fischamend. We could obtain no explanation of the curious fact that a fish of colossal dimensions, wrought in iron, surmounts the postern.

The next place we observed was Petronell, the scene of some of Attila's exploits, and built on the site of an old Roman town called Carnuntum. There are here some curious relics of the Templars, whose palace has disappeared, but a beautiful and suggestive chapel remains, which some have attributed to Charlemagne. In its vicinity are the remains of a fine stone triumphal arch, called the Heidenthor, supposed to have been erected in the time of Augustus, as a generous tribute to the success of the Roman legions under his predecessor, the conqueror of Pannonia. The remains of one of those indestructible Roman walls which that great people have left in every land subdued by their arms, the towers and casemates serving for its defence, are distinctly traceable, and may be followed nearly as far as the site of the Neusiedler lake, now completely dried up, and converted into meadow and arable land. It is not long since, in a forest lying near this quondam lake, were found extensive remains of a temple dedicated to the Sun, and among the stones that have been brought to light is a fine Mythra, about 5 feet long and in excellent preservation.

The Roman rampart we have here before us is as strong in some places as the first day it was built, and was actually employed not more than 200 years ago by the Austrians, to exclude the Turks from their dominions.

The Aquæ Panñonicæ, discovered in the neighbourhood on the right bank by the Roman conquerors, still supply their tepid stream, and the small town of Altenburg is visited by many who come to test their medicinal powers. At Altenburg the Leitha flows into the Danube; indeed, the two rivers here form a marshy islet, on which stands the town, surrounded by its gay and well-cultivated gardens. Altenburg has some handsome streets and fine buildings, and boasts an ancient castle, the history of which is obscure. Notwithstanding its present substantial aspect, this town seems to have been a point of special hatred to the Turks, who twice burned it to the ground—once in 1605 and again in 1683. It is true that it lay directly in their road to Vienna. At Altenburg, as at many other towns on the banks of the Danube, is a Piarist college.

Among other Roman remains extant here, is a considerable barrow, 50 metres in height: some say it existed before the time of the Roman invasion.

To the archæologist this unfrequented little town offers a beautiful and perfect specimen of one of those circular churches, very similar to the one we have just mentioned at Petronell, but of which there are but four left in all Germany, and only one in Hungary. This, like the rest, is attributed to the Knights Templars, and constitutes annually the object of a pilgrimage which brings many devotees to its shrine. The castle is a modern building, but looks well from the river.

The next place of any note we pass is the small walled town of Hainburg, celebrated for its tobacco manufactory, an Imperial institution, the "weed" being jealously monopolized by the Austrian government. This factory gives occupation to one-fourth of the inhabitants, and has caused

the spot to be called—most undoubtedly by those who know not the glorious capital of Andalusia—the "Seville of Austria!" For ourselves we deprecate the analogy. Not only is there no similarity of any kind between the two places, but, as regards the manufactory, while Hainburg occupies only eight or nine hundred hands, Seville employs five or six thousand.

Hainburg is curiously constructed: it consists of a long wide street, from which emanate numerous branches. At either end is a fine old gateway.

In the principal chamber of the town hall stands a curious old Roman altar, the origin of which is unknown. It possesses also the ruins of an ancient castle.

There is here, likewise, a modern castle of fine proportions, which served as a residence for Napoleon's sister, Murat's wife, ex-queen of Naples.

It was near this that the composer Haydn was born, his birth-place being a village in the vicinity called Rohrau, where his father was sexton, and also a wheelwright. The boy's musical genius was not only natural, but during his early years self-developed. The darkness of his complexion, and other characteristics, have suggested the possibility of his having gipsy-blood in his veins.

The denizens of the Danube have been used, at all periods, to the sight of frequent conflagrations, and we learn that Hainburg was nearly all burned down in 1827.

After passing this point the character of the scenery undergoes a great change for the better; the banks cease to present a flat desolate appearance, and steep heights surmounted by picturesque ruins appear in sight. The first of these is Theben or Deven, standing at the confluence of the March with the Danube, and supposed to derive

its name from the tradition that in early times a temple dedicated to Déva, the Venus of the Huns, was built here.

The site is peculiarly happy, and worthy to be dedicated to the Goddess of Beauty. The rocky eminence, on which still exist the scanty remains of the ancient edifice, stands as an island surrounded by the waters of the main stream and those of its tributary, which form the geographical boundary line between the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary.

It is to be regretted that the history of these and many other of the Danubian ruins should be so obscure, and that there should be so many conflicting versions of the accounts given of them. There are those who deny that Venus is in any way responsible for the nomenclature of this spot; alleging that the fortress, whose picturesque ruins survive, was built by the beautiful and wealthy daughter of a Sclavonian Duke, named Deva, and that on one occasion she occupied it whilst under siege, encouraging the garrison to hold out, and finally gaining the day. Others maintain that it was erected by the Romans, and formed one of their strongholds. The 'Nun's Tower' is an isolated ruin, of which popular tradition tells a romantic story.

The Legend of the Nun's Tower.

A valorous knight, one of the former lords of Theben, having fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baron, between whom and himself existed a deadly feud, the father strictly forbade all intercourse between them; and finding one day that the girl favoured her lover, and that stolen interviews took place, was so infuriated that he at once determined to immure his daughter in a convent. The enamoured knight soon dis-

covered the retreat of his mistress, and taking with him an armed body of his retainers, attacked the convent by night, sending terror into the hearts of the Abbess and her nuns, and carrying the trembling recluse off to his castle. Arrived here, he placed her for greater safety in a solitary turret perched upon a rock, and standing aloof from the rest of the fortress, which he surrounded with men in ambush. While, however, dallying in his lady's bower, the castle was surprised by a very superior force, headed by the enraged father. The castle was ransacked, and the lovers not being found, the soldiers were ordered to surround the smaller tower, to the dismay of its inmates, who soon saw that their precautions were wholly inadequate to the circumstances. They resolved, however, not to be taken, preferring a voluntary death to an ignominious capture, and a subsequent fate of which imagination represented to them a frightful picture.

The secret passage, which may now be seen leading from the spiral staircase through the rock to the water's edge below, unhappily did not then exist, and there remained but one resource for the hapless pair. They appeared for one moment on the summit of the tower, locked in each other's embrace. As they looked down despairingly on their besiegers, a prompt order to draw their bows was given to his archers by the relentless baron; but ere the heartless command could be executed, both had leapt into the stream below, and the peaceful waters were flowing on, regardless of the cruel tragedy of which they had been the scene.

On the opposite bank occurs here the small town of Wolfsthal, till recently the custom-house between Austria and Hungary, its chief object being the surveillance of the tobacco-trade.

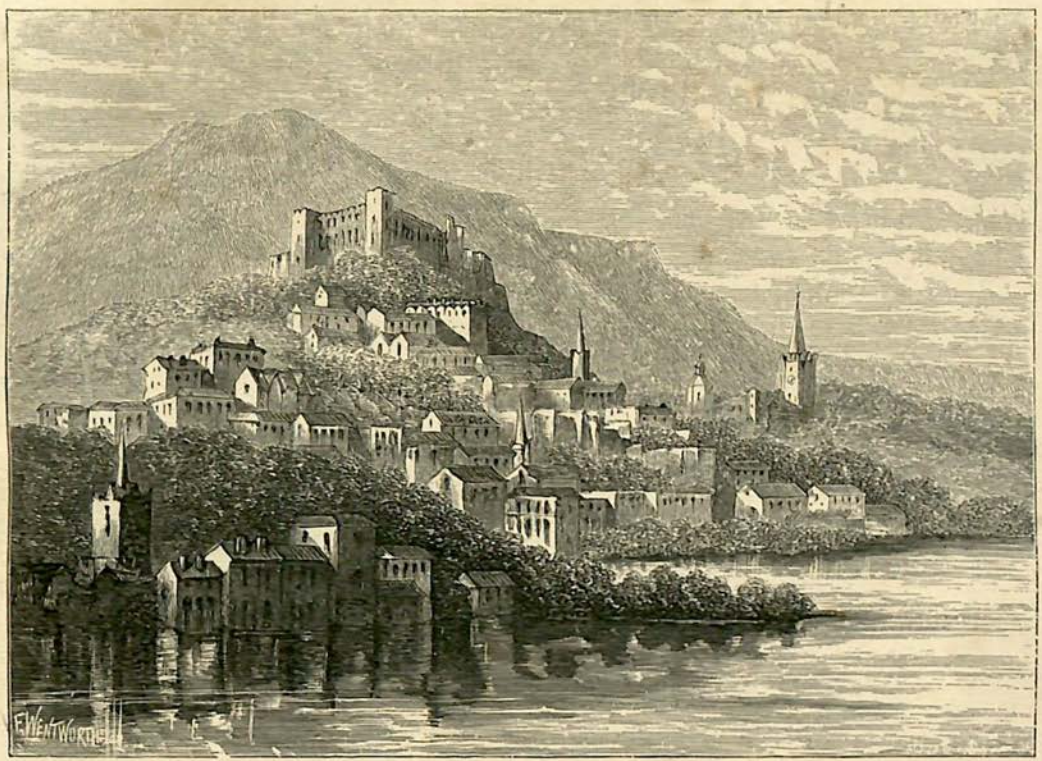
It was now past nine o'clock, and as our halting place appeared in sight we were struck with the approach. Pressburg, with its extensive old quadrangular castle, known as the Royal Palace, on the summit of the height over which the houses are piled, forms an imposing prospect, and reminded us so forcibly of Toledo—"*Toledo la pintoresca*"—that we all exclaimed with one accord, "How like Toledo!"—irrespective of the river, of course; for there is little similarity between the broad, clear surface of the industrious Danube and the narrow, turbid, and unnavigable stream of *El Dorado Tago*.

Pressburg, Hung. Poszony, is a dull, inactive-looking town, and has that depressed aspect which, whether in cities or in individuals, rarely fails to betray fallen greatness. Though never at any time so proud and important as Toledo, it was still once the capital of Hungary, but it has lost—if it once possessed them—even its national characteristics, and its peculiarities scarcely suffice to distinguish it from an Austrian city.

The Royal Fortress-Palace, with its long, and now hollow, roofless, quadrangular walls, and its four crumbling towers at the corners, crowning the height, occupies a position altogether analogous to that of the grand and venerable, but likewise tottering, Alcazar of Toledo, also its distinguishing feature; and the inactive streets are almost as tranquil; but it loses greatly by a nearer approach, for it lacks the majesty, as it wants the *prestige*, of that widowed queen of cities.

As we neared Pressburg, the bridge of boats opened to admit us, and we were soon landed at the little wooden pier. The quay is decidedly the least languid quarter of the lifeless old town, but it tells of no great commercial prosperity. Having secured our rooms in an old, rambling

and not very prepossessing hotel, called the "National Hof," or "Nemzeti Fogada," which happened to be nearest to the landing-place, we proceeded to explore the town, beginning, naturally, with the old towering ruin, the most conspicuous object to the eye, as well as, historically speaking, that most vividly impressed on the memory. Who can forget Voltaire's stirring relation of the memorable political crisis which, in 1741, was discussed within its walls, and the dramatic incident, so happily seized on, which determined the fate of an Empire? Who would not search with earnest eye for any remaining stone of that balcony on which, at the very witching moment when the scale might have been turned either way, suddenly and impulsively appeared the youthful, beautiful, and defenceless Queen with her infant son in her arms, attired in the deepest mourning, and wearing those national insignia, the crown of Pope Sylvester and the sword of St. Stephen, to this day objects of an almost idolatrous veneration in the heart of every true Hungarian? Who would not listen as if to catch the far-off echo of that enthusiastic cry which broke from the chivalrous Magyars, "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Teresa*," when "ten thousand swords" *did* leap from their scabbards to redeem the oath, and vindicate their Sovereign's rights. The foundations of this palace carry no date, and even tradition fails to enlighten us by any conjecture as to its origin. The guides and guide-books agree in stating that it was considerably modernized in 1766, used as the refined and luxurious habitation of royalty by Maria Theresa, and subsequently destroyed by fire in 1811, having remained ever since in the condition to which it was reduced by the flames. This devastation was the result of the wanton incendiarism of a troop of Italian



FRESSBURG.

soldiers garrisoned within its walls, who, with characteristic national indolence, objected to carry their supplies, including water, up the steep ascent.

We had some difficulty in finding the ignoble, narrow, and tortuous street which leads up to the first plateau; but although the road is steep, and by no means pleasant, we thought ourselves amply compensated for our labour, whether by the beautiful views disclosed at every resting-place, or by the knowledge we gained of the nature and extent of the ruins themselves. Part of the edifice is patched up, and serves as a barrack, and one great drawback to the full enjoyment of the scene consisted in the discordant yells of some young military aspirants to musical fame, who were making superhuman efforts to follow their instructor on the "ear-piercing fife."

"The view over the Danube from the esplanade is really enchanting, and at one point, where it presents itself through a broken arch-way, it seemed a perfect picture, ready-made by Nature's hand. We had just finished transferring it to our sketch-book, when we were addressed somewhat summarily by the guardian of the fortress, who asked us fiercely, but in the drollest French, how anybody dared presume to sketch there, "*sans mon permi.*" We were to desist immediately, &c. &c.

"Ah! my good sir," said we, "you are just too late: we have completed *all* we meant to do, and must in return assure you that we greatly admire this charming site, which is the very spot for an artist to pitch his tent in."

"But when I tell you," said he, growing very red, "that it is against orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Well, *my* orders."

"That's all!" said we, laughing heartily; "if you can't support your prohibition by a better authority than that, we shall take leave to come here again next time we have an hour to spare, and enrich our sketch-book with some of these superb views, which don't seem to be much appreciated by any one on the spot."

"May I know to whom I have the honour of speaking?" said the Jack-in-office, now furious.

"We don't see any particular use in telling you."

"Oh, but I am entitled to know."

"That is different; then you have our permission to find out."

"Pray, are your graciousnesses Barons, Counts, Marquises, Dukes, or perhaps even Princes?"

"Oh dear no; none of all that brood; none of your paltry German titles; far superior to all that—simply a party of British gentlemen, who, after all your impertinent bullying, depart, wishing you a very good morning, and a more accurate appreciation of your position."

On descending from the fortifications, we had somehow rambled into a different path, and found ourselves in the Schloss-burg, the very heart of the Pressburghian Ghetto, for the Israelitish population may be said to swarm here. It is a very extensive quarter, and there are several synagogues, one newly built, and very expensively decorated: two services take place daily, and we were assured they are very fully attended. Here, as everywhere, the characteristics of the Jewish nationality are fully maintained and immediately recognized—untidy streets, dingy little shops, second-hand wares, flashily-dressed women, at once gaudy and slovenly, living outside their houses, and wearing that depressed expression peculiar to the Oriental races,

but often combined with features to which it imparts a certain beauty—all bespoke the nature of the locality. These, however, were the back-slums and by-lanes of the Jewish quarter, for it has also its wealthier streets, which are handsome and well appointed; and there is apparently considerable intercourse between Jews and Christians, at least in a commercial point of view. Nearly all the shopkeepers in Pressburg write up their names, callings, and the nature of their wares in Hungarian, German, and Hebrew; but it is remarkable that whereas these notices are *translated* into the German *language*, in the Hebrew, only the *character* is used, and the nomenclature remains German. Thus, for example, the word "Lager," a shop, is always rendered לאגער; and it is not a little amusing to trace out a long list of the commonest objects in domestic use, such as "mugs, mousetraps, and other groceries," usually sold in a provincial chandler's shop, described in German words, but written in the Hebrew type.

The people, as a rule, seem active and industrious; yet there is a sad amount of apparent poverty in the ragged and barefoot mendicant population by which one is beset.

One cause of the cold ungenial aspect of the town is the employment of the wooden "tiles" so much used in Tirol, for roofing, and which, by the by, continue to be employed, although known to be the cause of much destruction when a fire occurs. When first placed they are of a pale grey tone, and, as they mature, pass through every shade of neutral tint until they reach a dull black; so that when a roof is patched from time to time, it acquires a very variegated, not to say *bizarre*, character.

Few towns are so destitute either of objects of art, antique buildings, or handsome edifices as this. There is, nevertheless, a *cachet* about the street architecture and general con-

struction of the place, essentially foreign to an English eye, though it fails to supply that picturesque antiquity so often met with in the primitive towns of the Continent; and we must endorse the assertion that Pressburg carries with it few, if any, essentially Hungarian characteristics; so that the visitor sees little to remind him that he has crossed the Austrian boundary,

There are one or two broad gravelled promenades, shaded by stunted trees, and these have even "rond-points" here and there, marked by statuesque fountains within iron railings, in wretched taste, and of the very worst period of art. They exhibit flamboyant figures in theatrical attitudes, clad in that unmeaning mixture of Roman armour and massive drapery which recalls the siécle de Louis XIV. in France, that of Bernini in Italy, and that of Queen Anne in England. When Pressburg was full of company this was the fashionable promenade. Pressburg possesses two theatres, neither in very flourishing condition. The one within the town was under repair, and we walked into it and over it without being very much impressed with the condition of dramatic art which it betokened. It is used only, or at all events chiefly, in winter, and the performances are in the Hungarian language. The other is a theatre *al fresco*, and is called the Arena. It is constructed of wood, if the term may be used to describe a fenced space enclosing seats for spectators, and a mere framework above and below the stage for the performers. The whole is sheltered by a part of the forest forming what might be called a grove, and is known as the "Au" on the other side of the bridge. Attached to it is an extensive "Restauration," so that it combines the attraction of both theatre and music hall, more especially as smoking is allowed The space in front of the stage is "on the cold ground," and not even boarded. It is divided

into stalls and pit; and behind, on an amphitheatre of raised ground, is arranged one tier of boxes. The stall tickets cost fifty kreutzers (rather less than one shilling and sixpence). The weather has necessarily an important voice in the regulations of this "house," and when at all doubtful the performance is suspended. The day we were there a few black clouds towards evening occasioned the issue of a placard to announce that there would be "*Réldche*" that night. Still, as bad weather does not always "cast its shadow before," entertained and entertainers are often caught in the midst of their proceedings; and in order to avoid any disputes that might thence arise, the rule is that should the elements make themselves disagreeable before the commencement of the second act, the money is returned, or equivalent places in the "Stadt-theater," where the performance takes place later, are given; but if the piece should have proceeded as far as the third act, the money is retained, and the actors are considered to have fulfilled their engagement. The doors open at five, and the play begins at half past.

The most interesting object Pressburg has to boast is the famous and historical Königs-berg, an interesting and altogether unique monument, consisting of a mound about fourteen feet high, with a sloping ascent on one side, and enclosed on the other three by a square stone balustrade. It is composed of earth brought in equal quantities from the fifty-two provinces of Hungary. This singular spot has been from time immemorial consecrated to the culminating point in the coronation service; and it is the wont of the Kings of Hungary, on that momentous occasion, to ride up to the balustrade, and while standing on the summit of the "Königs-berg," to draw the

sword of St. Stephen, and striking it north, south, east, and west, to make the sign of the cross with it in the air, swearing at the same time to protect alike the interests of all their subjects.

When the coronation ceremonies took place at Pressburg, the crowning, anointing, etc., were of course performed in the cathedral, an ancient Gothic building of the eleventh century, which we did not much admire. Its only show-objects are the font, a bronze design of the fifteenth century, and a leaden equestrian statue of St. Martin, habited in the costume of the country, and designed by a native artist named Raphael Donner. The body of St. Martin, enclosed in a silver shrine, is said to repose here, in a rich chapel, restored and beautified by the Esterhazy family, and dedicated to St. John Eleemosynarius. On the occasion of the coronations which have taken place in Pressburg, this cathedral has been the temporary depositary of the special national treasure, the crown of St. Stephen, regarded by all Hungary as an object of almost superstitious reverence, and guarded with the most jealous precautions. Except at such times, it is never taken out of the padlocked, sealed, and strongly-banded immoveable iron chest at Buda. It is then brought by its special guardians, escorted by a numerous body-guard, who never lose sight of it day or night; and when placed in the cathedral, it is exhibited to the people during three days, under very special and stringent regulations.

On returning to the hotel after our day's walk, we were not a little surprised to find there was no dinner to be had! The people were extremely civil, but said it was not their habit to provide it. Breakfast "they did not object to supply," but if we wanted to dine we must go to a restaurant! Accord-

ingly we turned our steps in the direction of the "Grüner Baum," where, within a glass pavilion we had seen some people dining in parties at separate tables, and walked in, securing the only vacant one left. We ordered our meal *à la carte*, and to our surprise found the *cuisine* very preferable to that of Vienna.

It appears that Pressburg can boast the possession of one of the finest libraries in Hungary, that of Count Apponyi having been brought hither from Vienna.

The town hall is not a very remarkable building; but within, over the door and to the left of one of the large windows, is a curious old picture, which tradition asserts to have been painted by the devil. It is called the *Teufel's Gemälde;* and the legend attached to it, in asserting its mysterious origin, hints that it is to that we must attribute the freshness of the colouring, which has remained bright and clear, notwithstanding the period which has elapsed since it was executed.

LEGEND OF THE PICTURE.

"Behold," said our guide, "on that canvas, the figure of an old man, whose silver locks curl thickly down the sides of his bald head. He is wrapped in a loose black robe, and stands bending over a book in which he appears to be reading attentively. That is the attitude in which it pleased the Satanic artist to represent his subject.

"This old man was a substantial burgher of the good city of Pressburg. He was also a merchant—nay more, he became a merchant-prince; for his enterprizes were daring, and good fortune seemed to attend on all his speculations, so that none were so wealthy, none so prosperous in the city of Pressburg, as old Caspar.

"Who he was, whence he came, what his antecedents, and who his family, none could fathom. All knew—and it was all they did know—that he possessed an unusual share of learning, that he was acquainted with the movements and changes of the stars, that the deep and hidden secrets of Nature were familiar lore to him, that he knew how to seize and utilize the workings of science, and to compare things past with those to come. One day, when he was seated in the Hall of Justice, came a widow to plead before the judges.

"'Hear me, Fathers!' exclaimed she, with a sudden burst of irrepressible grief: 'A widow I am, and in great trouble and distress I throw myself, with these helpless orphans, on your merciful consideration, for our natural guardian and protector has been taken from us, and now lies coffined in his shroud! All our little property was one acre of land: small and poor it was, but it was enough, for both I and my husband earned money with the labour of our hands; but no sooner was my husband dead and I left helpless, than a grasping neighbour, envying, like wicked Ahab, our poor bit of land adjoining his own wide domain, claimed, seized, and enclosed it.'

"'Who,' exclaimed the judge, 'has committed this dastardly outrage? If indeed such a deed can be proved against one of our citizens, let him be condemned to an adequate punishment, if there be one adequate to the criminal act. Bring him forward and we will judge him.'

"'My Lord Judge,' replied the woman, 'the cowardly robber of the widow and the orphan is here; he is known to you all; behold him on the bench of the Councillors. *That* is the man;' and she pointed to Caspar.

"At this revelation an unanimous cry of horror and

surprise went round the judgment-hall; but the accused, on whom all eyes were turned, remained perfectly self-possessed.

"'Answer,' said the judge. 'Is this accusation true or false?'

"'False,' replied Caspar unhesitatingly. As he spoke he drew from his pocket a parchment-roll, and, with a dignity which commanded the respect of all present, he added—'This is my justification.' Then turning to the woman, he said, in a tone which evinced perfect composure,—'The field you claim, my good woman, *was* your husband's, but shortly before his death, in consideration of an important service I rendered him, the nature of which *you* should be the last to force me to reveal, he made it over to me, and here is the deed of gift.'

"With this he laid the document on the table.

"'My Lord,' exclaimed the widow, 'the calumny this statement implies is a more cruel injury than the theft of my little property. After robbing me of my goods, he seeks to retain them by a cowardly and false aspersion of the character of my husband, who is not here to disprove the slander. My Lords, that writing is a forgery: I know it. My husband kept back nothing from me. He would never have disposed of that land without communicating what he had done, to me. Nevertheless, I ask only this simple test: Herr Caspar declares his statement to be true. *Let him swear it.* Let him dare to raise that hand, defiled as it is with falsehood and rapine, and make oath before the God of Heaven, and I am willing to bear my loss. If it be true my husband did this thing, let it be as he desired. I have nothing more to say.'

"So reasonable a requirement could scarcely be refused,

and Caspar was desired to declare on oath that he was the lawful owner of the field.

"The old man started, but instantly recovered himself. He could not now retract. He rose slowly, and lifting his hand, stretched it towards the picture of the crucified Lord which hung at the head of the hall. Then the Bible was put into his hand, and he began to repeat the oath, and to invoke upon himself the curse of Heaven if he spoke not the truth. The tremulousness of his hollow voice betrayed the emotion he vainly tried to conceal, and the awful words had hardly died away upon his lips when the whole building tottered as if under the influence of a sudden shock. Was it an earthquake? Was it a storm? None could say. Each looked at the other in terrified consternation. Then the sky, which before had been bright and clear, was suddenly darkened. A violent thunder-peal burst with fury over the house, and rolled away, rumbling grimly into the distance, while its fierce echo reverberated from height to height.

"The deep and sudden darkness was illumined by a fierce flash of lightning, and then gradually all returned into its former condition. The *Rath-Herren*, pale with terror, crossed themselves, and looked from one to the other—all were there: all, but ONE! and what had become of him? The perjured oppressor of the defenceless had filled up the measure of his guilt: the Bible, contaminated by his touch, had dropped scorched to the ground, and *he* had disappeared!

"The next morning, by some supernatural agency, and opposite the picture of the crucifixion, a painting, representing Caspar's attitude at the moment of the sacrilegious perjury, was found panelled in the wall where it now is, for no one has ever been found bold enough to meddle with it. That is the picture you see before you;" and the old man looked

askance at the unhallowed object, as if half afraid of some demoniacal manifestation. We thanked him for his story, and departing, tried to compensate his terror with a fee.

If Pressburg itself possesses little to detain the traveller, not so its vicinity, which teems with objects of interest to those who would study the character and learn the progress of the people; and we were surprised at the great variety of manufactures which may be seen in this one neighbourhood. We find gold and silver works, hemp and flax mills, carved wood, and hat manufactories on a large scale, merino works, vineyards and wine presses, to say nothing of its flourishing trade in the far-famed and deservedly-reputed Pressburg biscuits, most excellent on the spot.

There is a much used tram-train communication between Pressburg and Tyrnau performing its *trajet* twice daily. Tyrnau is a walled town of some importance, and stands in the midst of a fertile plain on the river Tyrnawa. It employs many hands in its factories of broadcloth and linen, and has an increasing trade in wood and in wines. It boasts some well-built streets and fine edifices, among which are its lyceum and gymnasium, an infirmary and convalescent hospital, a military school, and a lunatic asylum.

As its population is mixed, it is provided with places of worship of several denominations: a synagogue, a Protestant church, a Greek church, and eight or nine Catholic churches, with an Ursuline convent.

Tyrnau boasts a fine specimen of the mediæval architecture of Hungary, in one of those rare and beautiful churches of that period, few of which have escaped the barbarity of the Turks.

Round about this part of the Danube are to be found

country seats, and bathing towns, which have sprung up round the hot streams, and are more or less frequented in the season by the population of the adjacent towns.

At Bösing are gold and silver mines in active operation. At Marienthal, where is a shrine annually visited by pilgrims, are slate quarries. At Blasenstein is to be seen one of those curious natural phenomena, a dropping-cave; and at the watering-place of Lueska, a dark cavern, called by popular consent the Dragon's Den: respecting it, exists the following tradition:—

LEGEND OF THE DRAGON'S DEN.

In the year 1000, this mysterious cavern, the depths of which are of fabulous extent, was the abode of a fierce and fiery monster, said by some to have been a formidable robber, thus figuratively described; by others, however, really believed to have been a literal dragon which devoured men. In fact, human flesh formed the staple of his daily food, and the blood of little children was his favourite beverage. There *can* be no doubt about the fact, for "does not the cave exist to this very day, to prove it?"

Now this dragon, as soon as his propensities became known, was very naturally considered a very inconvenient neighbour; in fact, a great *bore*, for he attacked everybody who approached him, and the high-road between Lueska and Pressburg, became totally useless; no one would pass that way. At length, the tyranny exercised by this brute upon the peaceable inhabitants could no longer be borne, and there was a general strike. It was decided that an armed force should beard the enemy in his stronghold, and force him to surrender. It was wonderful to note the courage and resolution of these valiant men of Lueska

when they sat in council; but, strange to say, when they came to a practical display of their bravery they all began to excuse themselves; and not one, though armed to the teeth, would venture within a mile of the dragon's cave.

There was at that time, living in a wretched hovel at Lueska, a poor dwarf, unnoticed and despised by everyone, who exercised the profession of a tinker, but whose apt suggestion showed him to be also a thinker. He asked permission to speak when every one else should have finished, but was laughed to scorn by the whole assembly. The president or chairman, however, finding that not a single sensible proposal had issued from the lips of any of those present, desired that the new applicant should at least be heard. The dwarf was accordingly placed upon the table, and in a very few words explained his purpose.

"Fellow burghers," said he with great deference, "I am ready to take upon myself the task of destroying the monster who infests the neighbourhood. If I do not succeed, I am ready to be hanged as a boaster and a deceiver; but if I should rid you of him, I claim as my recompense the hand of the fair daughter of our burgomaster. These are my conditions: are you content?"

The Burgomaster's indignant "No" was drowned by the vociferous "Ayes" of all present; but the former roared out for a hearing, exclaiming that he would sooner die than give his daughter to a man of such low origin, even if he had killed fifty dragons.

Upon this arose a great clamour, and the populace outside, being made aware of the facts, immediately joined themselves to their deputation, and the unlucky burgomaster stood alone against the unanimous votes of his fellow-townsmen.

In the end, finding his resistance was not to be overcome,

he was seized by the people and carried off to prison, while his daughter was placed under arrest, and all tried to induce the dwarf to perform the part he had undertaken, promising to see him righted afterwards.

The tinker, however, was an astute fellow, and refused to stir a finger in the matter until he had in his hands the written consent of the father duly signed and attested.

The uproar grew to such a height that at last the Burgomaster, fearing for his life, was fain to give in, and after a protracted resistance a most reluctant fiat was wrung from him, and he was allowed to return home. But here was a new difficulty. How should he face his daughter, whom he had sacrificed to save his own life, and to satisfy his fellow-citizens! There was no alternative but to break the news to her, and to bid her prepare herself for her coming fate, if so be her tyrannical and exacting suitor should succeed in his perilous attempt, and survive to claim the reward for which he had stipulated.

To his astonishment he found the young maiden in the most submissive mood; for, throwing herself into her father's arms, she declared her readiness to fulfil the undertaking he had entered into on her behalf, and begged he would in no way lament over her prospects. The father could not conceal his astonishment, and scarcely knew whether to rejoice that he was spared the lamentations of his child, or to reproach her with her degenerate taste; but she assured him that all personal feeling was waived by her, and that she was amply compensated by the satisfaction of feeling that the heroic sacrifice she was ready to make would exalt her into the saviour of her fellow-countrymen.

The tinker now set to work. He asked for three days to prepare himself for his formidable task, and being a pious soul, he confessed and communicated, so as to be prepared

for the worst. He next repaired to a neighbouring mountain at early dawn to cull a supply of an herb, with the powers of which he appeared to be acquainted, and on which he relied for success. This plant was called Dragon's-bane, and being a powerful narcotic, the tinker manufactured a strong infusion of it, provided with which he ventured himself in the direction of the den. He drove before him two calves, and carried some tools he had carefully selected, and the fire-pan he used in his trade, full of hot embers.

Now the dragon happened to be fiercely ravenous that afternoon, and he was vigilantly on the watch at the entrance of his cave. His ears were well sharpened by hunger and he flapped his tail eagerly and snuffed the air vehemently as he perceived the approach of living beings. The tinker now drove on his cattle with a sudden application of his goad, and, according to his expectation, no sooner did they reach the cave than out came the dragon and seized them. The monster must have had the appetite of an alderman, for in no very long time both had disappeared down his capacious throat, and the tinker, who in the meantime had climbed a tree close by, in order to obtain a view of his proceedings, had the satisfaction of seeing him roll over on his side, and fall into a most profound siesta. He now produced the goatskin he had brought with him, filled with the sedative he had compounded, and, without quitting his position, emptied the contents over his head. The monster started, but, to the tinker's intense relief, did not awake; and soon ceased even to snore, so deep was his artificial slumber. The dragon-killer, so far satisfied, lost no time in descending from his perch, and, thinking that for an extraordinary monster an ordinary death might not suffice,

he drew out a long, sharp knife, and, heating it red-hot, plunged it into the sleeping dragon's throat, and then cut off his head. With this trophy the victorious tinker returned to Lueska, and was met at the entrance of the little town by all the inhabitants, who lifted him up on their shoulders, whilst others, hoisting the head of his victim on a pole, bore it before them, and carried him in triumph to the Burgomaster's door, where they demanded for him his bride. The tinker, however, was as magnanimous as he was brave; and entering the house, he fell at the feet of the beautiful maiden, and assured her that he would do no violence to her inclinations, and that unless she accepted him freely and willingly, he would at once withdraw his claims to her hand.

Overcome by so much generosity, and perhaps proud of the preference of a man who was held in so much honour by the whole neighbourhood, the young girl declared that his forbearance had won her heart, and that she would voluntarily give herself to him. At this manifestation the tinker threw off his disguise, declared himself to be the lord of the castle and domain of Csicso, and assured her that, struck by her beauty, he had determined to win her by his personal qualities, and to keep her in ignorance of his rank and wealth until he should have obtained her regard. All parties were now amply satisfied. The public benefit conferred by the lord of Csicso was long remembered, and the habitation of the monster has continued to be called the "Dragon's Cave" to this day.

Beyond Lueska is an ice-cave at a place called Krikchaj; Rojcez, Tepliez and Baimoz are severally celebrated for their mineral springs; and at Holisch is an extensive merino-sheep farm.

CHAPTER II.

The Danube beyond Pressburg — Larger and smaller Schütt — The "Golden Gardens"—Karlburg—Turkish tradition—Gönyö—Starting-point of the Raab boats—An Israelitish fellow-passenger—Hungarian steward—A sham start—"Off" at last—Aspect of the banks of the Raab arm—Hungarian character of the scenery, dwellings, costumes, and people—Incidents—Our fellow-passengers—Approach to Raab—Landing-place—The Cardinal's letter—Hints on travelling in Hungary—Our fellow-guests—We explore the town—Legend of the gilt cock, crescent, and cross—Religion in Hungary—Poor-houses—Market-places—Mendicancy—National type—Smoking—Excursion to St. Martinsberg—Nature of the scenery—Woolly pigs—Cultivation, Market produce—Roadside hamlets — Bakony-forest—Brigandage—Battle field — War of the patriots—Conscription—Habits of the people—Cattle, grain—The Putztas—Farming—The Benedictines—A Hungarian Interior—Hospitable reception—Steep ascent—Beautiful views from the summit—Monastic building and church—The Arch Abbot—The Librarian—The Church—The Crypt—St. Stephan's Stuhl—Benedictine ménage—Venerable old refectory—Mural paintings—History of the Order—The terrace and recreation-grounds — The Doctor's story — Genial hospitality—Preparations for to-morrow's market—Mysterious music.

The Danube spreads itself out nobly beyond Pressburg, and, as if prodigal of its exuberant waters, divides itself into arms which intersect the adjacent country, and are themselves sufficiently important to be called rivers. The two principal of these form, with the main river, two considerable islands, the larger and smaller Schütt; the former upwards of 40 and the latter nearly 30 miles long, and both so remarkably fertile as to have been formerly named "The Golden Gardens."

The Danube, we may remark, is a most capricious river,

inconveniently shallow in some parts, at times, while at others the smaller islands are totally submerged, and the inundations cause fearful ravages on its banks. The inhabitants have therefore had recourse to the expensive precaution of constructing embankments, while they wisely plant their habitations as far as possible from the low ground. The rapidity of the Danube also is very irregular, for in some parts its current appears altogether as torpid as it is precipitous in others.

At no great distance from Pressburg, the attention of the traveller is attracted by the modern Schloss of Karlburg, with its beautiful gardens and summer-houses, the princely summer residence of the Zichy family. It is an Elizabethan building, in the construction, decoration, fitting, and furnishing of which Hungarians only have been employed. The spot on which this castle is raised was, during the time the Turks possessed the territory, inhabited by a wealthy Pasha. He and his favourite wife lie buried in the grounds, where their tombs have been respected by the proprietor, and still remain. At Karlburg is a Jew's synagogue, a Catholic church, and a Protestant place of worship.

From Pressburg to Gönyö, the point of junction of the Danube and Raaber arm—which afterwards divides, at Raab, into three streams, respectively called the larger and smaller Raab, and the Leitha—the banks are extremely flat, and by no means picturesque; and as for Gönyö, no spot more dreary, dirty, or miserable could be imagined. It consists of low, thinly scattered, one-storied huts, with thatched roofs and plaster walls.

We had got a pretty tolerable breakfast on board the steamer, and therefore needed not to throw ourselves

on the tender mercies of the wretched Gönyöites, who appeared so starved that it was doubtful whether the deserted little village contained so much as a loaf of bread for its own consumption. A tumble-down, one-roomed cottage, with a partition across it, served as an office for the Raab boats, and the Danube steamer had no sooner departed than we began seriously to repent of having allowed ourselves to be abandoned on such a desert spot. We could not imagine that there could be any reliance on the officials we were likely to find in such a hovel, and almost began to recall some of the warnings given us at Vienna about the deceptions that would be practised upon us, and the ambushes into which we should infallibly be betrayed. However, here we were, and here, it was evident, we could not stay: it was equally clear that we had no choice but to accept the only means of getting away which presented themselves, and to make the best of them; so we walked into the "office" (!) and asked for our tickets. The fellow who dealt them out was *not* prepossessing, and although we cross-questioned him closely as to the details of the *trajet*, we could get no satisfaction from his surly lips. All the advice he chose to vouchsafe was this:—

"I would advise you to look sharp. The boat is now starting, and if you are not on board when the bell rings you will have to remain here until the day after to-morrow, as the communication with Raab is only three times a week."

The bare possibility of such a detention was appalling: we recollected a similar adventure at Santa Cruz de Mudela, in Spain, and with something like a shudder, we hurried away to the landing-stage.

Of all the dirty little boats it ever was our lot to behold,

none ever exceeded in uncleanliness and discomfort the Raab boat, now in the act of being laden with coal, the black dust of which was escaping and covered everything. We had some difficulty in making our way through the coal-heavers and their trucks in order to get on board, and were no sooner on the deck than we were accosted in English, strongly accented with the twang of a German Jew, by a person of that nation and persuasion, who introduced himself as a commercial traveller, and proposed that we should change our plan of going by the steamer, and join him in a carriage to Raab. The suggestion, coming from a total stranger, he soon saw astonished us not a little; when he proceeded to assure us that, whatever we might have been told notwithstanding, the journey to Raab would be a much longer one than we supposed; that the steamer would *certainly* not start for two hours, if then, and that it would be a very slow affair, for there were various stoppages on the way, of which he had no doubt we had not been informed.

It was rather a puzzling position. Very likely what he said was true; we had no reason for believing the people belonging to the steamer, and very little chance of exposing or punishing them if it should appear they had deceived us. Still we knew nothing whatever of our Jew acquaintance, whom we regarded with suspicion, not because he *was* a Jew, but because it was not likely he should have *our* interest only at heart; and how could we tell whether he was actuated simply by the straightforward motive he had avowed, of wishing to share the expenses of a carriage, and reach his journey's end sooner, or whether his plan was to decoy us into this carriage, of which the driver would be *his* man, not ours, take us anywhere but to our destination, and—

perhaps a brigand in disguise—rob us, and leave us in the middle of some forest or plain of which we knew nothing? Again, was he a man in whose company it might be desirable, or even safe to be seen?

All this flashed rapidly through our minds; and the Jew, seeing our hesitation, continued:—

"You may believe me or not, but may assure yourselves by asking the steward that I tell you the facts as they are."

The steward was a civil fellow, but assured us respectfully that he knew nothing: we must ask the captain. The captain was sought, and to our surprise turned out to be a man we had seen in the office, in company with the clerk who had sold us our tickets—or rather who had "sold" *us* when we bought our tickets.

He answered rudely, roughly, and evasively. What did we want to be so curious about it for? He couldn't help it if the boat wasn't ready. If they had told us one o'clock, it was because that was the usual hour for starting. If the steward took longer to load some days than others, it wasn't his fault, and it was no business of ours. He had undertaken to convey us to Raab whenever he went, and he should fulfil his undertaking when the time came: this was all we had any right to require. As this was all we could get out of him, and there was no possibility of reasoning with such a fellow, we declared we would go back to the office and demand our money back; going by the road instead, which, if a longer way, would, under the circumstances, be far quicker than the present mode. "If you leave the boat," said he, "you can't come on board again: besides, the people are not there now."

"That is as you please; but you only attempt to carry

out that threat," said we, "and we write at once to the Company, and get you discharged as altogether unfit for a place of trust. In fact, we are not at all sure that it will not be proper to report you for your conduct thus far;" and with this we made for the hut, which was about five hundred yards off. On our way, meeting a driver with a queer, crazy vehicle, which would certainly have broken down beneath ourselves and our luggage, we asked him, from curiosity, his charge to drive us to Raab. We found his was the *only* carriage in the place, and that he would take us for ten guldens. On reaching the ticket office, and attacking the surly distributor, we found him very reluctant to return our money. It was clear we should never see that again, and all we could obtain was that he should return with us to the boat and see what occasioned the delay. Something, we told him, must be done, as we had no mind to get into Raab, where we were strangers, after dark. Back we went, therefore, to the steamer, and after a private conference between the office-keeper and the captain, we were assured that the boat was now on the point of starting.

"Now mind, then," said one of us, drawing out his watch, "if we are not off in five minutes from this time, we demand a restitution of our money, and send our complaint to the company, to tell them the sort of hands to which they commit their concerns."

No sooner had the gruff man departed than the Jew again appeared.

"I assure you," said he, "that is all Austrian deception. You mark my words: we don't start before three. You had far better abandon the steamer, and take the car-

riage I have partly engaged, and which we are sure to find ready to go. The price of your tickets of course you must lose, but you will be glad on more accounts than one to be free of these fellows. The driver asks only *twenty guldens*, and as you are four and I am one, I will pay a fifth of the price, and will arrange all matters with him for you, as these drivers are sure to cheat a foreigner."

"Yes, no doubt, and the English are supposed to be so rich," said we, concealing our amusement, which almost predominated over our disgust, as we now discovered *this* fellow's scheme, "but there are poor English as well as rich we can assure you; and the proof is that as we cannot get back our money for the tickets, and cannot afford to pay for the journey twice over, we must forego the pleasure of travelling with you. However, in return for the kind interest you have taken in us, we can recommend you to another driver, who only asked *us* ten guldens, knowing, probably, that we were English. He will therefore doubtless ask *you* much less, and it would be a pity not to employ the method you advocate, on these terms."

Whether the Jew believed we were "*poor* English," and not worth pursuing, or whether he felt ashamed of the discovery we had made, it is difficult to say; but although he remained on board he kept studiously out of our way, nor did he address us again.

In the meantime the bell had rung, and we were fairly off, almost within the five minutes stipulated; but we had not proceeded a quarter of an hour when we again came to a standstill, and there was no possibility of any redress. The steward came up and expressed his sympathy with us. He deplored the management, and looking cautiously round, added, "the less you have to say to that Austrian

Jew the better. Don't be induced to join him in any way; and it is not *only* because he is an Austrian and a Jew that I give you this advice."

"Make yourself easy, my good fellow, we have given him all the quietus he will want from us. Now, let us know what sort of a kitchen you have on board, for we *must* amuse ourselves somehow."

At this enquiry the steward's face lighted up. "I am the cook," he said, "and I should like you to taste some of my cooking. What would your graciousness like?"

We smiled at the freedom of choice thus recklessly offered, but strangely enough, and to the poor fellow's great delight, happened to hit upon the very dish, and the *only* one he could possibly have supplied. It was simple enough, roast goose and fried potatoes; but we were glad we had made that selection, as it did one's heart good to see the broad smile upon his honest face, which seemed incapable of further expansion until the dish was set before us, and we proceeded to praise the savoury preparation, when his mouth appeared to reach from ear to ear.

The steward now left us to our meal, having first supplied us with some very dark and very dry bread, and a bottle of very sour wine, which was certainly *not* Tokay. We had retreated into the cabin for privacy, and also because there was no convenient place for dining on the deck; but, presently, our tranquillity was disturbed by the invasion of a "young barbarian," who came scampering in, followed by his "Dacian mother," and leaping about like a frisky baboon, gave chase to the full extent of the cabin, whether in length, breadth, or height.

The little imp's name was "Sultàn," by which his mama continually addressed him, as he chattered away in Hun-

garian, with a facility which made us quite envious. The mother spoke German very well, and soon enlightened us as to her history. She had been travelling in Italy, on some family business, and had spent a week in Venice, where she assured us there was now no cholera, though the papers were full of the ravages it was still making there.

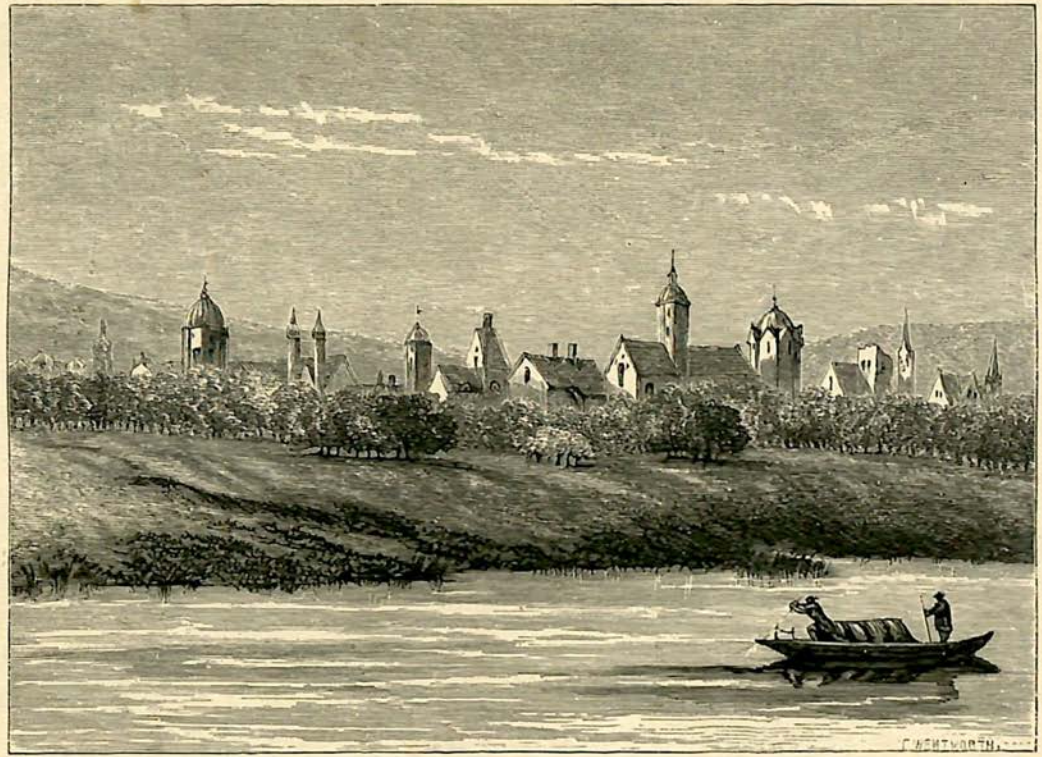
While we had been dining the steamer had continued her course, so that when we went up on deck, we found ourselves fairly on the Raaber arm. On either side of us were flat sandy plains, sloping away from the water's edge—an uncultivated and dreary waste—while the living characteristics of the country were equally marked. First, we were struck by the sight of a vessel being towed up the river, by what seemed a whole troop of horses, some followed by their foals; we counted as many as eighteen, for horses abound here to such an extent that their owners do not seem to know what to do with them. The men who held the reins and long whips, and managed this numerous train, wore the Hungarian peasant costume, consisting of a turban-shaped hat, a short zouave jacket, and white linen trousers, ending in a fringe a quarter of a yard deep, and hanging down to the heels, over the high black leather boots, worn by all well-to-do Hungarians. Often they stuff the trousers into their boots, which quite alters the character of the dress without making it by any means less picturesque. After an interval—for the country is thinly peopled, and life is by no means active—we might descry flocks of lean sheep, diminutive in size, led by shepherds in curious white or drab flannel dressing gowns, of thick texture, reaching to their feet. Sometimes these were plain: sometimes they were quaintly embroidered with bits of scarlet cloth, sewn on, in fantastic patterns, round

the cape and down the front. Or now and then horses, in twos and threes, led and ridden by fearless looking peasants at a galloping pace along the bank, their silhouettes reminding one of Tartar pictures. But stranger than all, we saw a herd of swine covered with long curly wool! and were told that such is the ordinary coat of the indigenous Hungarian pig.

Doubtless the poor fellows who ply this course, and know no other scene, are amused at any little incident that breaks the monotony of their measured occupations. There was something suggestive in the mirth with which they enjoyed a very simple occurrence on board a companion steamer alongside of our own. The small crew were engaged in scrubbing the deck, and one young lad was busily employed on the Captain's cabin. While taking in water with a bucket and rope, one of our men—perhaps by way of a practical joke—suddenly shouted to him, when he dropped his hold of the rope and away floated the bucket, borne by the current, and in a moment was beyond his reach. The lad, who now saw the purport of the exclamation, looked very foolish, but being too far off to punish his frolicsome foe, did his best to join in the laugh which went heartily round on board both boats at his expense. But the point of the story lay in the remark with which the author of the practical joke concluded his part in it.

"Now, my man, we're quits," said he, in perfect good-humour, but with a mischievous expression which betrayed his satisfaction at having paid off an old score, most probably due on account of a similar frolic.

Our lively fellow-passenger, and her still livelier brat, now came on deck, and passing a narrow part of the river, were saluted by two young girls on the bank with the



RAAB.

national exclamation "Eljen, Eljen!" which they vociferously returned: the same greeting met them again when, on landing, a number of friends came to welcome them.

The sun was setting, bathed in a glorious sea of red, as we turned towards our destination and looked on Raab. The approach was very striking: the purple outline of the trees, houses, minarets, and spires standing out most effectively on the deep rose-pink of the clear sky, and the water immediately below it reflecting the glowing tint. A few light, fleecy clouds above caught the golden hue as they floated away into the blue expanse, and completed the picture, of which the foreground and figures were supplied by our steamer, now discharging its passengers and merchandise on the bank.

Thus it was nearly dark before we had settled down in the Goldene Krone, for it was not easy to extricate ourselves from the crowd of ragged and crippled beggars who immediately thronged around us. Mendicancy, strictly forbidden in Austria, is winked at here; and, as in Spain, those who live by this "*petite industrie*" are not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity of an arrival of foreigners.

At Raab, perhaps for the first time, we felt that we really were in a new and strange country: there was no forgetting it. Although German is here the language of commerce, it is never spoken willingly, and only as it were to oblige the stranger, and to condescend to his inability to understand the only recognized tongue of the Magyar.

The urbanity, and intelligent alacrity of all those we met here, and their readiness to help and serve a foreigner, struck us very forcibly. We had been pleased with the Austrians, as presenting a highly favourable contrast to the surly, rough, and disobliging, as well as often dishonest

Prussians, but once among Hungarians—and the more we saw of them the more were we pleased with them—it seemed to us that they gained even more by comparison with the Austrians than the Austrians by comparison with the Prussians.

The Hungarian peasantry are characterized by a fine chivalrous spirit, and a feeling of fraternity prevails among them, rarely met with among those who are bound by the tie of nationality only. Readiness to help each other in distress may be regarded as a national characteristic; and we were assured that when a peasant dies, leaving a widow with a large—or even a small—family to support, so that her responsibilities are beyond her means, there is a universal readiness to come forward and help her till the children are old enough to provide for themselves. There is a frank and manly bearing in the Hungarian type which wins upon one almost unconsciously, so that it is not difficult to believe in the excellent qualities attributed to them, and it is pleasant to find oneself among such people: it restores us to good humour with the human race; even though, unhappily, they form the exception and not the rule!

Raab (Hung. Nagy-Gyor) is happy in its site. It was originally built by the Romans, and its position betrays the sagacity of that people. It stands at the confluence of the Raab and the Rabnitz, in the midst of a large extent of plain, and offers every facility whether for defence or commerce. The town itself is, so to speak, surrounded by another town, from which it is separated by a glacis. Its fortification consists of a fine old castle which, together with several other marked edifices, forms a fine silhouette against the sky as the traveller approaches it by the river.

Raab is a well-built town, the houses being almost entirely of stone. The Bishop's Palace and diocesan seminary are substantial-looking buildings, and, together with the Gymnasium, Public schools, Academy, and Monasteries, give a distinctive character to the place.

Anxious to improve the time, we strolled out while dinner was preparing, and crossing the bridge and glacis, found ourselves in what we may call the surrounding suburb, which is evidently the refuge of the poorer portion of the population.

An ornamental promenade, at the end of which is the theatre, bespoke the occasional presence of pleasure-seekers; but this remoter portion of the town tells a tale of considerable simplicity of life, not to say of actual destitution. The lower orders here are even more respectful in their manner than in Austria, and not only address you, after the manner of the latter, as "Your Graciousness," declaring at every moment that they "Kiss your hands," but they suit the action to the word, and it is impossible to escape from this practical salutation, not only on the part of beggars and market-people, but also of domestic servants, and even shopkeepers.

Ventilation and drainage, as may be supposed, are unknown words, and represent unknown processes here, for Hungary is certainly less advanced than Spain in such matters.

As we stood near the door of an apothecary's shop, examining our map, we were politely accosted by the master, who, begging us to walk in and be seated, assured us we were welcome to such accommodation as his house afforded, as he did not like to see us jostled in the street. We had reason to rejoice that we accepted this offer, for

we found our hospitable friend as intelligent as he was polite, and as able as willing to afford us all the information we required about Raab in particular and the vicinity in general. To our surprise we learned that he knew the names of several places in England, and of many of the streets and public buildings in London, and was particularly well up in the political news of all Europe. He soon led us to discover that he was a Hungarian patriot, and that when younger he had voluntarily taken arms to defend the liberties of his country.

He strongly advised us to devote the following day to an excursion to St. Martinsberg, where, he assured us, the slightest intimation that we were English travellers of respectability would procure us a welcome from the good monks.

We informed him that we should be able to satisfy the Abbot in this respect, as we possessed a talisman which we believed would open all doors to us in Hungary, as it already had in many other parts of the world; and we drew forth an autograph letter of introduction written in Latin, and signed by the hand of the late Cardinal Wiseman, mounted on white silk and bound in scarlet morocco.

The apothecary received it with a respectful recognition of its origin, and, to our surprise, carried it to his lips, as if he had himself been an ecclesiastic, and as one conversant with the great names of men with whom it was quite natural to expect he would not have been familiar. He read it through, and returned it, saying, "*That* document will stand good for all Hungary; you have only to state that Cardinal Wiseman was your friend to be courteously received by any of our countrymen."

He warned us that as we went further into the country we should find no hotels, and very indifferent inns, for the most part kept by Jews, but that we had better have nothing to do with them; "indeed," added he, "you will have little need to trouble these 'public-houses' for they really are nothing better, and you will learn that hospitality is not a mere unmeaning word in our country: the heart of the Hungarian opens at once to the stranger, and there is a place at his board to which those he invites are more than welcomed. After you have once been received into the house of a Hungarian gentleman, you will be passed on from one to another, and your hosts will vie with each other in the attentions they will pay you."

It is difficult for an Englishman bred in the sophisticated atmosphere of modern civilization—conventionally so-called—to accustom himself to this primitive, but, to him, novel state of society. Necessarily suspicious of all whom he does not know, he will hardly address in a public carriage or assembly, much less invite to his house and welcome to his hearth, a man who, however gentlemanly he may appear, has not been "properly introduced" to him. We do not blame him: in a country like our own, it could not be otherwise; but when we see a condition of things so preferable, actually existing contemporaneously with our own hard, reserved, suspicious customs, we cannot help envying the almost Arcadian lives of this simple, honest, free-hearted and noble people.

With their generosity and large-heartedness, be it remembered, they combine the most refined civilization and the most engaging manners. Every Hungarian, no matter of what station, is by birth a gentleman. His frank, easy, cordial bearing stamps him one of nature's noblemen. He has a natural grace independent of the dancing-master; a

politeness not acquired in a *Salon de Paris;* a freedom of thought and expression, chastened by natural good taste, such as no public school ever imparted, and no University-life ever perfected. We assert, without hesitation, that the simple, unconscious apothecary, whose acquaintance we unwittingly made in his small shop in the far-off, unknown, and unpretending provincial town of Hungary, was fitting company, whether in knowledge, intelligence, large-heartedness, breadth of mind, or *savoir-vivre*, for the most polished of England's aristocracy.

Our supper at the Krone was thrown rather late in consequence of our protracted visit, but on our arrival we found the room furnished with guests. There were several tables, some for three or four and some for larger numbers. Ours was a small square table, and awaited us in one corner of the room: nevertheless, on our entrance, the company, consisting chiefly of Hungarian officers, rose as we passed them, and bowed politely, but unobtrusively.

It is but just—for the sake of those who consider civilized man as a cooking animal, and measure their estimate of him accordingly—to record that we found the *cuisine* of the small unassuming inn at Raab more varied, more scientific, and more wholesome than that of Vienna, which connoisseurs are wont to compare with that of Paris! Never was a greater fallacy; and to the epicure who, on arriving at the Austrian capital, finds himself served with "*caoutchouc aux tranches de cuir*" instead of "*biftek aux pommes-de-terre*," *bouilli au naturel*, and everything *à la graisse*, we would recommend an excursion into the adjacent country, which he has hitherto shunned as barbarous, but where he will find all the little refinements of the table which reconcile

him to life, as readily within his command as on the Boulevard des Italiens or the Palais-Royal, hitherto his only recognized Paradise on earth.

Next morning our friend the apothecary sent his nephew to see whether he could serve as guide and interpreter in any researches we might wish to make. It was a thoughtful act on his part, and we were really grateful, as, had we been left to our own unaided efforts, we must necessarily have met with many little difficulties, and have lost much time.

As it was, conducted by our intelligent young cicerone, we spent an agreeable and profitable morning, and gained a very good idea of the form, character, and extent of the place. We visited one or two churches, and entered the Cathedral, where a few worshippers were kneeling scattered about, but it is not a particularly fine building. Near this stands the Archbishop's Palace, already mentioned; a really imposing edifice, castellated in form, and solidly built of stone, surrounded by a garden, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the Leitha.

Another important-looking building he pointed out to us was the Carmelite Convent, formerly the residence of the Governor of the Province. He called our attention to a turret on the roof, surmounted by a vane in the form of a cock, to which is attached a legend to the effect that during the war with the Turks, the Turkish general, having been advised to abandon the siege of Raab, replied resolutely:—

"Never! You see yon brass cock on the turret of the Governor's house? If to-morrow morning that cock should crow, then, and then only will I withdraw my men."

The cock, however, did not wait for dawn, but took the

infidel at his word, and crew loudly three times on the spot, to the terror and amazement of all who witnessed the prodigy, upon which the Turkish soldiers declared they would not strike another blow, and their commander himself, not less terrified by the phenomenon, gave the order to retreat. To commemorate the opportune incident, the gilt cock received the addition of a crescent; but it was perched on a cross, to show that the symbol in no way interfered with the faith of the "Raabites," and has ever since been religiously preserved and regularly repaired.

There are in Raab two poor-houses, but, as we were told, no Government or parochial schools for the poor. The population is much mixed as to religion, and as it consists of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, there is a Synagogue, a Roman Catholic Church, and a Lutheran and a Calvinist Meeting House. The majority of the Raabites are Catholic; and the Hungarian Protestants, like those of other countries, are divided into many sects; but the Hungarians are a most tolerant people, and so liberal in their ideas as well as their feelings, that they never dispute about religious opinions, or harbour either ill-feeling or contempt against those whose convictions differ from their own. Our friend the apothecary, was, we found, a Protestant, while his wife was a member of the Catholic Church, and yet the most cordial good understanding seemed to subsist between them, while the nephew, who was a Protestant, spoke in the highest terms of his aunt.

As the apothecary (whose name we learned was Gusztav Eiszdorfer) had strongly advised us to visit St. Martinsberg, we begged his nephew to request that he would hire a carriage to take us there, and if possible that he would consent to accompany us, as we felt some diffidence in presenting

ourselves as perfect strangers, while it appeared that he was on very good terms with the Abbot, and was in the habit of visiting the monastery.

At first there seemed some little difficulty about compassing this arrangement; but the young man having undertaken to attend to everything in his uncle's absence, the latter promised to be at our door in an hour's time, with the vehicle which was to convey us.

This agreed upon, we strolled back through the market-place, where the beauty of the fruit arrested our attention; and a prepossessing looking woman having petitioned us to patronize her wares, we found she spoke very comprehensible German. Her own history seemed to pre-occupy her more than any other subject; and she proceeded, on the strength of a very slight encouragement, to draw us a graphic little picture of her domestic troubles. She had lost her husband, and had four children to support. She spoke of the times as being very hard, and the destitution of the lower orders as very great, and complained bitterly that the coronation of the Emperor, as King of Hungary, had brought no alleviation to the general distress, though, on being asked, she "could not positively assert that that event had increased it." It was impossible to make her see the absurdity of expecting a sensible change of any kind within a few weeks, in consequence of the circumstance from which she seemed to expect so much; but her remarks, which very likely were only the echo of a party cry, went far to show how easily the seeds of dissatisfaction may be fostered, and from what childish and illogical arguments a revolution may be made to spring.

Whether there is really greater and more abject poverty in Hungary than in Austria it is difficult to say, but cer-

tainly it is far more obvious here than there. As we stood talking to this poor woman, we could not help noticing the entrance of a church close by grouped round with beggars, plying their mendicant trade, just as they may be seen at the church doors of the Peninsula. We thought the poor creature seemed more touched by the sympathy we expressed with her troubles, and the words of comfort with which we tried to cheer her, than she was by the small sum we slipped into her hand.

There is another market-place, through which we had to pass; but, whereas the first was for fruit and vegetables, the latter is devoted to general wares, including bread, the chief article dealt in there. In this description of provision, there can be no greater contrast than between Spain and Hungary, for while the commonest household bread provided in the barracks and workhouses of the Peninsula is of the finest and most delicate texture, and white almost as snow, the bread of Hungary, in common use, is of the roughest, coarsest, darkest description, made in enormous loaves, and apparently eaten at any date after it first sees the light. Each vendor has beside him or her a number of these circular loaves, standing edgeways, and one against the other, like millstones; the purchaser buying occasionally a whole one, but more often asking for so many pounds, which are weighed off the loaf, a steel-yard being generally employed in the transaction. As nearly as we could calculate, the price seemed to be two pence the pound. The fancy-bread provided in the bettermost shops, and in the hotels, is of first-rate quality, and more delicate than either the French or English fancy-bread; more, in fact, like the German rolls. One side of this large market-square consists of stalls, devoted to the sale of boots; leather

being one of the *spécialités* of the country; also second-hand clothes, second-hand tools, old iron, &c., in fact we found it a complete repetition of the *Marché du Vendredi* at Ghent, or that of the *Piazza Navona* in Rome.

On reaching the hotel, we perceived that the carriage had just arrived, and a very comfortable carriage it was: open, and holding four inside, with one seat beside the driver.

Our friend had changed his attire since the morning, and now appeared in the handsome and becoming *costume de ville*, proper to his countrymen. He wore a broad-brimmed, and somewhat pointed, felt hat, a braided frock-coat, with silver buttons, a straight black cloth waistcoat, tight pantaloons, and Hessian boots, and, as he was of a tall commanding figure, looked remarkably gentlemanly.

As a race, the Hungarians are a strikingly handsome people. The graceful ease of their manner adds not a little to the effect with which they present themselves, and contributes to prepossess one greatly in their favour.

We cannot, however, overlook one objectionable habit, common to the whole nation, which they carry to an excess scarcely known out of Spain—that of incessantly smoking. Those who can afford it go to a great expense both in pipes and tobacco. Pipes—on the elegance of which the Hungarian is apt to pique himself—are more used in Hungary than cigars; and a Hungarian is seldom seen without one in his mouth. We, therefore, accepted it as a mark of well-bred courtesy that, out of deference to the ladies of our party, our *compagnon de voyage* had left his pipe behind. This was a stretch of hospitality which those alone who know the habits of the Hungarians can appreciate.

We had a capital pair of horses, and rolled along

pleasantly enough, for driving is a science well understood in Hungary, although the roads are rather of the *pre-McAdamite* type; but this is no impediment to a Hungarian Auriga. On he dashes, with the feather in his turban, and the long black ribbons which depend therefrom, flying straight out behind him: his wheels have no time to sink into the sand, and if they drop into a rut they are out again before you have time to exclaim. A hollow in his course, wet or dry, only gives fresh impetus to his ardour; and if there is no road at all—no matter—he scampers over the surface at a pace which seems to tell you that the horse delights in speed as much as his driver.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu, &c. .....

We found this part of the country, generally speaking, flat, though the whole distance from Raab to St. Martinsberg is a gentle rise, and the monastery itself stands on a wooded eminence commanding a very extensive panoramic view, said to take in eighteen of the fifty-two provinces into which Hungary is divided, and constituting a very conspicuous object for many miles round.

On our way, we met a considerable herd of the woolly pigs we had seen before. It appears that the meat of these beasts is excellent eating, and as for the *fur*, they are shorn at regular intervals, and the produce serves to stuff inferior furniture, to stiffen mortar, and in fact, meets all purposes for which cow-hair is used in other countries. We passed some abject-looking little hamlets, thinly peopled by weather-beaten peasants, half-clad children, and women field-labourers, whose dwelling-places betokened the poverty of their resources. They are mostly ill-constructed mud or plaster cottages, of one storey, rarely with the

addition of a *grenier*, and the door opening into the living —sometimes the *only*—room, the interior of which gives no idea of comfort as *we* understand the term.

Notwithstanding this, the land is well and carefully cultivated; and although there are large tracts of barren country, considerable patches of forest, and sandy wastes, the amount brought under cultivation is in proportion to the population, and their wants—such as they are—appear to be adequately provided for.

Grain of all sorts forms the staple produce of Hungary, and the fields of Indian corn are extensive. Hemp and flax abound largely, tobacco likewise may be seen, and the golden sunflower not only enriches the landscape, but furnishes all the oil that is burnt in the country. Gourds and melons are abundant, and are planted between the furrows of the Indian corn, but they appear to be sold at a less attainable price than in Spain and Italy. A melon for which in Madrid you would pay from four to six quartos (2*d* or 3*d*) will fetch in Hungary 50 Kr. or 1*s* 5*d*.!

It is at a later time of year than this that the Indian corn is gathered in, and this gathering is the occasion of a national festival, such as our harvesting. The operation itself is called Mais-brechen, and consists in simply breaking off the corn, collecting, and garnering it. It is never threshed till the spring, as labour is then cheaper. The farmers, to encourage their labourers—men and women —in getting through their work, are in the habit, on the day on which the harvest ought to terminate, of treating the young men and maidens to a dance under the trees, with a rustic orchestra, and a supper to which all sit down together.

We found our fellow-traveller very intelligent and com-

municative, and obtained from him a great deal of local information about the names of places we passed, the customs and condition of the country, the climate, habits of the people, &c. His remarks were all perspicuous and apposite, and bespoke a clear judgment, and a practical estimate of his own, as compared with other, countries. We could not but admire the nice discrimination which marked his manner, at once familiar and deferential, as if he possessed an intuitive perception of our relative positions. We know not what the experience of our readers may be: our own does not supply any similar instance of good sense and good taste in an Englishman of the same class.

He showed us, in the distance, the well-wooded and romantic Bakony forest, covering a large tract of land, estimated at about 60 miles in length, and from 15 to 25 in breadth. The timber, he said, was very fine, consisting of oak, lime, and beech trees of magnificent proportions. Tradition peoples this mysterious spot with bands of robbers, and points to the many ruins still remaining within it, as some of their former dwellings. It is said still to afford a hiding-place for highwaymen, and thieves of smaller pretensions, who take up their abode in the *débris* of former feudal castles, as if in mockery of their original occupants—outlaws on a smaller scale, wanting nought that—

. . . "Conquerors should have
But History's purchased page to call them great."

Our "Duca," who naturally enough wished that we should be favourably impressed by his countrymen, did not deny the existence of these brigands, but assured us that they were most "ritterliche Räuber," amenable to chivalrous feeling, and ruled by the laws of honour—according to their

acceptation of the term. He added that they "always behaved with the greatest courtesy to ladies!" He maintained that they rarely stole money, their chief depredations being among horses and cattle. They would also come down mercilessly upon stores of wine, which the peasants are wont to preserve in cellars excavated in the sides of the mountains, the entrances to which, their owners often succeed in concealing very cleverly. In the outskirts of the Bakonyer-wald still stands a royal hunting-seat, and game is abundant there. But besides the robbers, who do (or do not) infest the Bakonyer-wald, a portion of it, we were told, is inhabited by German wood-carvers and toy-makers, who carry on their industrious pursuits within its precincts.

The Bakonyer-wald further affords good shelter to those large herds of swine which are converted into such excellent meat, and, whether in this life or a better condition, form a considerable item in the dealings of the Raab market. Whether their flesh when salted and smoked takes its name from that of this forest we leave it to etymologists to determine. We may mention here that a vast number of the lower class of Hungarians follow the occupation of herdsmen, and that the swine-herd, the goat-herd, the shepherd, the cow-herd, and the horse-herd are altogether distinctive in character, capacity, and costume. In these several callings, however, the peasants of Hungary are quite at home, and a bucolic taste seems altogether natural to them.

The Bakonyer-forest produces a large quantity of oil, which is extracted from the beech-mast. For a long time great destruction took place in this forest, in the quantity of wood indiscriminately and injudiciously burnt to make potash. The evil grew to such an extent that it became

necessary to check this ruthless consumption, and the industry of the wood-cutter is now practised only under stringent regulations.

Horned cattle are abundant in this part of the country, but one does not often see fine cows. They are generally large and bony, but are said to yield good butter, though the milk we saw looked very poor. They have long, lanky horns, straight and ungraceful in shape. Bullocks are very much used for draught, being yoked by the neck, and not by the horns as in Spain and Italy. The buffaloes are large and strong, and do a great deal of work, but the Hungarian prides himself specially on his horses.

One cannot but be struck with the vast tracts of uncultivated land to be seen in all parts of the country, called Puztas, and owned by no one. Occasionally some enterprizing wanderer will take courage to become a squatter, enclose some small patch of it, not quite so hopelessly barren as the rest, and in course of time bring it into remunerative condition; but much of that which has been taken under the farmer's care proves miserably unproductive, and it is not often that he obtains an adequate return for his labour.

All agricultural implements and appliances, mills, draw-wells, etc., are of the most primitive description, and betray wonderful backwardness in these go-a-head days.

Our guide directed our attention to the wide plain of Raab, spreading its flat extent far on either side of us, and told us that it was here that the Hungarian nobles had met, when they were dispersed by the disciplined troops of Napoleon I. The din of many a battle has likewise awakened the echoes of this spot, both in the ancient and modern annals of the country. Our guide pointed

out to us the tree beneath which the hero Rakocsi is said to have reposed, after exhibiting here prodigies of valour.

Not only was war a familiar subject to Herr Eiszdorfer, but he spoke of it with the enthusiasm of a soldier; and when we asked him if he had not served, his eye kindled and his cheek flushed, as he answered with pride, "Yes; I have fought as a soldier and a patriot, and, during the contest of '48-'49, many a night did I sleep out under the starlit canopy of heaven, sometimes in camp, often with no other covering than my cloak." Kossuth and Garibaldi were the impersonations of his ideal of a hero.

Troops were, he told us, levied in Hungary in former days by means of the conscription, as in France; but by a new regulation the claim is in future to be universal. In other words, every man will be liable to serve for a limited period, and after the expiration of that time he may be called upon to join the army at any moment that his country may require him. No "exemptions" it appears are admitted.

With respect to the laws of inheritance, we elicited from him that the system adopted here enforces the subdivision of property. Land is therefore partitioned into equal portions among sons, but daughters receive their share in an equivalent sum of money; if there are no sons, the parents seek to obtain husbands for their daughters, who then inherit the land as if they were sons.

Much of the field labour falls to the share of the women. Formerly, when the peasantry were in a more prosperous condition, it was their custom to confine their labour as much as possible to the spring and summer months, and to rest and take their ease during the remainder of the year; but times are altered, and they can no longer afford to be

idle. Most of the small farmers and agricultural labourers, therefore, adopt a second occupation, such as carpentering, coopering, tinkering, smithying, etc.; and with this they fill up what formerly was leisure time, and was spent by the domesticated over their firesides, by the more idle in the village bar, or by all occasionally in social games or smoking-parties.

The lands owned by the monks of St. Martinsberg spread far away in all directions. The possessions of the Benedictines, to which order these monks belong, are of immense extent in Hungary. They are regarded in every way as the Seigneurs of the locality, and their lands, all industriously cultivated, bring them in very large revenues. This part of the country may be termed Catholic, and we observed many indications of the prevailing persuasion, in the Calvaries and wayside chapels we passed.

On reaching the village of St. Martinsberg, we found we had arrived too late to avail ourselves of the monk's table, at which dinner is served at twelve punctually. We therefore determined to dine at the little inn where our horses would have to be put up; but on driving into the yard, the place looked so rough and unpromising that we began to question whether that measure could possibly be adopted. Our Hungarian friend himself seemed doubtful as to the propriety of attempting to make ourselves at home there, and proposed that we should rather drive to the house of a friend of his named "Todt," where he said he was sure we should find a welcome, and if the fare was not luxurious it would at least be wholesome. To the house of Mr. Todt we accordingly turned, driving through the wide, rough, uneven road, on either side of which the village was irregularly scattered.

Mr. Todt's house was decidedly larger and more important than any other in the village, its owner being an architect and surveyor, besides being land-agent, or "Ishban," to the Seigneurs of the monastery. It was a "modest mansion" of two stories, besides a "*grenier*" in the roof, and stood in a garden of its own, enclosed by a wooden fence; shrubs and flowers grew round it, and in a small pond near the entrance-gate a party of waterfowl were disporting themselves. Beyond, under a penthouse, was a row of bee-hives, and in one corner of the garden a homely-looking, bare-footed girl was employed before a long trough in washing. The house-door stood open, so our guide walked in, requesting us to follow.

The interior had a very curious Oriental aspect, and none of the ground-floor rooms seemed intended for habitation; they were paved with large stone flags, and the ceilings being low, they appeared to have been originally intended for the purpose they served, that of warehouses and store-rooms. The entrance separated into two passages at right angles to each other, into one of which several doors opened, while the other seemed to lead into a vista of rooms opening one into the other. In the furthest of these sat a woman on the ground, barefoot like the other, and wearing a loose dark-blue dress, tied round the waist, while a hood of the same colour covered her head. She was engaged in shelling haricot beans into a large basket. Through the openings of the other doors might be seen stores of apples, potatoes, turnips, and heaps of various kinds of grain.

The staircase was wide and handsome, the balustrades of worm-eaten oak, the steps of white marble. On the

first floor was the suite of living-rooms; on one side, the kitchen and offices, on the other, the portion occupied by the family. First came two or three bed-rooms, then the dining room, and lastly—as if to complete the inconvenience of what nevertheless appears to be the usual arrangement in Hungary—the drawing room!

Into this we at length penetrated, and there we found the Ishban's wife. The room was simply furnished, the oriel window, divided into three, being draped with white muslin curtains. The floor was of oak closely boarded, but not waxed, and the walls were panelled with an old-fashioned looking paper, representing views. The furniture was painted white, with tapestry cushions. A round table, standing on a small square carpet, occupied a space in front of the high-backed canopy which stood against the wall, and on which Madame made a point of insisting that the ladies should sit. Around the table were six ponderous *fauteuils*, the remaining chairs being primly placed against the walls.

Madame Todt proceeded to inform us that, to her regret, her husband was absent, as he would have been delighted, not only to see their kind friend Herr Eiszdorfer, but to make the acquaintance of her English visitors. She added that, in his absence, she would do her best to receive us suitably, and begged we would honour her by partaking of some refreshment, as she was sure we must require to rest and eat before going further.

As the Ishban's wife could speak no German, and we were not sufficiently strong in Hungarian to utter the sentiments with which we reciprocated her kindly feeling, and desired to thank her for this unlooked-for hospitality,

we begged our common friend to interpret our feelings, and to express our regret at the absence of the master of the house, and the lady having given orders to one of the maids, whom she called by means of a hand-bell which stood on the table, it was not long before we were summoned to the dining-room, where we found a neat little repast. Prepared as it was at so brief a notice, it did great credit to the household economy of the Ishban's wife, and the heartiness of her welcome made us feel quite at home at her board.

Herr Eiszdorfer seemed extremely anxious that we should make the acquaintance of a countryman of his, a distinguished patriot named Ronay, properly speaking a Benedictine, but, being a professor of the Academy of Pesth, not resident in the Monastery, though frequently a visitor there. He asked Madame Todt, whether Professor Ronay were just now at St. Martin's, and received for an answer, to our great disappointment, that he had left only the day before. He wished us very much to have seen this gentleman, as he had passed his nineteen years' exile in England, and spoke English fluently. He described him as a man of singular erudition, and great scientific knowledge, and we were glad to find that there was a probability of our meeting him in Pesth.

While finishing our repast, a visitor was announced, who was met by Herr Eiszdorfer with a most friendly greeting. His friend had heard in the village of his arrival at San Martinsberg with some strangers, and had hastened to find him at the Ishban's house. The new comer was introduced to us as Herr Ernö Göltl, the medical adviser of the Benedictines, now on his way to pay them a periodical visit, so it was agreed that we should all go together up to the Monastery.

Taking leave of our hospitable entertainer, we set off on our expedition, and were soon toiling up the broad, hard, and steep road by which it was reached.

The *Mons Sacer Pannoniæ*, as this eminence was anciently called, is about sixty Klafters, or 360 feet high, and the massive buildings which crown its summit are not only magnificent from their dimensions and extent, but highly interesting from their historical associations and present circumstances.

The substantial battlemented wall which surrounds the monastic edifices encloses, besides the monastery itself—a fine old castellated building—a handsome church, offices, granaries, store-houses, stables, &c. The new comer, Herr Göltl, who had now joined us, though altogether different from our friend the Raabite, was by no means a less favourable specimen of his nation, and proved a great acquisition to us, as he was well acquainted with every detail of the past and present history of the object of our visit. He called our attention to some pieces of a beautiful red and white marble, of which the road was made, and which he told us abounded in the neighbourhood: it seemed quite a sin to use it for such a purpose: in the immediate locality there is nothing but sandstone. Half way up the hill he took us aside, down a narrow path overgrown with ferns and brambles, to shew us the mouth of a well, said to be the deepest in Hungary, and renowned for the purity of its water; the depth is estimated at forty Klafters, or 240 feet.

The view improves at every step, and we thought it amply justified its reputation; the extent to which the eye can reach from the summit which we had now attained, and where it suddenly burst upon us in all its magnifi-

cence, seems boundless. Our amiable guides stood by, much enjoying our admiration, and seemed to experience a genuine delight in the pleasure they had procured for us. It was difficult to tear ourselves away from the spot which commanded this unique spectacle, but we had yet much to explore within the building itself.

On coming into close quarters with this massive pile, we found it much more imposing than we had supposed from below. The whole construction is on a noble scale, and conveys the idea of a strong-place, built in warlike times to resist the attack of a powerful foe; grand as it still is, however, it is not now, we were told, of more than half its original extent. The entrance is that of a fortress, and the buttressed and embattled walls with their port-holes give it a very defiant, not to say bellicose appearance. The monastery contains within its walls an extensive seminary, and the church, which has a fine dome forming the centre of the whole pile, imparts to it an important appearance.

The Cardinal's letter, backed by our two medical friends, soon procured us a most cordial reception from the Abbot, who seemed pleased at our visit, and was minute in his inquiries about all matters connected with the Catholic Church in England—its dignitaries, its position, and prospects—the late and present Archbishop of Westminster, the number and position of converts, &c.

He seemed proud of his library—the third in importance in Hungary—containing 80,000 volumes, sacred and profane, together with a valuable collection of MSS. He shewed us a fine edition of Walton's Hexapla, printed in 1610. The Library has been recently re-constructed with great taste, and is lighted from above by a skylight running

round an oblong centre, painted in medallion with an allegorical subject. It is a fine, spacious, oblong hall, rounded at the ends, and paved in marqueterie with choice marbles. A handsome gallery gives access to the upper shelves, and at either extremity stand two white marble statues, representing St. Stephen and Francis I., the late Emperor, and father of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon I. In an adjoining gallery, called the Museum, is an elaborate collection of coins, or rather simulacra of coins, but wonderfully well executed, in plaster, and either bronzed, silvered or gilt, as the case requires. The Museum likewise contains a most interesting series of geological specimens found in the neighbourhood, and also of many varieties of woods, neatly cut in the shape of books, and described on the labels on their backs. The librarian, to whom we were specially introduced, and who, though obliging enough, could not help betraying that he was tolerably self-centred and not very profound, seemed inclined to hurry us through his department, and we fancied our questions rather bothered him. He certainly wore a wig, but whether there was any wisdom in it he did not give us much opportunity of finding out. We astonished him a good deal by mentioning a peculiarity in the arrangements of the famous and time-honoured library at the Escurial, viz.: that in compliance with the orders of Philip II. the books have always stood with their gilded leaves towards the spectator instead of their backs. It is a curious and not less suggestive fact, that so capricious an order should have remained in force for three centuries.

Among many curiosities which the library of St. Martinsberg contains is the original diploma granted to the order, by St. Stephen himself, in the year 1001, and therefore

one of the most ancient written European documents existing. It is a venerable bit of parchment, covered with small crabbed writing, scarcely legible but to the initiated. Nevertheless, with some trouble we made out a few words of this quaint patristic Latin, and found the signature perfectly decipherable.

The Abbot now took us into the Church, the most interesting portion of which is the crypt. Here is preserved the famous San Stephan's Stuhl, which is of red marble, and is fixed into a niche in the wall beneath the high altar. Popular tradition attributes to this chair the property of curing or preventing lumbago by the simple process of once sitting in it. It is said to have been used by St. Stephen when he assisted at the Mass said by Asticus, alias St. Athanasius.

Here the Abbot courteously took leave of us, reminding us, as we turned to go, of the fine spacious terrace in front of the building, whence he recommended us to take a survey of the view: he also told us there was a fine piece of modern sculpture on the tympanum over the principal entrance.

We had reached the stairs and were preparing to leave, when the doctor, who had slipped away unobserved a little while before, came softly up and whispered that he had been coaxing the brother Steward to let us inspect the commissariat department, generally very closely cloistered in the contemplative orders; but he had thought we should like to make acquaintance with the arcana of monastic housekeeping. We accordingly proceeded through the store-rooms and pantry, the dairy and bake-house, the larder and cellars, all constructed as well as supplied on a most liberal scale. It was like walking into the pages of

a mediæval chronicle, and *seeing* the interiors one reads of there. A few steps preceding us walked the burly, good-humoured, not to say jolly, middle-aged monk, with a large official-looking bunch of keys hanging at his girdle, whose duty it was to preside over haunches of venison, and cream pasties. There were the baskets of fruit, veritable cornucopiæ—peaches, nectarines, figs, and grapes, such as one sees them on the luscious canvasses of the Flemish masters. There was the fish of the lake and the game of the forest; there were the cupboards full of neat, regular rows of preserves, "no *satis* to their *jams!*" and there the fresh laid eggs and the brass skillets of new milk standing for cream; the countless pats of buff semi-transparent butter, "*et pressi copia lactis.*" Still following the house-steward we reached the kitchen, which reminded us of that of the Archbishop of Granada, so graphically described by Gil Blas. We could have sworn to the white-robed cooks and scullions, to the bright copper stew pans, the glowing fire and the spits that turned before it, sending up the savoury odour as of a sweet-smelling sacrifice, and announcing what a jolly supper was in preparation for the table of the "Gheistliche." The dresser, the walls, the very floors shone with cleanliness: it was a model kitchen, and truly this must be a wealthy Abbey! Not the least satisfactory department was that wherein were stowed the provisions regularly dispensed to the poor, for they come in for their share of the produce of these extensive and productive lands. This princely domain, which brings in enormous revenues, and on which the property-tax must supply to Government an important sum, stretches right away to the Bakonyer Forest and the Balaton Lake. It comprises arable and pasture-land, farms, vineyards, orchards and gardens, lakes and

rivers, which give employment to a vast population of labourers, all denizens of the soil.

A lift communicates between the kitchen and refectory, which, if it does not carry up the whole table laid out, as at Schönbrunn, at least enables the *menu* of the meal to be served up hot and hot, according to the usages of the best-regulated establishments.

The Refectory was perhaps better worth seeing than all the offices we have described. It was the very ideal of a monastic dining-hall. A long, wide, spacious, and lofty chamber, lighted by five large latticed windows down one side, with a vaulted ceiling, which, as well as the walls, had been painted in distemper, apparently at a very remote period, for they were woefully blackened with age. The subjects were in separate panels and the figures life-size. They represented severally—Satan offering bread to our Lord, during the temptation—Herod's birthday banquet, with the daughter of Herodias dancing before him—Belshazzar's feast—Daniel in the Lions' den—David eating the Shew-bread—St Benedict detecting the poison. That at the extremity of the room represented our Lord receiving the sponge with vinegar, on the cross. At the middle of one side of the room is the reading-desk, and here each of the monks in turn always reads from some pious book during the repast, taking his own meal afterwards. On the opposite side is a noble old fire-place, with large brass dogs. The tables were all laid for the evening meal, and on the longest, which occupied the middle of the room, were eight candelabra of two lights each. At the sides were two other, and less pretentious, tables for the professors and students respectively, and at the end was a fourth for any chance guests, for the Benedictine rule

forbids their eating at the same table as the "Gheistliche."

The Abbot, or rather Arch-abbot of St. Martinsberg, has the same jurisdiction as a Bishop, and has the religious control of sixteen villages. When an Arch-abbot dies, the Brothers nominate three candidates, from among whom the King elects one. The Arch-abbot of St. Martinsberg is in his own right a magnate, and takes his seat with Bishops in the House of Lords. To him is delegated the power of nominating, subject to the royal consent, the Abbots of Tihany, Domölk and Bakonyhel.

The number of monks belonging to St. Martinsberg is 160, but only from sixty to seventy are in residence. The remainder are sent as Professors to the Academies of Pesth, Pressburg, and Raab, and to the Gymnasia, eight in number, of Pressburg, Gran, Raab, Tyrnau, Œdenberg, Komorn, Papa, and Güns. For these Professorships about 50 candidates present themselves, and from them ten are chosen. They receive 150 guldens a year.

We passed a considerable time on the terrace, where it was difficult to tear oneself away from the really magnificent view of boundless landscape spread before us. It was only when the descending sun warned us of the flight of day that we began to turn our steps downwards, and we were scarcely aware of the fatigue of our day's work till we sat down to rest at the foot of the hill.

"Come, come, we must not halt here," said the doctor, "we have but a few steps further to go to reach my humble dwelling, where I must have the pleasure of introducing to you my newly-married wife, and offering you the repose and refreshment I am sure we shall all find we can enjoy."

This was certainly an offer to close with under the cir-

cumstances ; so the hospitality thus frankly offered was as frankly accepted, and we were once more upon our way. The doctor's manner was prepossessing, and we had been much interested in his conversation. His countenance wore a remarkably intellectual expression, and his hair was prematurely white. One could not but wonder, in looking at him, what manner of life he could have led in this small, obscure, almost uncivilized village. His story, however, was like that of most who have passed middle life —a sad one.

"Would it be indiscreet," said we, "to inquire how at your age you come to be, as you said, newly married?"

We had dropped a little behind our party, and the doctor replied in a subdued voice, which, in the change from its apparently joyous tone when we had all been conversing together, told at once that there had been a sorrow in his life which he had not mastered without a struggle.

"I will tell you," he said, grasping our hand with honest cordiality as he added—"possibly you can sympathize with me from a personal acquaintance with affliction. If not, you will at least forgive the passing shadow which your question has recalled." The tears started to his eyes as he spoke, and we hastened to express our regret that we should have evoked the recollection of a grief, the existence of which we had not even suspected.

"By no means, dear sir," he said: "My sorrows are my own, and deeply do they lie buried within my own heart. I never trouble others even with the reflection they might cast on my intercourse with them; but sacred as they are to me, when I meet with one who can appreciate the contest this restraint costs me, I have no reason to reserve my story. Ah! my dear sir, I hope you have never

known what it is to be raised up to the very pinnacle of happiness till life seems like a bright dream—so bright that you feel you must one day have a waking moment which will dispel all its rainbow hues! Such was, alas! my lot. I had loved and been loved at a very early age, by a beautiful child, the playmate of my youth. Never was affection more sincere nor more enduring. Everything smiled upon us. We ought to have known that it was not natural for human joys to be so entirely unclouded, and that the '*quart d'heure de Rabelais*' must be awaiting us somewhere, but we did not; we were so absorbed in the joys which surrounded us, that we did not give ourselves leisure to think of the sorrows with which it was only to be expected they should be mingled. We were united in marriage with the joyful consent of both families, as soon as I was twenty-five and Hilda twenty. Fifteen months afterwards I was a father; but . . . . here began the troubles of my life: it was only for a few short days—our child died: the son on whom we were already beginning to build the wildest hopes—yes, he was taken, and I was inconsolable. My gentle wife suppressed her own tears in order to comfort me; but what will you say when I tell you the rest? A week after I was a widower! How I survived that blow I cannot tell; but I did live on; it made an altered man of me. The thirty years—all winters!—that have rolled over me since that fatal hour have never effaced its bitterness, and nothing has ever filled up the abyss that loss has left in my heart. I will not dwell on it. . . . . I *cannot*, even now. You will wonder, no doubt, how, with so deep an affection still surviving, I could make another marriage, for I believe that is the conventional view taken of second unions, but it seemed to me utterly illogical. There is per-

haps no condition which tends so much to engender selfishness as that of solitude. I felt that, insensibly, I was undergoing a moral deterioration: I found an opportunity of making another happy; and my thoughts, which were all turned inwards, needed to be spent on some external object. I saw that I was not indifferent to Elspet, and when I asked her to be my wife, the alacrity with which she accepted my proposal convinced me that I might still be useful in the world. She is devoted to me, and has in return become the centre of my pre-occupations, and I have not yet seen any reason to regret the step I have taken."

We hastened to assure the doctor of our sympathy, and to thank him for the confidence he had shown in relating to us circumstances so intimate. "The manly control," added we, "under which you have brought yourself, is worthy of all honour; and it is but too easy to understand the effort it must have cost you, thus to enshrine the past from all eyes but your own, and to assume a cheerful demeanour which had given us a completely erroneous idea, both of your antecedents and your character."

"Yonder is my house," replied the doctor, who had now completely recovered his self-command, "and I return into it in what has now again become my usual character: the veil I drew aside but for a moment, at your accidental request, will in all probability never be raised again."

We entered the garden: beautifully neat it was, and bright with summer flowers; there might be skeletons buried beneath, but no one would have guessed that anything unsightly was masked there, any more than that behind that placid smile on the master's face was a moral graveyard, whither, when no longer due to society, he retreated to commune with "the ghosts of his departed joys."

He led the way along a balcony embowered in creepers, and beneath them we made our way into the sitting-room through the open window. Elspet came forward with a cheerful greeting to meet her husband, who gave her no time for surprise at finding he was accompanied by a party of strangers; she at once recognized Herr Eiszdorfer, and welcomed us as friends of his.

"We are all tired and hungry," said her husband, "so, my dear Elspet, pray advance the hour of supper if you can; our friends will not take it as any mark of disrespect if we do not entertain them so delicately as we should have, had we expected them; they will kindly accept in exchange for better cheer, a hearty welcome to what fare we have. Meantime, while daylight lasts, they shall inspect our small green-house, our pleasure-ground, our farm-yard, and our vineyard."

The doctor need not have apologised for his table, and it was evident that Elspet was a first-rate manager. She was a pretty, lively little woman, apparently between twenty-five and thirty; young enough, in comparison with her husband, to feel that she was his pet, and the little air of conscious spoiling this imparted to her bearing was by no means unbecoming. Not one word of German did she speak, and considerable merriment was created during the meal by the necessity of interpreting every remark that was made.

After supper we adjourned to the drawing-room, and could but admire the taste in which it was furnished. The floor was of oak waxed, with a square carpet under the table; on the walls were some good proof engravings, and the tapestry seats, cushions, bell-ropes, &c., &c., showed that Madame's fingers were not idle. There was a collection of the *Hungarian Illustrated News* from the commence-

ment of the series about five years ago, each year manifesting a visible improvement, though it is still very inferior to our own.

The doctor's conversation showed him to be a man of taste, though to a certain extent cut off from the civilized world in this sequestered little hamlet. The library of St. Martinsberg, however, must have been to him a valuable resource, and doubtless the superior cultivation we remarked in him was in a great measure due to the free access he obtained to its literary treasures.

It was with a feeling of sincere regret that we took our leave of this kind, hospitable, warm-hearted man, and his pleasant, sprightly, little wife. He could not have chosen a companion more suitable under the circumstances. If she did not share his more refined tastes, she at least knew how to make his fireside bright and attractive; and he seemed to entertain such a fond, paternal indulgence for her little deficiencies in knowledge, that it would perhaps have taken away one element of his affection had they not existed.

The glimpse we had had of this little Hungarian home, where we had been so kindly received, had been eminently interesting, and the episode in its master's previous life had revealed a touch of nature which at once broke through differences of creed, climate, nation, and language, and seemed to bring us singularly near.

We parted reciprocally expressing a hope, sincerely felt on either side, that this might not be the last time we should meet; and, indeed, locomotion is now so much simplified, and the Hungarian character, generally, so enterprising, that we do not despair of one day doing the honours of London to the Doctor of the Monks of St. Martinsberg.

It is astonishing to see what numbers of Jews have

settled themselves in Austria and Hungary. Even at the small village of St. Martinsberg, where ten years ago there was not one, now thrives a population of 200, who appear to fatten on the simplicity of the unsophisticated natives.

Our drive home was very pleasant, beneath a clear sky, spangled with stars, and between banks glistening with glow-worms.

We were surprised at the large amount of traffic we observed on the road, until informed that the waggons which passed us, laden with grain, fodder, hides, and other articles of commerce, as well as the flocks, herds of swine, and troops of horses, were being conveyed and driven, respectively, to Raab, for the morrow's markets.

We were not altogether sorry to find ourselves at home, where our amiable and useful acquaintance took leave of us, promising to call the next morning to see if he could be of any further use to us.

We had withdrawn to our rooms, and were preparing for rest, supposing from the stillness of the streets that all Raab was slumbering, when we were startled by an outburst of melodious sounds, which came floating through the open windows like a magical and mysterious spell, for we could none of us recognize the instrument to which we were listening. The melody was singularly wild and melancholy, and the executant must have been unusually gifted. An air can only be described by the effect it produces, and this struck us as possessing a grace and power peculiar to itself, which riveted us to the spot as if by a mysterious fascination.

The language it spoke told of a creative fancy, weaving the fairy fabric as it proceeded, for the stamp of originality

was upon it, and the caprice of the unseen artist seemed to revel in the rainbow hues with which he tinted his inspired theme. Suddenly it changed, the movement became rapid, and yet more rapid, the *improvisatore* was carried away by the enthusiasm of his genius, and the notes with which he expressed his fervour, came pouring down with the luxuriance and brilliancy of a torrent, sparkling in the moon-beam. It was the poetry of music. By and bye the melody seemed to reach its culminating point, and, with the *bizarrerie* which had characterized the whole strain, it came abruptly to an end, and all was hushed. In vain we listened for more; the sweet sounds had passed away, and a stubborn silence reigned: we had no choice but to retire from the casement, and finish our interrupted preparations for bed, resolving that we would, at all events, relate the incident to our Hungarian friend next morning, in the hope that he might be able to throw some light on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

Raab Market—Cattle and Horse Fair—Lutheran Church and Schools—Herr Eiszdorfer's House—Costume of Hungarian Ladies—The Zigeuners, their performance—Extraordinary Musical Instrument—The Company—History of the Tribe—First Acquaintance with Hungarian Railways—View of St. Martinsberg—New Oszony—Komorn—Bridge of Boats—Fortress—The "Steinerne Jungfrau"—Military History—The Waag—Beauties of its Valley—Ruins of Hricso—Legend of the Castle—The Neutra—Pesthony—Thermal Waters—Legend of the *Kirchbrünn*—Dotis or Tata—Prince Esterhazy's Castle—Wine-Vats and cellarage—Vineyards—First view of Gran—An English Party—Pink and White Marble Cliffs—Residence of the Prinz-Primas of all Hungary—Aspect of the place—Primitive Hotel—Zigeuner band in the "Cavé"-room—Early Mass at the Cathedral—Grecian Architecture—The Crypt—The Burial-place of the Primates—The Library—Chapel of Our Lady of Dolors—Pilgrimages—Tradition of St. Stephen—The Prince Primate's Palace—Visit the Suburb—Jews Synagogue—The Primate's Popularity—Interior of the Palace—Turkish Burying-ground—Steam-ram—Subterranean Passage—Cellarage in the Rock.

NEXT morning we were awakened at an early hour by an unusual noise of movement and hurry in the streets. All Raab was astir; the sun was shining brightly, and all was life and bustle. It was market-day in Raab: not merely the market-day of vegetable, fruit, and poultry-vendors: not simply the import-day of butchers' meat, eggs and butter; but a grain and cattle market, and moreover, a great *horse* fair.

We crossed the busy thoroughfares, and made our way to the gates, outside one of which was a sight to delight the eyes of Landseer, Herring, or Rosa Bonheur.

Passing by the endless supplies of agricultural produce, the pigs, the sheep, and the horned cattle, we made for the

horse-market. It seemed to contain a countless number of horses of every colour, quality, and description; of every age, of every size, of every character. Such an assemblage we had never seen before; neither had we an idea that so many persons from the adjacent towns and villages periodically frequented this well-supplied mart. The horse forms not only an object of speculation and commerce with the Magyar population: it is, at the same time, one of the greatest delights of every class. The Hungarians seem to belong by nature to the turf; and the horse, with all that relates to him, possesses as powerful a charm for the Hungarians as the bull for the Spaniards. The pursuit of the herds of wild horses, in reckless and adventurous expeditions to the Putztas and vast Steppes of Hungary, offers a description of sport and excitement analogous to those hunts in the *ganaderias*, so popular in the Peninsula, to secure bulls for the *circo;* and the intensity of popular interest which attaches to a horse-race is not surpassed by the eager enthusiasm inseparable from the exhibition of a bull-fight.

In riding, driving, and racing, the Magyar has not his equal. It is no figure of speech to say that he looks as if he were a part of his horse: he bestrides him with an easy grace which comes by nature, and which no teaching could ever impart. As may be supposed, the Hungarians are consummate *connoisseurs* in horse-flesh, and a horse-fair is therefore a centre of intense interest and attraction for many miles round. We were nevertheless much struck with the difference between this scene and that which may be witnessed in London and elsewhere at a gathering of this nature. The coarseness and brutality, not to say depravity,

supposed universally to disgrace the genus horse-dealer, are altogether absent from the Hungarian horse-fair, so that even when engaged in a pursuit which, strange as it may be, is wont as a rule to demoralize those who follow it, the Hungarian, a bright example, contrives not to forget himself, and remains true to the traditions of his character.

We were glad on all accounts to have witnessed this scene; first, because it opened to us a new phase of Hungarian life, and secondly, because without it we should have come away from Raab with a totally different idea of its importance as a provincial city.

Whilst threading our way through the endless assemblage of bipeds, quadrupeds, vehicles, and merchandize, a woman of poverty-stricken aspect, but picturesquely dressed, darted out of the crowd, and seizing the garments first of one and then another of our party, carried them to her lips. We were at a loss at first to understand the incident, when she exclaimed, in very fair German, "Ich habe Ihre Gnädigheiten, schon in Raab gesehen," and we recognized her in the woman with whom we had conversed in the fruit-market on the previous day. She now entreated our acceptance of some fine ripe greengages, and pressed them on us with so much earnestness and sincerity that it was impossible to refuse her offering.

The Lutherans, as before stated, have a large church here, and within the enclosure which contains it are boys' and girls' schools, where about one hundred and fifty of each sex are received. They appeared rough and wild, and the schools did not strike us as being particularly well organized.

As our friend Herr Eiszdorfer had expressed a great

wish to present us to his wife, we thought it would be a civility to call on her, and found we had gratified him exceedingly by this step. He conducted us up a handsome spiral staircase of white marble, and according to the same curious arrangement we had observed at the Ishban's house, through the kitchen, bed-room, and dining-room into the drawing-room. It was rather handsomely furnished, and the furniture was placed in the conventional order, the sofa being evidently the marked place of honour. Madame spoke little or no German: in fact, so potent is the national feeling of the Hungarians, that it is rare to find, even among women who have had the best education, any knowledge of the German language. Those who can afford to have their children made linguists, teach them French and English; but, such is their antipathy to everything German, that the language is learned and spoken only as a matter of necessity, and consequently the women, who have little to do with business, rarely speak it. Herr Eiszdorfer's wife was a handsome woman, considerably younger than her husband; nevertheless they made a fine couple. They had been married four or five years, but had no children, and seemed much attached to each other, though the husband was in intelligence and cultivation decidedly superior to his wife.

She was dressed with some taste, and he seemed proud of her appearance. On our inquiring whether Hungarian ladies wore any national costume, he bade her fetch her winter cloak—a most magnificent garment of black silk-velvet, half covered with a broad trimming of fur, and lined throughout with the same. She told us the price of such a cloak was 150 guldens, but then it lasted a lifetime. It seems it is the pride of the Hungarian women to possess

one of these cloaks, and they often spend the most fabulous sums in the purchase.

The mysterious musicians of the previous evening had recurred to our thoughts on waking in the morning, and the recollection had not ceased to haunt us during the day. We now related the circumstance to our friend, who, we were glad to find, was able to enlighten us as to the matter.

"I am glad," said he, "you have had an opportunity of hearing that singular and beautiful music, one of the peculiarities of our country, and although it is the performance of itinerant hands who are always somewhere about, it is only by chance that they are to be met with. They are the 'Zigeuners,' a nomad tribe akin to the Gitanos of Spain, the Bayadères of Portugal, the Egyptians and Bohemians of central Europe, as they are indiscriminately called, and the Gipsies of England. As in other countries, the Zigeuners of Hungary have their own laws, their own religious belief—or *dis*belief—their own customs and habits, their own language, and, pre-eminently, their own music."

"And is there then," said we, "no prospect of our hearing them again, now we know who and what they are?"

"Yes, this evening they will no doubt play at the principal Cavé-haz (or '*café*,') and if you will allow me to call for you after your dinner, I will conduct you thither with pleasure."

After dinner then, or rather in Raab we should say "after supper," at the appointed hour, our obliging friend appeared, and after threading with us several streets, we reached a café, outside which a moderately numerous crowd was collected. Our guide went first in order to make way

for us, but as soon as the people saw we were strangers they politely moved aside: he opened the door and we entered. The room was spacious, but it was tolerably full; in the centre was a large billiard-table, and down each side were small square or circular tables, with white marble tops. At these sat groups of two or more persons sipping, as the case might be, black coffee, beer, or wine; but all smoking, so that it was not easy to see what was going on around.

One portion of the available space, towards the further end, was occupied by a strange-looking group constituting the band we had come to hear. In the centre, and in front of a square table, sat the principal performer, and on the table was his singular instrument, the sound of which had so thoroughly mystified us on the preceding evening. It was formed by a series of strings stretched across an oblong sounding-board, about three feet six across the front, and two feet six wide, the sides sloping to about three feet on the opposite side, and was played by means of two small whalebones, with strips of rag wound round the ends. It is difficult to believe that so simple an instrument could be capable of producing a tone at once so sweet and so powerful, or that it should admit of such rapid, varied, and expressive execution. It is called the "Czimbalom." The other musicians sat round to the number of six, prepared to accompany, with flutes, violoncellos, and violins respectively.

The master of the *café*, having beckoned us to the top of the room, obligingly placed us so that, without being too near the band, we could have a view of the players.

The whole performance was perfectly extemporaneous, and the melody had that peculiar flow which stamps at

once its national character. Though we were by no means familiar with Hungarian music, we fancied we should have recognized it for that, anywhere. Not altogether unlike the Russian native music, and—like the latter—combining a peculiar wildness with a strange sweetness, it yet possessed a '*cachet de distinction*' proper to itself.

The whole fraternity carried in their countenances—indeed on their whole persons—the stamp of their race. Their complexions were dark and swarthy, their hair, eyebrows, and beards, of a jetty black; they were none of them tall, but supple and well proportioned, and all had a more or less intelligent expression. The pieces they execute may be called "ballads without words," so expressive are they. The theme is generally a legend or story they carry in their minds, and, as it were, narrate in the language of music, so that it is no wonder they seem lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and appear to abandon themselves for the time to the caprices of their imagination. Occasionally they become so excited that they appear to be really enacting the scene they depict, and end by firing the audience with their own ardour.

Incredible as it may seem to those who have not heard these weird performers, we fancied we could follow the piece they now performed, in all its details, and think we could not have been far wrong in our interpretation of its signification. We took the simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened to represent a calm scene of rural life, a bright rosy dawn, an honest peasant population going forth to their healthful, harmless, and peaceful occupations—the shepherd leading his sheep a-field, the cowherd driving his cattle to the mountains, the "*Ross-hirt*" scampering over the turfy plain with his troop of horses—while, as the day

advances, the hum of insect life is borne on the still noontide air. We are then transported to the forest, where a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, is preparing for an onslaught on these happy, laborious, and unconscious villagers. We are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the shouts of men, the cries of women, as, in the midst of violence and bloodshed, their stores and cattle are seized, and the defenceless owners are carried away captive. But retributive justice awaits the dastardly plunderers, and the battery of heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the injured. The dark eye of the *zigeuner* flashes fire as he draws down the loud roar of thunder, and the forked lightning darts across the scene. The cowardly victors are not yet within the shelter of their forest domain when the torrents descend, and with terrific violence the relentless storm scatters their forces. Their booty is destroyed, their captives are freed, while the confusion that prevails among their horses and men render their rash expedition abortive. One final peal is heard, and with a crash the fatal bolt has fallen on their chief, who lies blackened and mutilated at their feet. The performer has worked himself up to something like a frenzy at this consummation. His countenance becomes of deeper hue, while the perspiration runs down his face, and when he arrives at the termination he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted!

We were naturally startled if not alarmed at this finale, but we were assured that the enthusiasm of these untaught musicians was a part of their nature; and it was shared by their audience, who testified their satisfaction by their loud applause, raising their glasses in the air, and drinking the health of the performers with renewed cheers. A hat

was then carried round by one of the *zigeuners*, and we were glad to have this opportunity of testifying our gratification, but were disappointed at finding the appeal was not addressed to us. We therefore beckoned the collector to us, but were instantly stopped by the master of the café, who assured us that the company would be very much hurt if we were to contribute, as it would wound their sense of hospitality, whereas, as it was, they were all delighted that we had partaken of an amusement provided by them, and which we seemed to have enjoyed so much. After this explanation of their view of the case, it would have been indelicate to insist. We therefore begged the master of the café to express to the performers, as well as to the company, the real pleasure we had experienced in being allowed to assist at an entertainment so well sustained, and so entirely new to us, and we presented the performers with a packet of cigars, which we begged them to smoke in our honour, apparently to their cordial satisfaction.

As we retraced our steps, Herr Eiszdorfer entertained us with an account of the life led by the zigeuners in this part of the world. This wandering tribe pays its periodical visits with great regularity to the towns and villages scattered over the tract they recognize as within their own legitimate bounds; and those who frequent the town of Raab have from time immemorial earned a brilliant reputation as virtuosi. Among these the names of Bibary, Szárkoszy, and Ketskemety are recognized as stars of the first magnitude, but Farkaes Miskah (or Michael Farcash) is "the full moon" of these Czimbalom-players.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an important element in the social condition of the Hungarian people, and are regarded in the light of a national institution, without the co-

operation of which their popular festivities, public and private, their christenings, betrothals, and marriages, their anniversaries and family gatherings, would be devoid of spirit or interest. The musical faculties with which these people are born seem almost to amount to a supplementary sense. Theoretically speaking they know not one note of music; but their ear catches and their mind retains any air they may hear, and they possess the power of reproducing it on any of their own simple instruments with wonderful accuracy.

"Indeed," said our informant, "I have myself often *suggested* to them, either by humming it or even describing it, an air which they had never heard, and they have immediately apprehended and reproduced it with the most surprising execution. This," he added, "is the delight of our people. Every Hungarian has his favourite air, and sometimes a whole evening is passed in a café in calling upon the zigeuners for one tune after another, when their success in responding to the appeal is met with the most rapturous applause; and the popular Czárdács could not be danced without the sympathetic accompaniment of the Czimbalom."

It is a singular and suggestive fact that the idiosyncratic and marvellous talent evinced by these natural musicians is a gift *per se*, and quite incapable of cultivation. The great Maëstro, Liszt—himself a Hungarian, and conversant with the music of these tribes—gives a most interesting account of a promising zigeuner lad, on whom he tried the experiment of a musical training. After a certain point, however, he seems to have found his pupil incapable of any further progress; and although beyond all competition in the display of his own unique and native

genius, still in no way amenable to the ordinary process of educational improvement. It was a disappointing result: for the impression produced on a listener by the magical performances of these people would lead to the reflection, "If they can do this in the untaught wildness of their natural condition, what might not such a germ be made to produce if cultivated by a master-hand!"

"You must not think," said Herr Eiszdorfer, "that music forms the occupation of all zigeuners; far from it. Though all are keenly appreciative of its charms, there is a distinct class which gives itself up to this æsthetic pursuit, while others acquire in early youth the various trades by which, notwithstanding their erratic habits, they earn their living. These are much the same as in other countries, and consist of charcoal-burning, tinkering, smithying, nail manufacturing, and horse-shoeing; while their women carry on an auxiliary business in dancing, fortune-telling, &c., and often earn more out of the credulity of the village maidens and village gossips, than their fathers, brothers, and husbands out of the domestic necessities of the population.

"Thus they travel from village to village, in their moveable wooden hut, with their families and all their worldly goods about them; their pigs and dogs—their only live stock—bringing up the rear; a hammer and bellows constituting their rolling stock. Arrived at their halting-place in the outskirts of a town, they encamp, dig out a hole, and kindle their bivouac fire: they then unharness their horse, and leave him to find his pasture, while the women wash their rags and cook their food, and the men present themselves to their expectant customers, and generally find repairs and orders awaiting their arrival. Sigismund granted

them certain privileges, and recognized their right to be represented by deputies, and Joseph II. essayed in vain to induce them to settle and take up fixed habits, and to become agricultural labourers, for it was found impossible to wean them from their wandering propensities.

"It is very remarkable that the zigeuners seem to belong to all countries, and yet maintain their own distinctive peculiarities from generation to generation, so rigidly that there is no tracing in them any similarity to any of the races among which they live. They are of wonderfully hardy constitution, and will face the extremest cold and the extremest heat, without any of the artificial preservatives which, with all other people, have become necessities of nature. The merest rag suffices to cover them beneath the keenest blast, while they will expose themselves bare-headed under the fiercest sun. The zigeuner is reckless as a child, and wild as a beast of prey. He knows no care for the morrow, and is always in need and squalid poverty. Though eager for a meal when he can get it, he will go without food uncomplainingly; but tobacco is to him a necessity, and this he *must* have. He is, however, content with the vilest sort, and if he cannot obtain any to smoke, he rolls up what he can procure into a ball, and keeps it in his mouth. The newly-born zigeuner child is from the first hour of its birth plunged into the nearest spring, no matter in what season, and, after three weeks, it travels, tied to its mother's back or borne on her head, whether through piercing cold or torrid heat. For the first year or two it wears no clothes, grows up without instruction and without religion, generally in a state of considerable moral degradation, and if educated at all, only in the art of plundering to the best advantage.

"There can be no doubt that the musical zigeuners exhibit a great moral superiority over the rest of their tribe, and there seems every justification for attributing this elevation to the refining influences of the pursuit they follow.

"In examining the character of the gipsy-people, we shall see that there is a considerable amount of simplicity in their nature. Content to wear rags when they can obtain no better covering, they are yet childishly fond of finery, and delight in decking themselves with the gaudiest colours. An old military uniform or a braided coat possesses an indescribable charm for them, and they will wear any amount of glass beads. The musical zigeuners generally appear in peasant costume, but some will don, especially if they can purchase it cheaply second-hand, the rich dress-costume of the Magyar, or the ordinary modern dress of the upper classes, a graceful and picturesque attire.

"In the horse-trade the zigeuners do not bear the best reputation. They possess the art of patching up old or diseased horses, and of giving them, by means of drugs and other treatment, a youthful and healthy appearance calculated to deceive even a knowing *connoisseur;* and by the time that, after paying for his horse a price commensurate with this flattering but temporary condition, he discovers the trick, and finds that he has only purchased an old hack made 'beautiful for ever,' the cunning vendors are far away.

"When the horse business does not answer, the zigeuners have another resource, in offering themselves as brick-burners or bricklayers; it is also said that they have been found to execute such missions of importance as they undertake with fidelity and despatch."

The Raab apothecary, who was possessed of no small amount of general knowledge, seemed well acquainted with the history and habits of this exclusive population, who, notwithstanding their equivocal character, are always well received by the Hungarian villagers, and find plenty of employment among them. It was with real regret that we took leave of the kindly and intelligent friend whose acquaintance we had but so recently made, who had yet been of such valuable service to us during our stay in his town, and who now accompanied us to the station and saw us safely on our way to Komorn.

There are several important manufactures carried on at Raab, among which that of tobacco is one of the principal. The cutlery made there, including sword blades, has a high reputation. Wine is also manufactured here, for exportation as well as for home consumption, and raw silk is among the articles produced in the vicinity.

We had arrived by boat: we now took our departure by train. This therefore was our first experience of a Hungarian railway, and the impression was decidedly favourable. Herr Eiszdorfer had advised our taking second-class tickets, and we found he was right, for we could not have wished for cleaner, roomier, or more comfortable carriages. In fact, in Hungary none but the very exclusive ever think of travelling in the first class, and those who wish to improve their knowledge of the people—at least of the upper and middle classes—will do well to follow our friend's counsel. As for smoking—it is not to be escaped by selecting a first class carriage, as we afterwards found. Those who object to it are quite at the mercy of the rest, and it is only by appealing to their courtesy that a suspension of the practice can be obtained. It is, however, only fair to add that,

fond as he is of his pipe, a Hungarian is so delicate where the laws of hospitality are concerned, that the slightest intimation on the part of a stranger that he is annoyed by it, whether on his own account or that of the ladies of his party, is quite sufficient to put a stop to it.

We were amused by a characteristic notice placarded within our carriage, to the effect that "gentlemen wearing spurs are requested not to put their heels on the seats!" We ought to add that the carriages are not only padded and quilted, but handsomely lined throughout with crimson leather. Beneath the feet are sheepskin rugs.

About half way between Raab and Komorn we obtained a very good view of St. Martinsberg, which remained in sight for a long time. We observed evidences of careful cultivation all along the road, and the view was occasionally striking, taking in, beyond the fields, the broad silver riband of the Danube, bounded by the soft lines of a distant range of hills.

New Oszöny was the point whence we intended once more to take to the Danube, having first visited Komorn. It was here therefore that we left the railway, crossing the bridge of boats to this famous fortress, originally founded by Matthias Corvinus, but which however disappointed us considerably when we were told it was that which stood before us. We had expected to see a citadel raised on an eminence, like the rocky fort of Ehrenbreitstein, and were looking for the towering and imposing height of such a building. When, therefore, we turned to the opposite bank, and saw a low embattled wall, raised only a few feet above the level of the river, much of the interest with which we had looked forward to an inspection of the historical fastness of Komorn at once evaporated.

We had heard and read of the Steinerne Yungfrau whose statue lives within the town, and who mockingly replies to all wooers by the inscription on her pedestal, "Kom-morn," "Come to-morrow," for the boast of the Magyar is that Komorn is a virgin fortress, and has hitherto successfully resisted all attempts on the part of invaders. It was only natural, therefore, to suppose that a city thus personified bore a proud and commanding aspect; but it was by no means so in reality, and it only remained to beckon our imagination down again from her airy flight, and to make up our minds that the boasted Hungarian stronghold made up in worth for what it wanted in appearance.

Certain it is that, if the picturesque be an element altogether wanting in the construction and existence of Komorn, its strength is beyond dispute; and, unless some force be discovered beyond the hitherto known and existing means of attack, it is likely to maintain the prestige of its impregnability. Perhaps without going into further detail it may suffice simply to state that, besides the "Old Fortress," (which dates from more than three centuries back) standing at the point or angle where the Neuhäuseler branch returns to join itself to the river, and containing the magazines and arsenal, the foundry, ammunition and commissariat stores, &c., is the "New Fortress," separated by a narrow esplanade from the town, and defending it on the western side. On either bank of the Danube is a *tête du pont* formed by massive redoubts, and since the "New Fortress" was constructed, we were told that during the French wars eight battalions of infantry and three thousand nawies were engaged for years on these out-works. At one time 300 pieces of cannon were ranged along these works. The old

fortress was seriously injured by an earthquake in 1783, and was not repaired till 1805, when it was made much stronger than before.

The Hungarians are naturally jealous of any foreign interference with this most important of their defences, and foreigners are not encouraged to take up their abode here; the place is consequently almost entirely in the occupation of Magyars. In 1848-9 the Austrian army made desperate but futile efforts to gain possession of the fortress of Komorn, but the Hungarians, under Klapka, resisted bravely and successfully, and the fortress continued to maintain its reputation. At Komorn, the Danube is joined by the Waag, whose valley is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in Europe. If English tourists were conscious of its charms, they would soon deify them as they have those of the admired Rhine. Its windings exhibit the most enchanting varieties of the soft and severe; its banks sometimes presenting gentle slopes of verdure, and then again rising in steep and rocky cliffs from the lake-like surface they enclose; narrowing into divergent gorges, or developing into bays, with fortress-crowned eminences and ivy-clad ruins on either side. This river well repays a détour, at least as far as Rosenberg, and the Neutra, one of its tributaries, is almost as attractive.

Among the most interesting spots that arrest the attention of the traveller in the enchanting valley of the Waag, is that on which we find the extensive ruins of Hricso. The fierce and defiant character of this feudal castle is stamped on its jagged, but massive remains, which still tell the tale of the warlike propensities of its original founders. Three hundred years have rolled over its shattered walls,

and during that time all who have passed by its now silent and deserted stones have mentally consigned it to those ghostly invaders to whom popular superstition has long since abandoned it. The only footsteps that now awaken its echoes are those of curiosity or avarice. The traveller or the artist cannot but be irresistibly attracted by the mournful beauty of its decay, while the adventurous gold-finder has made many an eager and unhallowed excavation among its defenceless ruins. Meantime, tradition has been busy with its fame, and has preserved the legend which attaches to the former occupants of this once important castle.

Legend of the Castle of Hricso.

Almost contemporaneously with the Jaggellonian race of kings, and the settlement of the Turks in Hungary, occurred the extinction of the long ancestral line of the Lords Castellans of Hricso, its only surviving representative being the Knight of Lahar. Four sons of tender age were snatched one after the other from his embraces, and, heartbroken and prematurely aged, the sorrowing father followed them to the grave, bequeathing the impregnable castle and extensive domains to his widow.

As may be supposed, the rich heritage drew round her many suitors, but all were dismissed, and during more than three years was the monastic seclusion of the dejected mother and sorrowing widow inaccessible to all.

The widow's nearest neighbour, Franz Thurgo, formerly Bishop of Neutra, one of the warmest champions of the Reformation, had espoused the beautiful Barbara Kostka,

and became, in consequence, Lord of the fortress Lietawa; but he had lost his wife by death. The boundless territory of the widow adjoined the wealthy possessions of the Thurgos, and they so intersected and mingled with each other that a union of these two territories would have made the noblest property in the kingdom. To accomplish this there was only one means—an alliance between the widower and the widow.

The latter, whose thoughts had, in consequence of her trials and losses, been very much withdrawn from the world, was greatly occupied with deliberations upon the new form of religion just then being introduced into Hungary; and this circumstance, unhappily, constituted a pretext for continual interviews, during which Thurgo was not slow to advance his own interests. His scheme was forwarded with considerable address and great perseverance. With the most consummate delicacy and forbearance, he abstained at first from any demonstration which might lead her to suspect his ultimate design; and it was only by his fascinating manners, elevated tone, and judicious attentions, that he contrived to render himself so agreeable, and so necessary to her happiness, that he began at length to find his homage acceptable, and finally ventured to make her the offer of his hand. The lady was some years his senior; nevertheless, sincere, candid, and honourable herself, she could not doubt his well-feigned assurances of devotion and love. She was fascinated by the graces of his mind and person, and his society had given a new charm to her life: nevertheless, the passion of love was for ever extinguished in her heart, and she experienced for him nothing more than esteem, admiration, and friendship. Too sensible to imagine that,

however true his affection might be at that moment, it could endure as time went on, and the disparity of age became more obvious, she adopted a generous and heroic course. Unwilling to bind him to her as a husband, she left it to his option to choose a wife, while she accepted him as her son, appointing him heir to all her possessions.

The widow had now something to live for. Her thoughts, which had all been concentrated in the past, now turned towards the future. She saw beside her a comparatively youthful life, a career to be fulfilled, a happiness to which she cheerfully contributed all that constituted her own, and with this new expansion, her broken spirits began to recover their tone, and her health visibly to improve.

It was now that Thurgo's wicked intentions began to manifest themselves, and it became apparent that this was by no means the result he had either anticipated or intended; nevertheless, in presence of the woman he had duped, he still dissembled his disappointment, and, as far as he was able, controlled his feelings. Meantime, he secretly determined on the course he would pursue, and one night, when all the household had retired to rest, he forced his way into the room of the owner and mistress of the wealth he coveted, attended by two ruffians in his pay. Here he for the first time threw off the mask, and shewed himself in his true colours before his astonished benefactress. Regardless of her prayers and tears, he bade his minions seize her by force, gag her mouth, bind her limbs, and carry her to a remote part of the castle, where her voice would be unheard, and fastening the doors upon her, there he left her.

The next day, he dismissed under various pretexts all

such of the household as he had reason to believe would not espouse his interests, and in course of time gave out in the neighbourhood that the Widow Lahar, the Burgfrau of Hricso, had fallen into a state of health which required the greatest tranquillity and care, and that at her own request she had been removed to a part of the castle where she could for a time enjoy complete repose. What the position and what the feelings of the unfortunate lady were, it is horrifying to think. Let him who can, picture to himself the terrors of such a situation, aggravated as it was by the bitter disappointment of meeting with such base and heartless ingratitude, at the hands of him in whom she had trusted so unreservedly. Days, weeks, and months rolled slowly on, and no hope of escape from her frightful captivity presented itself: her grief had changed into despair.

Meantime the monster who had committed this atrocious deed was scarcely less miserable than his hapless victim, thus abandoned to a living grave, and from the hour of the commission of this heartless crime, a curse seemed to have fallen upon the castle and its usurper. Suspicions of the dark deed came to be whispered about: it was said that the Devil had taken possession of the soul of Thurgo, and that his evil emissaries haunted the place each night. Indeed, his gloomy countenance and moody temper gave a colour to this report, and there is little doubt that the demons which pursued him were the terror and remorse inseparable from an evil conscience. The peasants and villagers no longer passed near the castle without crossing themselves, and they would go any distance out of their way to avoid meeting its lawless owner.

At length his retainers and dependents began to drop off from him, and, one by one, all slunk away, refusing to have any dealings with him. It was at this juncture that a monk one day presented himself at the castle, and boldly reproached him with his criminal life. Thurgo, ashamed and crestfallen before the man whose Bishop he had once been, humiliated by the contempt, hatred, and terror with which he had inspired his own menials, listened in silence and dejection to the strictures and admonitions of the holy man, and overcome by the despair which they caused in his heart, he rushed away as if impelled by the Furies.

His mind was now completely unhinged: he seemed to see himself pursued by messengers of vengeance. In every tree, in every rock, he saw the cowl of the monk, and read beneath it the reproachful expression of his mild but distressed countenance. In every wind he heard the voice which recalled to him his crimes, and bade him lose no time in liberating his victim, and thus making what tardy amends he could for the irreparable injury he had done her. Dreading to look his benefactress in the face, yet fearing to trust any one else to communicate with her, he had been in the habit of himself carrying her coarse and scanty provisions to an aperture in the wall, through which he thrust them, and he now remembered that for some days past, oblivious of everything, he had neglected to fulfil even this ruthless task! He now hastened to the dungeon, intending to open the doors and withdraw unseen, but, to his surprise and dismay, the moans and entreaties which had been wont to greet his footsteps fell not upon his ear. He advanced with trembling step, and drew back the massive bolts: within all was silent as the grave. Impelled by something more than curiosity, he was about to cross the thres-

hold, but a sudden apprehension made him pause, when a demoniacal laugh burst upon the solemn stillness, and awoke the grim echoes of the vault. "Coward!" said the unearthly voice, "Art thou afraid to look upon thine own work?" . . . . "Advance," it continued, in so imperative a tone, that Thurgo seemed powerless to resist it. Assuming a courage he was far from feeling, he penetrated within; but the next moment he covered his face with his hands, and regardless of the diabolical taunts, he rushed madly from the spot: the ghastly sight was more than his shattered nature could endure. Death had been more merciful than he, and had placed all reparation beyond his reach. Thurgo ran on utterly reckless. He no longer knew what he did; and, driven by blind despair, he thought by withdrawing to his castle at Lietawa to escape from the remorse that clung to his footsteps in the scenes of his crime. He reached a ravine which separated the two lands; but what befel him none can say: all that was ever known of the wretched man's fate was that his mangled remains were found at the foot of this precipitous height—a solemn warning to evil doers.

The evil spirits now took complete possession of the place, and not a creature would venture near the haunted precincts; utterly abandoned, it could not fail to fall into decay, and all wondered what would become of it. On the anniversary, however, of the fatal day on which its iniquitous master had come to his untimely end, a mysterious fire broke out within the building, and the population of the surrounding villages declared they had distinctly seen demons leaping in and out of the flames. Such a sight was of course enough to deter any one, however heroic, from going to the rescue, and the place was therefore suffered to

burn on, lighting up the country and reddening the heavens for miles round. When morning dawned, all that was left of the once magnificent and extensive castle of Hricso was no more than a blackened and disfigured ruin. Beside it a mass of rock reared itself, which before the conflagration had been clothed with verdure, but which now, denuded of its foliage, assumed the form of a cowled monk in an attitude of warning: there it still stands, as if to forbid the approach of man, and goes by the name of the "*Steinerne Mönch.*"

On the Neutra, not far from Komorn, is the interesting old market town of Pésthény, famous for its ancient castle, its mineral springs, and bathing facilities, which render it the watering place, *par excellence*, of this part of the world. It has its season; and during that period of the year invalids and society-seekers resort thither, to enjoy that social freedom and relaxation which is not to be obtained in large cities. It is a primitive little spot, with a population of not more than four or five thousand, and is picturesque and attractive both from its situation and construction. The salubrity of its thermal springs, while it attracts strangers to the place, gives rise to various legends by which the popular mind loves to account for phenomena otherwise unaccountable to the unsophisticated understanding.

Near the ruins of the old Church is a spring, around the brink of which hover prognostications sweet to lovers' ears. Each year at the portentous hour of midnight, on the eve of the Feast of holy King Stephen, the marriageable maidens of Pesthény are wont to repair to this fountain, pitcher in hand, to supply themselves with the sparkling water which helps to impart freshness and colour to their bright

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young faces. In earnest prayer they kneel on the church steps, for the saying goes that pious damsels, who honour the saints, will, on the following morning, learn who are to be their future partners, for that the first unmarried man they meet on rising from their beds, shall be he. From time immemorial therefore it has been the custom for young maidens to seek here for enlightenment as to their coming destiny, and it is to the following legend that this custom owes its origin.

Legend of the Spring of Pesthény.

Fair and fresh as a rose blossomed the beautiful Boriza, the daughter of Balko. The youthful Imre had won her heart; but her father swore never to give his daughter to any suitor who could not prove that he possessed a fortune equal to twice her dowry, and with outrages and oaths he drove him from his castle. In the grounds the disappointed lover met Boriza with her nurse, and while appearing simply to take leave of her, he eluded the vigilance of the duenna sufficiently to whisper in the young girl's willing ear—"At midnight, by the church-spring." The maiden reassured him with a timid glance of intelligence, and they parted with anxious fears on either side.

It was the eve of the Feast of St. Stephen. At midnight, when all were reposing in slumber, the maiden secretly stole from her bower, and fearing lest she should be perceived, she took in her hand a pitcher, as if her only object were to fetch water from the spring, and made her way silently to the fountain, where for some time her lover had been waiting her coming to take a last and eternal farewell, and the precious moments passed, of course, in tears, and sighs, and promises of unchangeable affection and fidelity. The

hour of separation came: Imre tore himself away, while Boriza, overcome with grief, leaned over the spring and wept. Suddenly she was roused by a strange light which shone around her: she looked up, and saw before her, in a cloud of heavenly brilliancy, the form of the saintly King Stephen.

"Cheer up, maiden," said the Saint, "and be consoled; go home to rest, and the first youth who shall meet thine eyes to-morrow, will be the future partner of thy life."

When Boriza awoke next day, her first care was to repair to the holy mass. On her way to the church, the first face she recognized was that of her lover, who, unable to quit the spot, had come in hopes of once again meeting her whom he was to see no more. Boriza related to him her vision of the preceding night, and inspired him with her own hopefulness. They went on to church, and there both poured forth their gratitude for the gracious omen that had been vouchsafed to them.

Now it so happened that, not long after, Boriza's father was, by severe indisposition, brought to the very brink of the grave; and being alarmed at his condition, he made a vow that, if he recovered his health, he would fulfil his daughter's desire. From that moment his state began to improve; and it was at the hour of midnight, and at the church-spring, that Boriza, on the anniversary of that meeting they had thought would be their last, assured her lover that he might now come and ask her father for her hand.

The banks of the Danube about Komorn are by no means picturesque: we pass but one ruin of any note before reaching Gran—that of Tata or Dotis. The small

town nestles round a venerable church, and the castle was once the abode of royalty. It is here that is to be seen the famous vat of Prince Esterhazy, whose fine palace gives a modern interest to the town of Dotis. This vat is said to have been yearly filled with wine from the Count's vineyards, which must have long produced a magnificent revenue. It was made to contain 35,000 gallons.

Dotis is a curiously contrived town, being partly on the hill and partly on the brink of the lake. It is between the two portions of the town, that survive the remains of the old ruined castle, once a palace, and the residence of the King Matthias Corvinus. It is a highly picturesque and interesting spot, and is frequented for its thermal springs.

We observed that the steep cliffs of the river about here abounded with fine red and white veined marble. Beyond Dotis, however, they occasionally exhibit gentle slopes, and their outline is considerably softened by the vines with which they are thickly clothed. These vineyards are owned by the Zichy, Esterhazy, and Széchenyi families, and cover a large extent of country.

Arriving at Gran, we took leave of a party of English tourists, consisting of an uncle and two nephews, cousins. The former was a genial, simple-minded, elderly man, who might almost have made a third "Brother Cheeryble." He told us he was a bachelor, and having no children of his own, had taken the two lads who accompanied him off the hands of his two sisters, both of whom had large families; that he had brought them up as if they had been his own sons, and now that they had left school he thought it well they should travel—"everybody did."

None of the party had ever been abroad before, and none

spoke any language but English: they got on very well however, all the same, he said. Their time did not appear to be limited, and yet they seemed to be hurrying on in a most unaccountable way. They had left London only on the preceding Monday: it was now Thursday, and here they were in the trans-Pressburgian half of the Danube!

The old gentleman must have had his own notions as to the utility of travelling. He ran glibly through the names of the places they had passed through; but when we asked him what they had *seen*, he seemed thoroughly puzzled, and looked at us with an expression which seemed to say, "Well! upon my word, that's a very original idea of yours, I never thought of it before!"

We asked him what was his plan of travel. He had it all ready cut and dried, and replied that he meant to go "slap through to Constantinople!" "Stopping nowhere?" said we. "Stopping nowhere: then to Jerusalem, and *back* by Rome, returning to England in two months!"

It was the most comical arrangement we had ever heard of, and we thought it would have been curious to see the inside of the man's head who planned it. We were much puzzled as to what he could be; for he evidently had money, and, no doubt, was going to spend a great deal more than he had any idea of. Apparently he belonged to the lower middle class, for his grammar was not very correct, and he made sad 'avoc with his h's. It was wonderful to see the travelling apparatus with which some considerate trunkmaker had advised him to provide himself. There was an array of rugs, wrappers, carpet-bags, camp-stools, umbrellas, and strapped luggage enough to supply a regiment, and as we looked at the collection, and thanked the fates that *we* had neither to carry nor

look after these superfluous portables, we could not help compassionating the credulity of the good-natured old fellow who had been thus cruelly imposed upon, and wondering how many of these incumbrances he would shed as he proceeded on his way, and how many times he would wish himself back in his snug arm-chair by his English fireside, before even the "two months" he had allowed himself were out. Had he been less amiable, he must have been formidably ridiculous; but we could not but grieve for the difficulties into which he was unconsciously wading, for there was something touching in the devotion with which he was sacrificing himself to what he supposed to be the advantage of these lads.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the approach to Gran delighted us: the view of the city being greatly enhanced by the outline of the domed cathedral, the finest modern building in Hungary, and recalling the form of St. Peter's at Rome. The elevation on which it stands is not appreciated until the spectator nears the spot, but the massive pile is eminently picturesque. The cupola surmounting the rich façade springs with a certain elegance from amidst the remains of the two magnificent palaces which once adorned this exceptional site, and were respectively the residences of the Monarch and the Archbishop. A dwelling for twelve canons, and a seminary, appertain to this fine church, at either extremity of the façade of which are two belfry towers. The portico is supported by twenty-four marble pillars, and the wall beneath is adorned with ten pilasters, disposed on either side of the massive double iron doors.

Below, the eye follows the architectural lines of the handsome buildings which stand but a little way back from the

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bank, and mask the foot of the hill, consisting of the residences of the suffragan-bishop, canons, and seminarists, the Archive and Record Office, the library, and the palace now appropriated to the use of the Prince-Primate of all Hungary, whose archiepiscopal see is Gran. Before the year 1848 its resources had become enormous, amounting to something like £30,000 a year, but since that time all ecclesiastical emoluments were reduced by the Diet, and that of the Metropolitan, though still princely, has been much diminished by the abolition of tithes and manorial dues.

Gran—in Hungarian, Esztregon, in Latin, Strigonium—plays an important part in the history of Hungary, and has been the scene of stirring and memorable events. It was the birthplace of St. Stephen, and there was he baptized; at Gran it was that he first girded on the famous sword which still exists among the regalia, and is an object of veneration to the whole nation; and here also was he dubbed a knight and crowned a sovereign. For a long time Gran was the residence of the Court, though it subsequently yielded to the sway of the Mongols. Later, however, it recovered its importance, and became the see of the Prince Archbishop and Primate of Hungary, after having been from 1543 to 1683 in the power of the Turks, during which time Pressburg was chosen as the temporary abode of the Prelate.

Gran is said to be the Brefetium of Ptolemy, and if it was the favourite residence of the early Hungarian monarchs, their preference was fully justified by the beauty of the site and scenery, and we are not surprised therefore to hear that it became the finest city in Hungary. It is grievous to think that so fair a spot should have been devastated by the ruthless barbarity of man; but it was only to be expected

that the vindictive Turk, during the century and a half that the land was in his power, should have defaced or destroyed whatever had been dear to his Christian foes, who were always seeking to recover their beloved Gran. It was only in 1682, however, that these efforts approached a successful issue, for it was then that John Sobiesky, leading the vanguard of the Austrian army, formed of Polish cavalry, fell into an ambuscade on the left flank, near Parkány, and was in imminent danger of being destroyed with all his troops. Fortunately for him, the Duke of Lorraine arrived with the army under his command, just, but only just, in time to rescue Sobiesky from his critical situation, and laid siege to Gran, when the two Generals had the satisfaction of recapturing it from their Turkish opponents.

We were delighted with the place: there was a charm of primitiveness about it which made it very attractive, and the scattered streets and dwellings show it to have been of great extent, while the whole character of the spot is peculiar to itself. Nature has done much for it, and the Porphyry mountains, between which the Danube flows at this point, are a continuation of the range which forms the beautiful valley of the Gran river.

The landing-place, where the steamer deposited us, is at a short distance from the ruined old town, now reduced to some 11,000 inhabitants, and the approach is beneath a magnificent double avenue of elm trees, at a little distance from the water's edge, and across the little bridge which spans the Gran, as it flows into the larger river. It was not without some difficulty we found our way to the principal inn—it can hardly be called an hotel—which stood in a large enclosure, partly planted and partly filled up with a bath-house and other out-buildings. It was an

irregular, old-fashioned house, but its aspect rather pleased us, and so did the faces of the host and hostess. The *cuisine* and the beds were perhaps above the average, and the baths excellent; but we could not help experiencing a dislike to the extremely dirty floor of the dining-room.

As soon as we had established a *pied-à-terre* we strolled out, taking advantage of the beautiful evening to survey the place. We had reached our inn by a back way along the bank of the Gran, so we now took the other road, through the deserted and diminished town, and got down to the shore just as the sun was setting in all its glory, forming a crimson background to the undulating outline of the mountains beyond the river, on which lay a solitary group of boats, moored hard by the bridge.

As we stood, watching the calm and inspiring scene from some picturesque remains of an old castellated building on the bank, with the rugged heights, on which stood the Cathedral and ruined palace, behind us, a cowherd, wearing the Hungarian peasant costume, came slowly down to water his cattle, and the picture was complete. Chained, as it were, to the spot by its tranquil beauty, we were lingering to contemplate the evanescent changes, when two figures appeared in sight, evidently ecclesiastics, and in close conversation. One wore the ordinary garb of the Hungarian priest, but the other immediately attracted our attention by his refined countenance and distinguished air. He was of a tall, commanding figure, slightly bowed, more perhaps by study than by years, for he was evidently prematurely aged. He wore a black cloth cassock, and a round hat, fitting closely to the shape of the head, but with a rather broad brim, and round it was a gold cord, which

was tied behind, and hung down with two small gold acorns at the ends. He, too, was struck with the beauty of the sight before him, and pausing, testified his appreciation of it. He then observed us, and seemed almost inclined to address us. Partly from natural reserve at the presence of an entire stranger, partly from ignorance as to what language he might speak, and partly also from the circumstance that it had not as yet occurred to us who he might be, we simply responded to his advances by a movement. There was no doubt, at all events, as to his being a gentleman, for he immediately appreciated the circumstances, and bowing with graceful ease he pursued his walk. We now felt no doubt that it was no other than the Primate himself from whom we had received this mute welcome; and having brought with us an autograph letter, addressed to his predecessor by His Eminence the late Cardinal Wiseman, we resolved on presenting ourselves at the Archiepiscopal palace on the morrow, and improving our acquaintance with this distinguished Prelate.

On our return home, we learned from our host that the place would be in a state of great preparation the next day, on account of a grand official reception of Prelates and other ecclesiastics, to take place at the Prince-Primate's palace. It was to last over Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Monday a hundred guests were to sit down at the Primate's table; as many as possible of whom, with their servants and horses, were to be accommodated at the Palace, and the rest would be lodged in the town.

In the evening there came a zigeuner band into the hotel, and played for some little time in the public room, and afterwards we were regaled with some vocal choruses by a musical society, who held their practising parties twice a

week in a large room belonging to the hotel. There were among them some really fine voices, and they executed some of their national melodies, in parts, in very good style.

Next morning was Sunday, and we rose early, intending to attend a low mass at the Cathedral. It was a lovely day, and we greatly admired the new aspect of Gran, as it appeared to us in the morning sun. Our road lay through the broad, irregular street of the straggling town, if street it can still be called, so interrupted are the rows of houses, by long intervals where dwellings are no more.

The ground is remarkable for its inequalities, and the rise to the summit of the hill, on which stand the Cathedral and the extensive remains of crumbling walls which surround it, extremely steep. It is covered with soft turf, and a neat zig-zag path is preserved, leading up to the plateau. The dew lay heavy, and sparkled brightly on the short grass, cropped by some sheep feeding there, while the tinkle of the wether-bell was almost the only sound that broke the stillness of the morning air.

As we pursued our way, we perceived at a distance the good Primate in affable conversation with a poor cripple he had met; he looked on him with a benign air, and the poor man's face brightened beneath his smile. Those who came that way made reverent obeisance, while some approached, and with respectful affection took up the skirt of his cassock and kissed it. He seemed to have a kind look and a kind word for all who passed him, and, although he has only been a short time promoted to his present dignity, he has endeared himself to the people in a wonderful way.

On reaching the top of the hill, we were enchanted with the splendid panoramic view that burst upon us, and were surprised to see how much further the town extended than

we had supposed. As we turned to enter the church, a carriage came winding up the carriage-road on the other side of the hill. It arrived at a rapid pace, and with the feather and streamers of the coachman's turban flying behind him, according to the wont of Hungarian Jehus. It drew up at a small door leading into the sacristry, and the "heyduk" having let down the steps, a Bishop, wearing a pastoral cross on a broad green watered ribbon, and his cassock edged with violet, alighted and entered the church. This was the Bishop of Raab, one of the Primate's guests, who had just arrived.

Finding we were in time for eight o'clock mass we went in: it was our first introduction to the interior of this handsome edifice, and we were much struck with the general effect. The pavement of the nave is handsome, being varied with three marbles, red, white, and yellow, from the adjoining quarries, the large and handsome holy-water shells alone being of Carrara. Where the walls are not lined with red and white marble, they are covered with frescoes, the vaulting of the nave bearing as subjects the eight beatitudes. The transepts are illuminated, and within the panels are painted scenes from the life of St. Stephen; while the interior of the cupola is painted blue, and powdered with gold stars, as are also the spaces between the twelve colossal windows, and the apsidal terminations of the transepts. Twelve steps lead to the sanctuary, above which is a fresco representing the Blessed Trinity. Above the columns which support the cupola are four sitting figures in marble, statues of the Evangelists, 22 feet in height. Beneath the cupola, the pavement exhibits some rich marqueterie, executed in grey, blue, and yellow marbles, and the effect of the pattern is heightened by the high polish bestowed on the

centre, while the surrounding spandrils, paved with white marble, have been left dull.

The choir has naturally been decorated in a style proportionate to the rest; and the altar-piece, by Hess, representing the Baptism of St. Stephen, originally occupying the place of honour, having been found too small, has been removed to a side chapel to make way for a fine Assumption executed in Venice by Grigoletti, and measuring 40 feet by 20. The high altar was made at Vienna, in marble and bronze, by Banonni and Doninger. It is enriched with Scriptural subjects—The Last Supper, Abraham's Offering up of Isaac, the Sacrifice of Moses, &c., and the choir-stalls and archiepiscopal throne are elaborately carved by native artists of merit. The other altars bear bas-reliefs on their frontals, and the chapels are rich in statues of the Saints to whom they are dedicated.

After mass we devoted a considerable time to the examination of the varied details of this magnificent temple, and were much interested in going over the crypt, which is of spacious proportions, and is supported by ten massive sandstone columns of the Tuscan order. There are altars in the various chapels below, and here are the sarcophagi of the former canons, and the porphyry monument of General Schuhknecht. The Primate's burial-place occupies the principal position in the crypt; it is a circular vault, supported by four columns of red marble, and within it already repose three princes of the Church. The crypt with its antechapel is capable of containing 239 coffins, the walls being so constructed that these can be enclosed endways in the pigeonholes which have been left for them, and the opening covered with a marble tablet, as in the catacomb cemeteries of Spain. The dim light, the still at-

mosphere, and the nature of the surrounding objects have a solemn effect, and fill the mind with impressive thoughts.

This fine edifice, measuring from the base to the summit 250 feet, and of which the external design comprises statues 22 feet high of Saints Peter and Paul, Ladislaus and Stephen, on the four corners of the nave, and five 20 feet high on the portico, was begun in 1820 by Alexander Rudnay, then Archbishop of Gran, and a liberal patron of the fine arts. His intention had been to defray the cost from his own resources, but as he made no provision for its continuance after his death, and it was at that time in a very unfinished state, a suspension of the works necessarily followed. They were resumed soon after the accession of his immediate successor, a Pole, who in his turn proposed to take upon himself the expense it would entail. On his death the duty of finishing this grand work devolved on his successor, and so on to the present Primate, by whom it will in all probability be completed.

After breakfast we paid a visit to the library, and made a most agreeable acquaintance in the Rev. librarian, whom we found extremely amiable and well-informed. He took great pains to supply us with all the information we required, and shewed us with the greatest readiness the treasures in his keeping. The Cardinal's letter, which we placed in his hands, seemed to open his heart to us at once, and he expatiated in appreciative terms on the extensive knowledge of the deceased Prelate. The library of Gran is another surviving evidence of the quondam importance of the place, and we saw it under favourable circumstances—swept and garnished, and enlivened with boxes of flowers on the landings and up the handsome marble staircase, in honour of the coming conclave. It contains

amongst its 60,000 vols. many valuable "*incunables*," and other literary curiosities, a fine collection of illuminated MSS., and also of early engravings and etchings. The whole are admirably arranged, and the librarian, a remarkably intelligent and cultivated man, knew where to put his hand on any piece he wanted, without a moment's hesitation. He spoke very good German and Latin, and said he understood other languages, but that he never ventured to converse in any but the three with which he was familiar. He wore a purple cassock, and had the outward appearance of an ecclesiastic. He told us the "Fürst" or "Primas," as he is indiscriminately called here, was a very learned man, and that although he had in the Palace a library of his own, of 9000 vols., he was constantly in and out inquiring for books here. He had been with him only a short time before our visit, and had spent about an hour here, running up and down the steps, with an activity unusual in one of his age, searching for some books of reference he wanted. "When his *Fürstliche Hochheit* comes here," added he, "he never seems to know how to get away; he declares he envies me my post, and should like to pass his life in the society of these mute companions."

This gentleman had, it appeared, been at school with the Primas, and they had maintained friendly relations ever since; he spoke of him in the highest terms, and said he was greatly beloved in Raab, where he was Bishop for ten years, and where the people were broken-hearted when he left them. He had only been installed at Gran since the preceding May, and had not yet begun to receive his revenues. It appears that considerable modifications are taking place in respect of these, and the amount to be henceforward appropriated to the Primacy had yet to be determined. It was at the

grand meeting on the subsequent Tuesday that this matter was to be finally decided. Meantime the Prince, who, it appears, has also a private fortune, had been actively relieving distress whenever he had been appealed to, and otherwise laying out money ever since his accession. The age of the Primate, he told us, was 54, which he seemed to regard as unusually young for an Archbishop, more especially for one occupying so very responsible a post, and charged with the direction of the whole ecclesiastical polity of Hungary.

Like all persons elevated to an exalted office, the Primate has large and continual calls on his resources; and independently of private charity, and such outlays as in his own judgment he may deem inevitable—whether for the support of schools, hospitals, poor-houses, &c., or for the foundation or extension of such works, or to meet casual requirements of a similar nature—the Metropolitan has necessarily a position, and a social as well as a hierarchical status to maintain, which must consume a considerable annual sum, and render a large income indispensable.

The Archbishops of Gran have been Princes only since 1730, when that title was conferred on Count Bathyani, the first Archbishop who resided there after the expulsion of the Turks, 140 years ago. Since that time the Primates of Hungary have been, *ipso facto*, Princes. A story is told of this same Bathyani to the effect that, driving out one day in a coach and six, his secretary ventured to tell him that some one had observed that, "St. Peter did not surround himself with so much pomp." "Tell that person," said the Bishop, "to remember that St. Peter was not the son of Count Bathyani."

The library possesses a series of portraits of the Arch-

bishops of Gran, only a few being wanting. Some have been Cardinals. The last—a Pole by birth—was much beloved; he too was a man of literary tastes, and a great philologist. We saw in the library a large board, on which he had caused the Lord's Prayer to be inscribed in fifty-four different languages and dialects. Each had a compartment to itself, but the whole were written in concentric circles, so that those tongues derived from the same root were all classified together. We made a curious discovery—evidently new to the Reverend librarian—to the effect that the Hungarian had been omitted!

This prelate it was who continued the building of the cathedral on the death of its originator, his immediate predecessor, Rudnay.

The librarian expressed his regret that we had not met the "Primas" at the library, and strongly urged us not to lose the opportunity of making his Highness' acquaintance, which, he said, would be easy with such a document as Cardinal Wiseman's letter. He advised our calling at the Palace in the afternoon, as the next day would be so much taken up with the official visitors he was expecting. Cardinal Wiseman, he added, had not been a personal friend of the Primate's, but was known and respected all over Hungary.

As we were leaving, the librarian directed us to an eminence opposite that on which the cathedral stands, where he told us we should find a small chapel held in great veneration by the inhabitants, and forming the object of a pilgrimage to the pious denizens of Gran and the adjacent villages. It is dedicated to our Lady of Dolors, and a *via crucis* leads up to it. Tradition asserts that a venerable old church, dating from the time of St. Stephen, the first

Christian King of Hungary, long stood on a hill at some little distance out of Gran, claiming to be the spot on which that monarch first saw the light; but on the recovery of the place by the Christians, finding this sacred monument had been destroyed by the Turks, the fragment that remained was removed stone by stone to the hill opposite the cathedral, and was there built into the chapel we now see.

Having visited this building, we turned our steps towards the palace, and on reaching it found the porter, a groom, and a gardener conversing together at the large *porte cochère* which gives entrance to the quadrangle, within which were several empty carriages waiting. None of these worthies, however, understood German, being Hungarians *pur sang;* they therefore called his Highness' *cameriere*, a very polite and altogether superior person, to whom we explained the object of our visit. He immediately received our cards and the Cardinal's letter, told us he would himself put them into his lord's hands, and would undertake that we should have an audience if we would return at five o'clock. In order therefore to take advantage of the intervening time, we walked to the other part of the town to see a small church, which we were assured was built on the model of the Pantheon at Rome. While inquiring our way of a lad we met, we noticed the boy's simple, unsophisticated, and yet polite manner. When he had directed us with much intelligence and clearness, he asked timidly, but in an earnest tone, from what country we came, and we told him our home was a long way off across the sea, that it was an island called England, and that its capital was London. His face glowed as he surveyed us with eager but respectful curiosity.

"I have read about England," he said, "and I have heard that London is the largest and most important city in the world, and that it contains more than three millions of inhabitants; but I never before saw any English people."

"And what did you think they were like?" said we.

"I thought they must be a fine, powerful, intelligent race," said he, "because they have done such great things, and now that I have seen you, I should like to see your country too, but that must be by-and-bye. Allow me to kiss your hands," he added, as suiting the action to the word, he doffed his hat and retired with a graceful bow.

We passed a Jews' synagogue where no service was going on, and the doors were closed, but in a house close by we heard some very loud singing. It was sacred music, and we were told that the inmates were Jews.

On our way we had occasion to enter a stationer's shop, where the owner offered us for purchase a photograph of the "Primas," and this naturally led to some questions concerning his Highness, when the man launched out spontaneously into his praises.

"His *Hoch-heit* seems wonderfully popular," said we.

"That he is," replied the shopman, "and no wonder, he is goodness itself—amiable, condescending, and charitable, and at the same time that he is of high birth and eminently learned, he is simple as a child, and so accessible that, although he is reverenced by all, the most humble is not afraid to speak to him." "And then," he continued, "he is wonderfully thoughtful and considerate; he never forgets any one he has once seen."

He went on to tell us that the "Primas" now and then allows himself, by way of recreation, a stroll among the vine-clad hills, which he climbs with the agility of a boy.

He possesses the faculty, so valuable to persons in authority, and so highly prized by those who discern it in them, of readily recognizing faces; his address is also extremely winning, and we observed that wherever he had exercised these powers of fascination over those who spoke of him, the impression left had been singularly favourable.

"He patted my little boy on the head," said a baker's wife, "and he noticed a little crippled girl, and spoke like a father to her, the first week he was among us." "And," added a draper eagerly, "one day when he met my brother with his fellow-seminarists rambling over the Wein-berg, he recognized him in a minute, as having served his mass at Raab."

At five o'clock we were at the Primate's gate, where we were met by the *cameriere*, who courteously bade us follow him, preceding us through the vestibule up a marble staircase into the Prince's antechamber; here he begged us to be seated, and said we should wait but a short time, as the Primate would have great pleasure in receiving us, but was unavoidably engaged: it happened unfortunately to be a very busy moment, and he would hardly have any leisure till the end of the week. Meantime the Chamberlain, who was another agreeable specimen of a Hungarian, seemed extremely anxious to do us honour, and to prevent our feeling *ennuyé* until the Prince should be disengaged. He placed some fauteuils for us, but remained standing himself, and, drawing us into conversation, testified the greatest interest in everything relating to England and the English. His questions were very intelligent and animated, and he spoke German fluently. He was evidently much in his lord's confidence, and spoke of him with the greatest affection: the Prince, he said, never went anywhere without him, and he had attended him on his recent visits both

to Rome and to Pesth. Presently came in His Excellency's Secretary, on which the Chamberlain bowed respectfully and withdrew. The Secretary, who wore the ecclesiastical habit, after a few words conducted us into a large and handsome room, with polished oak floor and oak panellings black with age. The furniture was massive and handsome: under the table was a square velvet pile carpet, and between the windows, which were draped with green velvet curtains, stood the canopy '*d'usage.*' Three chairs were placed down each side of the table, which stood immediately under the canopy. On the walls were some large and valuable paintings of the Italian schools, fitted to the panellings they covered. The Rev. Secretary begged us to be seated, and asked us in a friendly manner how we liked the country, what we knew of it, &c., but presently stopped short, and looking through the long vista of doors, started up and announced that His Excellency was on the point of appearing; we rose also, and immediately after, the Prelate entered through a wide draped door, and we knelt, according to custom, to kiss his hand.

The Secretary immediately retired, and the Prince Primate, assuring us of a cordial welcome, placed us, and sat down himself. His figure is commanding, and he looked eminently ecclesiastical in his long cassock edged with violet; his forehead is nearly bald, his features delicate, the whole contour being remarkably refined and intellectual, while the expression was full of benignity. He held in his hand the letter of the late Cardinal, which he returned to us, saying—"It is a precious memento, and you may well be proud of it: I was much touched," he added, "at the sight of that amiable and distinguished Prelate's handwriting; he was indeed one of the luminaries of our time, and his

loss is irreparable, even to those who do not mourn him as a personal friend. Strange indeed," he added, musingly, "that a letter, addressed by one departed being to another also no more, should be the means of bringing together those still living!"

He had said all this in German, and he now apologized for having omitted to ask what language we preferred, as although, after Hungarian, it was German that he spoke with the greatest facility, yet he understood equally well either French, Italian, Spanish, or Latin. We told his Excellency we could meet him in any of the tongues he had named, or even in English if he preferred it—at which he smiled—but that, as German was at the present moment the most familiar to us, we should be delighted if he would continue to converse in that language.

He reverted to Cardinal Wiseman, and asked us whether he had not been universally popular in England; remarking that, in a country so varied in religious opinions, his Eminence must have had a difficult part to play, while among so cultivated a people his extensive knowledge must have been thoroughly appreciated. He asked many questions about the present Archbishop of Westminster, and seemed much puzzled to understand how the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church could maintain their rank and position in a country where they were not recognized, or rather were ignored, by the Court and dominant party, and where also their revenues could not suffice to sustain their rank and influence. He was curious to learn the details of some recent conversions, and said he did not understand the furious animosity which he heard existed in England between persons of different religions, especially when near and dear relatives, if one of them ventured to follow his or

her convictions. Religion, he said, was such a strange subject for quarrel, and if either party were influenced by any religious principle it was not consistent that it should be the cause of their entertaining ill-feeling against each other. In Hungary, he observed, it was the custom to take a broader view, and for each to allow to others the liberty he claimed for himself—that Jews, Protestants of all denominations, and Catholics were wont to live on the best terms, and that, although the latter might hope that others would come into their fold, they neither persecuted nor condemned them. He then entered into the question of University education in England and on the Continent, and *naïvely* asked how it could be that the English Universities, founded for the purpose of promoting Catholic education, were now so entirely monopolized by Protestants that Roman Catholics could not even get a *share* of the privileges they afforded. He spoke of the Universities of Hungary, and of the strong patriotic feeling which had founded and sustained them: then of his late diocese of Raab, and of his present position at Gran, of the former greatness and importance of the place, of its magnificent palace, built to be the residence of monarchs, but now in ruins: of the Cathedral, and the time and cost that would be required to finish it, and of his intention to appropriate as large a proportion of his revenue as he could possibly spare, to its completion. He said he often went down into the crypt, to contemplate the spot where he must one day repose, and to meditate there.

We told him that this had not been the feeling of Isabella II, ex-Queen of Spain, for we were informed, when recently visiting the royal vault beneath the Escurial,

that her Majesty particularly objected to that palace as a residence, on account of the gloomy thoughts it suggested.

The "Primas" said that, if he were spared to finish the church, he should then try to restore the Episcopal Palace, destroyed by the French; but he could scarcely hope that this would be accomplished in *his* time. He spoke of his late visit to Rome; of the Pope, and of his Holiness's health; of the grand ceremonial which had called together so many prelates from all parts of the world; then of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Eternal City, of the effect it must have had upon him, and of the interviews his Royal Highness had had with the Holy Father. This brought him to speak of the Queen, of her long mourning, and the number of statues being constantly erected to Prince Albert, which, he said, had been matter of much astonishment here.

In reply to our questions he told us that, besides the "Primas," there are in Hungary four Archbishops and twenty-three Bishops, and all entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. Each Bishop has a Hussar at his orders, and the Primate has two. At Ofen there is a Greek bishop. There is no Protestant place of worship in Gran, nor is a single Protestant to be found there.

Fearing to be indiscreet, we had twice risen to take leave, but the Prince begged us not to go, unless we were pressed for time; when, at length, we thought we ought not to prolong the visit:—

"Stay," he said, "you must not depart without some little *souvenir* of our meeting, and of the pleasure your visit has procured me;" and passing into the adjoining room he presently returned with a handsome volume bound in crimson

and gold, which he laid on the table, and begging us to sit down again, he opened it, and displayed a collection of photographic views of the late magnificent ceremony of the coronation at Pesth. As His Excellency turned them over he explained to us the different portions of the ceremonial which they represented; and at length, coming to the one in which the Empress is crowned Queen of Hungary, he pointed to his own figure as the mitred Prelate in the act of holding the venerated crown of St. Stephen over her Majesty's head, and asked us, with a smile, if we recognized it. "As this album seems to interest you," he said, "will you accept it with my blessing; you will at all events know that you possess an object not commonly to be met with, since only a small number were printed for those actually present on the occasion—I may almost say for royal personages."

We assured His Excellency, in all sincerity, that a gift from his hand needed no other value to make it acceptable, and that the extreme courtesy and affability with which he had received and entertained us had made upon us an impression which would never be effaced: that he might be assured we should treasure his gift as an additional gratification to ourselves and an unlooked for proof of his cordiality and consideration. In order that we might each carry away a remembrance, he gave us some rosaries made of Hungarian marble, which had been blessed by the Holy Father when the Primate was last at Rome.

He strongly advised us to pause at Waitzen, a spot not only interesting in itself, but the residence of an excellent and distinguished Prelate. "You must not fail to go to the Palace," he said, "and make acquaintance with the good Bishop of Waitzen. I will give you a letter for him, though, supplied as you are, you scarcely need it,

and I hope you may be in time to see him before he starts for the ecclesiastical rendezvous, held here to-morrow evening and following days."

Thus we took leave of our polite and fascinating entertainer, who accompanied us through all the rooms as far as the staircase, where we were met by the *cameriere*, who conducted us down stairs and to the outer door, and so ended our interview with Ivan Simor, "Archbishop of Gran and Prince Primate of all Hungary." But not our intercourse: on the following New Year's day we were at once gratified and surprised at receiving, addressed to our London residence, a large parcel bearing the Gran post-mark, and labelled "Werthstück." It contained a series of exquisitely executed photographs of the interior of the Metropolitan church of Gran, constituting a valuable gift, as well as a delicate *souvenir*.

Close by the Cathedral of Gran, lies the Turkish burying-ground, where the infidels left their dead when driven from the land they had usurped. Near this is also shewn the dwelling-place of Ambrosius, and a church called that of Maria Theresa. Below, on the river-bank, may be seen constantly at work a powerful steam-engine, which pumps up daily for the use of the Seminary—a height of 186 feet —130 "eimers" of water.

A fine lofty subterranean passage is also worth seeing: it establishes a communication between the upper and lower portions of the town, giving access also to some extensive cellarage, in which wine is stowed away each year by the owners of the neighbouring *Wein-bergs*.

CHAPTER IV.

Leave Gran at early Morning—Lake-like aspect of the Danube—Porphyry Mountains—Valley of the Gran—Dömös—Ruined Castle of Mount Arpas—Beautiful ruins of Vissegrad—Historical Memories—Dramatic incident in the life of King Karl Robert—The Regalia of S. Stephen—Matthias Corvinus—Palace and gardens of Vissegrad—King Salaman's Tower—Legend of this King's Captivity—Marocs—Waitzen—Cathedral—Bishop's Palace—The old Gardener—Beautiful View over the Danube—The Nassal—Its traditional peculiarities—We visit the Prison—Make a friend at Court—Hungarians *v.* Austrians—Initiated into all the Secrets of the Prison-house—Cardinal Wigazzi—Triumphal Arch—Maria-Theresa—Street Architecture—Leave Waitzen—Imposing approach to Pesth-Ofen—River Traffic—Suspension Bridge—Arrival—Hotels.

THE Danube steamer picks up its passengers at Gran at the early hour of five: at four, therefore, we were astir. The morning broke dim, raw and drizzly, and we made our way to the little pier with gloomy forebodings of the coming day, and full of sadness at leaving Gran. We were glad to ensconce ourselves in a snug corner of the deck-cabin, and when the time came, to get a cup of hot coffee for breakfast. While this process was restoring warmth and geniality to the passengers, some analogous influence must have been acting on the outer air, for the clouds broke, and the sun came out gloriously as we passed through the narrow channel formed by the chain of mountains beyond Gran, and then emerged into a most beautiful lake-like opening, which brought all the passengers on to the quarter-deck in an ecstasy of admiration. The outlines of the cliffs are exceedingly

rugged and picturesque, and we see here and there, as on the Rhine, the mysterious forms of—

> "Wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
> In mockery of man's art" . . . .

which contribute at once to puzzle the beholder and to add to the interest of the view.

Migazziburg, the former country seat of the Bishop of Waitzen, is reached by a fine avenue. Under the late Prelate this was quite a show-place, and was kept up at a great expense, but it is now much neglected. Still the gardens are worth a visit, for they contain some fine timber and well-arranged groups of trees, principally oaks and limes; while at the upper extremity, near the gate, is a remarkably distinct echo, which repeats with great precision words of many syllables.

Near Berbeze stands Lesser Marocs, and another turn in the river brings us to Greater Marocs or Nagy-Marocs. The population of this town is mixed, consisting of Germans, Hungarians, and Sclavonians. It has a spacious market place, but it is not handsomely built, and the houses are never of more than three, often not more than two storeys. The neighbourhood is extremely picturesque and diversified. In the background is the six-arched viaduct, and an ancient church with a fine tower, and beyond it, on the summit of the hill, a Calvarienberg with a chapel, whence can be obtained a beautiful view of the ruins of Vissegrad.

Szobb is an important station, whether for river or rail-traffic; it is well situated, and sheltered by a forest of chesnut-trees. On the opposite bank lies Maroth, a lovely spot nestling in a delightful valley; its buildings clustered together with picturesque effect: among them we distinguish a Catholic and a Protestant Church, a large inn, the Court-house, and a handsome villa. The inhabitants are all

Magyars. The mountains which enclose it are beautifully undulating in outline, the most striking being those known as the Dobokold and the Sashegy, near Maroth, merging into the Keserus and Prepost, which form a background to the little town of Dömös, while on the opposite bank we see the Zebegenyi.

At Maroth was formerly the Dobozyburg, or Schloss of the house of Dobozy. A dramatic incident, which occurred in this family in 1526, is recorded by the presence of three trees, planted on the spot where it is said to have taken place. It appears that on the occasion of an invasion by the Turks, Dobozy, who was just married to a young and beautiful wife, taken by surprise, and fearing lest she should fall into the hands of those barbarians, threw himself on a horse, placing his bride before him, and set off at full speed, but had not proceeded far before the beast stumbled and fell, breaking his leg, so that their further flight was rendered hopeless. His wife entreated him rather to let her receive her death at his hand than fall alive into the power of the infidels. Dobozy hesitated, but the foes were upon them, and in his desperation he fulfilled her oft reiterated request; then, horrified at what he had done, and determined to sell his life dearly, he escaped, took arms, and fell in battle after performing prodigies of valour.

At Dömös we pass the ruins of an ancient feudal castle, perched on Mount Arpas; and here may also be seen a fine church, built on the ruins of a celebrated monastery. King Bela I. had a fine hunting seat here. Next appear the beautiful and historical remains of Vissegrad, with its cluster of shattered towers bristling up in fierce and impotent defiance. Severe in character, the rocky height, surmounted by

its battlemented wall, seems to wear an expression of mournful dejection and utter hopelessness; a straggling, zigzag wall, deficient in places, and crumbling at intervals, slopes down the sides of the hill, and connects the ruins on the summit with the remains of a solitary tower several storeys high, perched on an isolated point of jutting rock, much resembling in character the outline of Theben.

The wreck before us is all that remains of the once grand and extensive palace of Matthias Corvinus. This towering citadel—"*Arx alta*," as it is called in Latin, "Hochburg," in German — was at an early period the favourite seat of the Court under Karl Robert. The earliest Hungarian Sovereigns resided in the island of Esepel, where Arpad lies buried: Geisa and Stephen selected Gran for their dwelling-place: others took Wesprim, Ofen and Stuhlweissenburg, where the coronations were performed, and where the crown and other regalia were kept until the end of the thirteenth century; while the Parliamentary assemblies took place in the Rakosfeld, near Pesth, the first being held in 1286, though that of 1298 had more important results. Karl Robert, of the house of Anjou, first built the Palace of Vissegrad, laid out the gardens, surrounded it with battlements, and established a town below it; and he it was who had the precious crown of St. Stephen brought to his palace, and appointed two magnates to guard and protect it. Matthias Corvinus beautified this palace, and made it one of the wonders of the land. The garden was gay with flower-beds, and the lawns sparkled with fountains, while the park was filled with fallow-deer; in the halls and saloons of the dwelling were collected choice paintings, valuable volumes, and costly furniture, and the noblest of the magnates thought it an honour to

VISSEGRAD.

dwell at the court of the magnificent monarch, who wore a crown in which glistened eighty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, and one surpassing emerald, mingled with three hundred and twenty-eight pearls. But all this splendour has passed away as a dream; and if this crown has survived many vicissitudes, the princely castle has become a heap of ruins, and in its decay offers an eloquent image of the instability of all earthly greatness.

Tradition—which loves to hover about quondam palaces, and to reveal the privacies of royal life, even as Time and Violence delight in baring the hidden recesses of the material fabric, as if to mock the exclusiveness which once protected it—has given us many legends referring to the days when Vissegrad was "young and proud;" while the page of history—of that Hungarian history which reads like a romance—is scarcely less fertile in stories attaching to this interesting spot.

The isolated tower we have mentioned, which still goes by the name of *König Salaman's Thürm*, is said to have been, during two years, the place of sequestration of that subdued but turbulent sovereign. Three times deposed, and as often recrowned, Salaman was finally induced, though much against his will, to abdicate in favour of his cousin, St. Laszlo, or Ladislaus the First, who assumed the reins of government in 1075, and retained them twenty years. In 1080 Salaman, whose ambitious soul could never be reconciled to his forced surrender of royal power, having collected an armed band of partisans, attempted to recover the throne by force; but failing in his purpose, he was captured and thrown into the dungeons of Vissegrad in 1081. Here he had time to reflect on the vicissitudes of his lot, and the fickleness of his

people, whom he is said to have bitterly cursed while gazing on the unfettered flow of the noble river beneath him, carrying its waters unmolested to the end of their course, while he, once a free and commanding monarch, was grinding his chains like a felon.

Salaman's release seemed indeed hopeless, and was at last due to an incident which—if it ever occurred—was undeniably miraculous. In the year 1083, the canonization of St. Stephen was to take place, on which occasion the remains of that monarch were to be removed from their burial-place to a costly shrine, in which they were thenceforth to repose. King Läszlo, afterwards himself elevated to the dignity of a Saint, was to attend in grand procession with the Legate of the Holy Father, and to assist in the removal of the sacred dust; but when the royal and vice-papal officiators arrived at the grave, the stone which covered the sarcophagus was found immoveable, obstinately resisting all efforts made to raise it. What was to be done? Never was a more awkward circumstance: the King and the Legate, with their respective suites, had come there to perform a ceremony looked for with expectant eyes by all Europe, and it was too humiliating to return *re infectâ*. Close by the spot was a convent, founded in early times by St. Stephen, within which his memory was venerated and invoked with special persistence, and also, it was asserted, with special success. The abbess was said to be endowed with remarkable gifts, obtained no doubt by the constant intercessions of St. Stephen, and it was proposed to consult this pious oracle on the perplexing subject. The mother-abbess was accordingly communicated with, and was at once found to possess the *mot de l'énigme*. She declared that St. Stephen was displeased at the imprisonment of the ex-King Sala-

man, and counselled his instant release. "You may depend," said the holy woman, "that as long as you retain King Salaman in custody, never will you succeed in removing that obstacle to your proceedings." As no available alternative presented itself, it was resolved that the attempt, at least, should be made; so messengers were despatched to Vissegrad, and the hour of their arrival on their mission of mercy was made known to the expectant multitude by the simultaneous release of the royal skeleton!

We will not pursue the history of King Salaman, nor recount the use he made of his liberty—for all these things are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Hungary, and here ends his connection with Vissegrad—but we will go on to another page of that history, where Vissegrad, no longer a prison, but now the residence of a Court—the Court of the dainty and luxurious Karl Robert—becomes the scene of a most sensational incident—being nothing less than a desperate personal conflict between King Karl Robert the Magnificent and one of his knights. This knight was named Felician Zach, and after the death of Matthias Csak he had sworn fealty to Karl, becoming one of the most confidential of his friends and advisers. His daughter, the beautiful Clara, dwelt, as was the wont of the daughters of many of the nobility, at the Court of the magnificent King, and it happened that the brother of the Queen, Duke Casimir of Poland, while on a visit at Vissegrad, fell desperately in love with her. Deceiving her by a mock-marriage, which he persuaded her it was necessary should be clandestine, he only revealed her true position when on the point of deserting her to return to his own Court, and Clara, overwhelmed with the disgrace of her position, complained bitterly to her father of the Duke's

treachery. Felician was furious at the insult offered to his house; and finding that the violator of his daughter's honour had escaped him, he determined to revenge himself on the Queen his sister, who, it appeared, had aided and abetted in the crime. He repaired to the Palace, and rushing frantically with his drawn sword into the room where the royal family were seated at dinner, he made straight for the Queen. The King had risen, thinking his trusty friend had been seized with sudden madness, and as he stood between Felician and his intended victim, he received a slight wound in the arm. The Queen, anxious for the safety of her children, threw herself in front of them, and received a blow which cut off the four fingers of her right hand, on which Felician was seized, and literally cut to pieces by the servants.

The revenge that followed this outrage was fearful: no extenuation was allowed on account of the circumstances that had provoked it, and the whole family of Felician Zach was doomed to destruction. The fair Clara, the involuntary cause of the calamities that fell on her house, had reason to rue the "fatal gift of beauty" which had been bestowed upon her. She was seized by the emissaries of the King, her hands, ears, and nose were cut off, and thus mutilated she was dragged, a public spectacle, through the town. Her sister perished by the hand of the hangman; her young brother was tied to the tail of a horse which was then turned into the forest; her brother-in-law was starved to death in a dungeon, and the family property was confiscated, their descendants being excluded from holding any possessions for three generations. All this happened about the year 1330.

The grandeur attained by Vissegrad under certain of the

Sovereigns who made it the seat of the Court, especially Karl Robert and Matthias Corvinus, whose embellishments seem to have been carried out utterly regardless of expense, obtained for it the name of the Windsor of Hungary; but unlike the Windsor of England, the winters that have passed over it have not left it scatheless, and it never recovered the destruction it underwent in 1529 under Sultan Solyman. Vissegrad has suffered nearly as much from its friends as its foes; and in the various onslaughts of which it has been the scene, Christians seem to have damaged it as much as Turks. The lofty keep bristles up, a conspicuous object from the river, contributing to mark that portion of its banks with a peculiar character. The various groups of the ruins are still shewn, and bear traces of their former destinations; thus the treasury, in which were preserved the sacred insignia of royalty, the dining-hall and bed-chamber of King Karl Robert, are indicated to the visitor, and the damaged reservoir—truly a "broken cistern"—still stands in its crumbling decay.

As we passed along, a picturesque village near the water's edge, backed by sloping vine-clad hills on the left bank, attracted our attention, and we were told it was Marocs. This place had been mentioned to us as being the centre of many pretty and interesting excursions, and we had some idea of stopping here, until on comparing information we decided that Väca or Waitzen offered greater attractions. We therefore gave the order to be dropped there, remaining on deck to watch the turn of the river, which here takes a sudden bend, and as it runs due south in a wider channel, is divided into two arms by the island of Szent Endré (Germ. S. Andreas) with its villages on the west, and isolated dwellings on the east, side.

The angle formed on the left bank by this abrupt change in the river's course is the site of the interesting little city of Waitzen, the situation of which is most beautifully embowered in vineyards at the foot of the lofty Nagy-Szal. It is built with much regularity, and possesses some striking buildings. Besides the Cathedral, there are three Catholic churches, an American, and a native Protestant chapel. There are at Waitzen two town-houses, a college, a gymnasium and library, a seminary, and the Bishop's palace, with its gardens. There are also several public institutions—an admirable deaf and dumb school, two normal schools, an Orphan asylum, the large and massive prison, and an extensive convent.

Waitzen contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and is a Bishop's see: its Cathedral, is *said* to be built on the model of S. Peter's at Rome, and is considered, after that of Gran, the finest in Hungary. Waitzen owes much of its importance to its exceptional position, equally advantageous whether as regards commerce or war; it has therefore always been jealously guarded and fiercely contended for. It was dignified by the addition of its Cathedral as early as during the reign of Geisa. On Palm Sunday, 1241, the Mongol Batu took the place, destroyed it, and expelled its inhabitants. Bela IV. built it up once more, and fortified it, and Matthias Corvinus visited and beautified it, but the city is indebted to its bishopric for its advancement, which seems to have taken a new start after every fresh demolition which occurred during the Turkish wars. Waitzen must have changed its rulers repeatedly. For a period of 143 years it remained more or less under Turkish domination, during which time the Cathedral was turned into a Mosque, the Dominican Monastery into a Bath-house, and other sacred

buildings were similarly desecrated, until Archduke Charles of Lothringia drove the Moslems out of Hungary; but Waitzen had then become a heap of rubbish, surrounded by a few miserable huts. As if Fate were resolved to pursue it under every aspect, pestilence and conflagration attacked the newly built city which rose out of these ruins; but the paternal solicitude of the Bishop Wigazzi mitigated these evils, and under his fostering care it became once more a flourishing spot, adorned with churches and imposing edifices. Its *chef d'œuvre* is the fine Cathedral, built in 1772-7, with its handsome cupola, and colonnaded *façade*. There was a great deal of difficulty and labour attendant upon draining the ground, previously to laying the foundation of this building, which was then constructed on piles. Beneath the church is a crypt, 120 by 78 feet, serving as a catacomb for the burial of Bishops, Canons, and lay persons. Like the Cathedral of Gran, that of Waitzen is rich in marbles and frescoes. Closely adjoining the Cathedral is the Episcopal palace, with its gardens.

In pursuance of the advice given us by the Primate we made our way thither, resolved at least to take the chance of forestalling the Bishop's departure, but to our disappointment found that he had only just started for the conclave at Gran. Like the Primate, the Bishop of Waitzen possessed an attached and intelligent Chamberlain, who appeared on learning our errand, and seemed quite as much annoyed at the misadventure as ourselves. "Walk in, pray, at all events," said he, passing by the *concierge*, "and if you cannot see my lord himself, you might like to visit the pleasure-grounds and the palace, which will no doubt have an interest for travellers like yourselves." So saying he ushered us within, and crossing a noble vestibule paved with

coloured marbles, he shewed us through a wide glass door into a fine garden, where was a lawn surrounded by flower-borders. The whole was in capital order, and was laid out altogether in the English style; it was sheltered by trees and shrubs, and the winding paths, with their broad turf border on either side, were suggestive of agreeable exercise and recreation. A shady nook into which we penetrated disclosed in one corner a rustic summer house, supplied with a table and benches, whither the Chamberlain told us the Bishop often resorted to read and study. It was a delightful solitude, and was evidently planned with a view to privacy and retirement, as the shrubs and trees so entirely sequestered the different paths that several persons might walk in them at the same time without in the least disturbing each other. Behind and within, they masked the fruit and kitchen gardens, hot-houses, and conservatories, on which we came every now and then by surprise. Miniature lakes with gold fish, grottoes, ornamental fountains, aviaries, and shady bowers, were among the evidences of the taste of the proprietor, and when we arrived at a portion of the grounds which descended to the water's edge, we were surprised to find ourselves on the top of a dwarf wall, in a beautiful little pavilion overlooking the broad waters of the Danube, here said to be nearly 2000 feet wide, and the sloping vine-clad banks beyond. Waitzen is delightfully situated, and this was certainly the most charming spot the place could boast, commanding the most attractive points of the surrounding scenery. The variety of foliage in the vicinity is as striking as beautiful, and the combination of tints thus obtained renders the views eminently pleasing to the eye. Waitzen is not only surrounded by forest-land abounding

with game, both large and small, but the heights around it are well wooded where they are not covered with vines. These are very abundant, and the vintage is a time eagerly looked forward to by the inhabitants of the town and its environs. Fruit is also much cultivated here, and forms an important article of commerce.

The Bishop's pavilion is supplied with a telescope placed on a turning stand, so that it can be made to take in the whole sweep of this exquisite prospect. At the entrance stands a sundial, and on the lawn is a large crystal ball, producing a very good effect.

A fine feature in the panoramic view of the environs is the Nassal, 2058 feet high, rearing its majestic mass against the sky. It is the tutelar deity of the Waitzen folk, just as the Wachtman is of the Salzburgers, and popular superstition has surrounded it with a venerable personality. The Nassal is the "clerk of the weather" of Waitzen, and the "Gaffers" and "Gammers" of the surrounding villages, extending as far as the Nassal is in sight, are wont to predict sunshine or storm from their observations of his daily habits. When they see a cloud gathering round his hoary locks, they shake their heads and sagely remark—"We shall soon have rain, for Father Nassal has put on his night-cap;" and no good-man or good-wife will venture an opinion about the weather, until he or she has looked out and consulted the accredited oracle, "Father Nassal." Near it is a very beautiful and little known stalactite cave.

A solitary old gardener appeared to have the sole charge of the extensive and well-arranged episcopal pleasure-grounds. He evidently took great pride in his work, and the pleasure we could not but express seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction as he toddled after us.

The Palace is a moderate-sized mansion, and rather simple and comfortable than rich or magnificent. The Chamberlain took us over every part of it, not forgetting the kitchen and offices. "I will shew you my lord's bed-room and study," he said in a confidential tone, "for you will judge better of what he is by seeing the rooms he keeps for his own private service, than by visiting all the state chambers and the stair-case of ceremony."

The Chamberlain was right: it is in the objects a man gathers round him for his daily use that one learns to know him, not in the outward show he puts on for the gratification of others; and truly in these two chambers was the history of the good Bishop's life written as it were in a book: it only wanted a congenial mind to read it. Simple they were, and furnished with a sober and serious taste. The walls were panelled, and the floors of polished oak, the curtains being of dark green silk. Both rooms were surrounded with bookshelves wherever a recess presented itself, and there was a busy-looking writing table, where nevertheless all was order. On the wall opposite his bed was one panel consecrated to family affection. There were two old-fashioned portraits, one of his father, the other of his mother: beneath were photographic likenesses of a brother, sister, and brother-in-law, with, on either side, small portraits of his most intimate friends, among whom were ecclesiastics and men of science, while a portrait of the Holy Father held the place of honour in the room. A few articles of *vertù* on an *étagère* testified to the Bishop's taste in such matters, while in the adjoining apartment, his ordinary reception-room, the walls were adorned with paintings by native artists, representing scenes in Hungarian history. One in particular recorded an incident said to have occurred

during the last war, where a child, left on the field of battle, had been picked up by a Hungarian soldier, riding with his troop at full gallop, and tenderly placed on his horse.

At the extremity of the Bishop's rooms was a suite of guest-chambers, but the Chamberlain remarked, with a sigh, that it would be a long time before these would be used again. Adjoining the sitting-room was a library of some three or four thousand volumes. Our obliging conductor, who seemed resolved to shew us everything, now conducted us into his lordship's wardrobe-room, where, after displaying before us all his ecclesiastical vestments, among which some were curious from their antiquity and the occasions on which they had served, and shewing us copes, mitres, birettas, cassocks, and even the embroidered gloves and white satin shoes which the ceremonial of the Church occasionally requires he should put on, produced some ample wraps or dresses of the softest and richest fur for winter wear. Furs and skins form an important article of commerce all over Hungary, and many skins of great beauty, which have not yet been introduced into England, are in ordinary use here. Doubtless, their furs are prepared in first-rate style, and with consummate knowledge of the article they are handling—a fur dress seems to be expected to last a life-time—and they certainly have a very supple and beautiful appearance, but we could not discover that they cost less than furs in England. Of those now shewn us, one was for in-door wear, another for driving out, walking, or visiting, and another for travelling. The winter, said our friend, was sometimes so severe that these wraps, which appeared to us of extraordinary weight, size, and thickness, are quite indispensable. The Chamberlain also produced the handsome sky-blue and silver vestments and housings for

the horse, with the saddle, &c., all *en suite*, made for his lordship's use at the coronation, and he again sighed as he laid these by. It at last struck us that there was something unusual in the circumstance that, although we had visited every corner of the Palace, we had only encountered one servant; and, as the Chamberlain seemed disposed to be confidential, we ventured to inquire whether it was not usual in Hungary for Bishops, who, as we had always understood, received very liberal revenues, to live surrounded by large establishments.

"You are right," replied the Chamberlain, "and had you come here only a year ago you would have seen a very different state of things; but about that time my lord, who is so good himself that it is difficult for him to suspect harm in others, began to think, from several circumstances which he observed, that there was some mismanagement in his affairs, and on his insisting that his steward should render up his accounts for examination, he found every thing in terrible confusion. He then sent for his brother-in-law, who undertook to go into the whole matter, and found that the malversations of his revenue had left him heavily in debt, a circumstance he had not the remotest idea of. His liabilities were of an amount which it would require an entire year's income to pay off. The Bishop, on learning this, sent for his creditors, informed them that he had only just become aware of the state of his affairs, and that, although he blamed them heavily for their participation in his steward's culpability, by allowing their accounts to run on, they should be paid as soon as it was possible, but it would be a work of time and economy to obtain the means of making up the sum he found to be deficient. He then called together his servants, all of whom were very

much attached to him, and told them the state of the case, and the regret with which he must part from them, but that a retrenchment of his expenses was absolutely necessary. The servants, one and all, expressed their readiness to serve him without wages, and it was hard to say which of them should be retained. He selected three besides myself, as he declared he would not spend one penny unnecessarily, and these were his coachman, a female cook, and the old gardener you saw, who is also *concierge*."

The *Cameriere* spoke of his excellent master with tears in his eyes, and said there could not be a more worthy man or a better master, and that he was universally beloved. He expressed a hope that by the care and skill of his brother-in-law, who had consented to act as his steward, the Bishop's affairs would in a very few years be brought round, and he said his master was very anxious to set it all straight before he went out of the world. His age is, however, no more than sixty. The Chamberlain's recital interested us so much that we regretted more than ever that we should not have the satisfaction of a personal acquaintance with the good Bishop of Waitzen.

There have been from time to time many curious Roman remains disinterred at Waitzen, and, some time since, these were collected and built into the wall of the palace gardens.

Having visited prisons in almost all parts of Europe, we were very anxious to see the interior of, and to learn the system pursued in, the massive and imposing edifice which we had descried from the river. We accordingly turned in that direction on taking leave of the Bishop's confidential 'gentleman.' We had found all Hungarians so accessible that it had never occurred to us there could be any difficulty here, so we ascended the steps and

knocked: the door was not opened, but the *guichet* was, by a surly-looking porter, who, putting his ugly face before the little square grating which it disclosed, asked us in Austrian German what we wanted.

"We want to see the prison."

"Prison! See the prison! What an idea! You can't see *that*," and he was about to slam the little door, when we replied, advisedly,

"No, not the prison, of course; it is M. le Directeur we have business with; is he in the way?"

"Ah! that is different; then I suppose you must come in; walk this way," and he opened the door which admitted us into a small stone-paved entrance, where sat two or three rough officials playing at dominoes.

"Wait there," said the porter, with a look at the others which seemed to say, "You keep an eye upon these foreigners," and after a few minutes absence he returned.

"M. le Directeur wants to know your business?"

"Nay, we must communicate that ourselves, so go and say we shall detain him but a few moments."

After a brief interval the porter reappeared, and shewed us grumpily into an official looking room, where several *greffiers* sat writing behind desks, while at the upper end of the room stood M. le Directeur behind a writing table, waiting to receive us.

As we entered he surveyed us over his spectacles, from head to foot, with a most unprepossessing glance; he was a portly but ill-tempered looking fellow, with a round head and sallow complexion, and did not appear at the present moment to be in a particularly good temper.

"What is your business with me?" said he, with an Austrian accent as *prononcé* as that of the porter. It was

a most forbidding opening, but we wanted to gain our point, so forbore replying in the tone he deserved.

"It is simply," said we, "to ask for an order to see the prison."

"To see the prison!" repeated he, with an incredulous stare, as if he would have inquired whether we were in our right minds, "and with the ladies of your party, too?" and he walked close up to us with a scrutinizing air and both hands in his pockets.

"Why, then, you want," continued he, "what it is not even in my *power* to give you, if I were ever so much inclined."

"Be assured, sir, we intended no offence, in requesting, what, to strangers like ourselves, appeared a simple act of courtesy on your part. Our experience recals no instance of a similar refusal, and before asking you for this permission we had sought it, and obtained it too—though not exactly in the regular course of things—at the hands of the prison authorities in all the capitals of Europe that we have visited, and that with the support of the same letter of introduction we now offer you."

"Can't help it, gentlemen," replied the Director a little less tartly, "and as for the introduction—it doesn't matter *who* it's from; no one can see *this* prison without an order from the Minister of the Interior, at Pesth; and if I wanted to admit my own brother I couldn't do it."

"In that case, sir, we regret to have troubled you, and withdraw, thanking you all the same for your goodwill."

M. le Directeur looked a little ashamed of his needless incivility, and accompanied us to the door with a bow meant to be polite. We said nothing further aloud, but withdrew, inwardly resolving that we *would* see the prison some-

how or other, whether he pleased or not. We thought perhaps our friend at the Bishop's, who had been so obliging, might advise us as to the means, and were turning that way when we were overtaken by one of the "dust-storms," which made us glad to seek shelter wherever we could find it. Now it so happened that the *porte cochère* of the "Goldene Hirsch" stood temptingly gaping before us, and — the savoury odour issuing from the inn-kitchen reminding us that we had breakfasted early, and had walked about a great deal since—we resolved to dine while the storm blew over, by way of utilizing the time. So we turned into the dining-room and asked the waiter what he could give us. The choice was not extensive, and the hackneyed dish of "Wiener Schnitzel"—Hung. "Borju szelet"—seemed about the most promising item on the *carte*, so we bade him bring it, with a bottle of Vöszlai, as quickly as the circumstances would admit, and were wondering how we could turn the interval to account, when two or three other persons entered and seated themselves at different tables.

The "Goldene Hirsch" may have been the best inn in Waitzen, but it would not have been thought much of in any other town, consequently the company was not exactly aristocratic: still it was respectable. The new comers were Magyars; and one particularly honest-looking fellow, having the appearance of a substantial tradesman, and who had driven up in a trap with a capital horse, at once took our fancy. He, too, ordered *his* dinner, and sat waiting till it came: meantime entered Boniface, to assure us politely that he regretted we should have to wait, but that we should be served as quickly as possible.

A bright thought struck us: why shouldn't Boniface know the secrets of his own town, and perhaps be able to

serve us as well as the Bishop's Chamberlain? "By the way, landlord," said we, "you have a fine-looking prison in your town. We want to get into it—*not* to stay, you know, but just to see how prisoners are managed in your part of the world."

Boniface looked puzzled. "I'm afraid," he began, "I'm sadly afraid that will be a difficult matter; but I only see one way: you had better go and ask M. le Directeur whether you can be admitted."

"Done! my good fellow, done; we *have* been and *have* asked M. le Directeur, and never a bit will he admit us: no, no, it can't be managed *that* way."

"Gentlemen, excuse me," said the last-comer, "you have not gone to work in the right mode. Nothing is more difficult than to *get* permission to see the inside of a prison in Hungary, nothing more easy than to *take* it. Here is my card—you wouldn't think it, but that will admit you; that is if you present it in the right quarter. You will observe—if you happen to understand our language—that I am a dealer in a large way, and purveyor to the prison, supplying them with all their stores. Now if you will make use of my name to the steward, who is a Hungarian and an uncommonly civil, intelligent fellow, you will see all you want, and possibly more than you expect."

It was great fun to think we should triumph over the stiff and unamiable Austrian Director after all; so we heartily thanked our adviser, and resolved that, as soon as our meal was depatched, we would try our luck under these new auspices. Accordingly we were no sooner free than we set off, and the wind having subsided, the weather was no longer an obstacle to our researches. These dust-storms

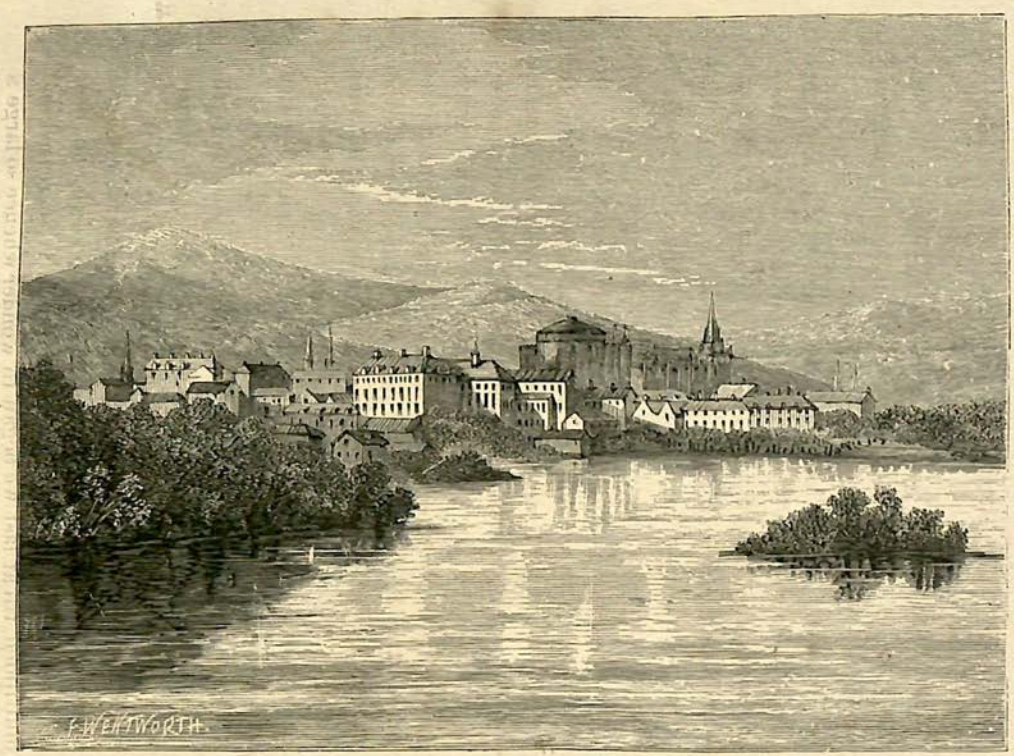
of the mountainous districts are worse than even a rain-storm: the luckless traveller is often taken quite by surprise by them in the midst of a brilliant sun-light, finding himself suddenly enveloped in a whirlwind of fine sand which rises several feet above his head, so that there is no escape from it, while a bleak and sweeping wind almost lifts him off his feet. He turns round to preserve his eyes, nose, and mouth from the villainous stuff that is blinding and choking him, when, as if by a spiteful determination to allow no escape, he is overwhelmed by a repetition of the dose from another quarter; in fact there is no chance of safety but by immediately seeking shelter. The length of time these borascoes last, varies almost as much as the duration of a rain-storm.

We approached the prison this time by a different entrance, and unpretendingly shewed ourselves at the business-door, where we inquired for Herr Carlman, and were immediately conducted into a room where sat the functionary in question, in the midst of his occupations. We had sent in the grain-merchant's card, and found, as he had told us, that the steward was on the best terms with him, and seemed pleased at the opportunity of rendering him a service. We thought it unnecessary to betray the slightness of our acquaintance with him, and were received with great civility on the part of the steward, which visibly increased on his learning that we were English. We could not help drawing a comparison between the Austrian and the Hungarian official, highly favourable to the latter, who, though a man of inferior class, certainly shewed a much greater degree of refinement in his conduct. Mr. Carlman was as courteous and communicative as Mr. Director had been forbidding and disagreeable, and on learning our wish, he seemed only

eager to gratify it. He conducted us into every nook and corner of the institution, and even when we came to the dormitories--each disposed for twenty occupants, and which are never entered except by the prisoners—he admitted us as far as the door, which, however, amply sufficed; and as to the recreation-ground, about which the rules are equally stiff, he shewed us the whole extent of it from a window. What more we could possibly have seen, *with* the Director's permission, did not appear.

The regulations seem to be uncommonly mild. The house is built on the best modern principles of hot-air warming, ventilation, and drainage, and is scrupulously clean; the windows are large and unbarred, the grounds airy and cheerful, the food liberal, the working-hours moderate. The prisoners, 600 in number, pursue different trades, according to their choice and antecedents. The majority are tailors, of whom there are 400. After a certain portion of the price of their labour has been deducted for the support of the house, and another put by to accumulate against their leaving, they receive the balance as pocket-money. Those of one trade all work together in a common room, and there is no regulation as to silence. They go to early mass, and then breakfast; after which they attend the instructor who teaches them their trade, for two hours, or if they are proficient they go to the work-room. Their work is all over by six o'clock, and after that hour their time is at their own disposal, and they dance and sing in the evenings! They are sent out for air and exercise twice a day, for an hour each time. We saw several of them playing at games in the recreation-ground, others sleeping on the grass, others again walking about in familiar conversation, and all looking perfectly happy, and as unlike jail-birds as possible.

The kitchen is large and commodious, and all the cooking is done by steam. Near it is the store department, well supplied with flour, meal, grain of various sorts, dried peas, haricot-beans, &c., and the larder was stocked with wholesome-looking meat. The bake-house was divided into two departments; in one, three bakers were hard at work making bread, in the other was stored two days' consumption. They bake twice a week, and we tasted the bread they were eating that day, which appeared to us excellent; it is mixed with rye-flour, and each prisoner receives a loaf weighing 1½ lbs. daily. Of meat they only get 4 loths, or about ½ lb., twice a week, and on the other days they have meat-soup, varied each day. We saw also the linen and clothes stores, and were surprised at the excellent quality of the material, which is regularly changed according to the season. The term of their imprisonment varies from one to ten years, and the heaviest offence for which they are sent to the Waitzen Prison is horse-stealing. The crimes for which imprisonment is inflicted are robbery, horse-stealing—the crime most prevalent in Hungary—manslaughter, and murder. Murderers are theoretically condemned to death when convicted, but they are rarely executed. The longer the term of imprisonment, the less severe the treatment. Prisoners are seldom punished for misconduct while in prison: when they are corrected it is simply by a day's sequestration. As to escaping—it is a contingency that has not been provided for: why *should* they seek to leave such a comfortable home? Far from it: they continually commit some petty theft at the beginning of winter, in order to get snugly housed, clothed, and fed, during the severe weather. Once a quarter they are visited by their friends, but can only see them in the presence of an officer. In this prison



WAITZEN.

their spiritual concerns have received the most considerate attention, and there is a chapel and a priest for each religious denomination. Hungary possesses four more prisons for men, and between them they contain 3000 prisoners; besides which there is one for women. We don't know why they are called "prisons:" "gratuitous boarding-houses" would describe them more accurately.

Waitzen owes a debt of gratitude to its late good Bishop, Cardinal Wigazzi, who has left not only utilitarian but æsthetic remembrances to his countrymen. A handsome triumphal arch, 60 ft. high, 40 ft. wide, and 12 ft. deep, was erected by him to commemorate the visit of Maria Theresa and her children to this city, where she sojourned several days. It forms a division between "*Gross*" and "*Klein*" Waitzen, or, as we may also style them, the upper and lower town. The exceptional situation occupied by Waitzen on rail and river, and the double direction taken by the latter at this point, must necessarily ensure its importance and prosperity. Its inhabitants now amount to 12000, and the numerous convent and other schools established there give promise of its moral advancement. To the present Bishop it owes several charitable institutions, among others the admirable asylum for deaf and dumb.

We could not help being struck with some of the street-architecture of Waitzen, and were so much amused with the quaint frontage of a butcher's shop, that we could not resist taking a sketch of it. While thus engaged, a crowd on the other side the street, opposite the door of a wine-shop, attracted our attention. It increased and multiplied, till at last we began to wonder whence so large a mob could have assembled in so short a time, and hearing

loud exclamations continually proceeding from its midst, we crossed over to ascertain the wherefore. Strange to say, it proved to be nothing more than an occurrence, alas! so frequent in our streets and thoroughfares that no one so much as turns his head to look at it. Reader, it was an unfortunate Magyar who had so far forgotten himself, and so far departed from the ordinary habits of his countrymen, as to get tipsy! He was in that condition in which walking ceases to be convenient; so a comrade of his regiment—for he was a soldier—charitably raised him on his back, and carried him off the field, just as if he had lost consciousness from a wound in honourable service.

We take this opportunity of observing that this was the only instance of inebriation we met with during our wanderings in Magyar-land. In Austria drunkenness is rare, but far more frequent than in Hungary; in Prussia, it is a phase we continually meet with, and increases visibly as we travel northwards; in Belgium, it is, if possible, more usual still; and of Norway and Sweden, we need add nothing to what is already known. Intoxication is certainly not a vice of the South. It is not more strange than true that drinking and swearing generally depend on each other, and wherever the former is carried to excess, the latter follows as a matter of course. The oaths of the Prussians are proverbial: in Austria they are rare: in Hungary we never heard any.

Betimes in the morning, we were once more on the waters of the mighty Danube, *en route* for the Hungarian capital. We had some discussion as to the mode of transit we should adopt on leaving Waitzen, and gladly record our experience as to the superiority of the river to the rail.

It was truly a sight to see—that glorious approach. We

had turned over a new page in the æsthetics of the river, and had gained a new revelation of its character. We could hardly realize that the same waters could exhibit two such opposite phases, both equally engaging, and it was with delight as well as surprise that we turned from the calm, lake-like, enclosure we had just left, breathing nought but solitude and repose, and reflecting every object in long perpendicular lines on its glassy surface, to the busy, animated scene of social and commercial activity, as the salute was fired, and our boat steamed up, through rafts and barges and chattering water-wheels, and entered majestically between the twin cities, forming the imposing portal of the metropolis of Hungary—venerable antiquity and dignified grandeur on the one hand, modern splendour and energetic enterprize on the other.

Bewildered by the double interest, we knew not how to divide our admiration between the proud Palace of the Palatines, looking calmly down from perhaps the finest and most commanding site in the world, beside the extensive ruins of the Blocksberg, and both loftily towering above the fortified escarpments, the quaint irregular streets, ancient baths, and hanging gardens of the old rock-built city of Buda on our right, and the ornamental terraces, broad esplandes, handsome quays, gay shops, and porticoed edifices of more modern Pesth on the left.

The *bizarre* effect of the singular contrast is not diminished by that of the recently erected Suspension Bridge, which spans the river at a height of sixty feet above the water, and unites the banks, here about 1200 feet apart. It replaces the bridge of boats, which formerly supplied the means of communication between the two cities; and if less picturesque in appearance, attests the increased com-

mercial prosperity and social importance of the capital. This bold structure has a moral significance, which gives it a value apart from its architectural merits and commercial utility. It may be called a hyphen between the city of modern creation—the mart of commerce, the centre of industry, and the ancient aristocratic stronghold—the venerable relic of feudal times, the ancient residence of monarchs, the shrine of those sacred regalia whose contact alone suffices to sanctify it in the eyes of every Hungarian patriot, and gilded with the traditional glories of the Hunyadyis.

But of the history, origin, and dimensions of this bridge, we shall speak later. Just now we have to think about landing, for the boat has bumped against the pier, and we are preparing to set foot on the bank, eager to make acquaintance with the gay and attractive city.

We found the hotels tolerably full; and after trying at one or two said to be the "best," we were glad to find room at the "Jägerhorn," a very fine and extensive establishment in a convenient central situation. It is built on a somewhat Oriental plan, round a large paved *patio*, or court, and is six stories high. The broad, handsome staircase, forming a lobby on each landing from which branch out suites of apartments and passages, opens with wide archways into as many outer galleries covered with verandahs, from which a series of doors give entrance to other suites of rooms. Notwithstanding the number of hotels in Pesth, and the large scale on which they are constructed, the price of apartments is disproportionately high, and at the same time there appears to be no imposition in the charge, as it stands tariffed on a framed card in each room.

CHAPTER V.

Site, Origin and History of Pesth—The Rakosfeld—Its former and present purpose—Central town, and suburbs—The Quay—Vicissitudes—Buildings— Casino—Its Restaurateur—The Company—Poverty in the streets— Shops— Commerce — Manufactures— Leather trade—Gloves—A Left-handed Story— Magyar urbanity—The Stock-im-Eisen — Viennese Legend— National Academy — Its Description and History — National Spirit — Splendour of the Building — Inauguration — Professor Rónay— His singular and adventurous history—His courteous reception of us—Interesting morning passed with him — Temporary Houses of Parliament— Library— Picture-Gallery — Esterhazy Collection—The Golden Book and the Silver Book—The Jews—Synagogues—Their Music— The Museum—Its great extent and various departments—Its History—Interesting and unique Collections—Chambers of Representatives—Opening of the Session— Construction of the Chambers — Picture-Gallery — Modern Painters—Portraits of Men of the Time—Curiosities—Antiquities—Legend of the Monk of Plattnitz—Library—Literary Treasures—Counts Széchenyi, Teleky, Zichy, and other Philanthropists and Patriots—Omnibus service—Peculiar system—The Workhouse—The Governor—Pauper life—Interior details—The University—The Zoological Gardens—A Magyar Interior of the Upper Class—Education of Daughters—Domestic Servants— Periodical literature— Family life—Excursion by Steamer to Kaiserbad— The "Bad-meister"—The hot Springs—History of Kaiserbad—Free baths for the poor—Swimming bath for ladies — Gardens—Turkish Mosque—Tomb of Gul Baba—Anecdote of the present Sultan—New Lunatic Asylum—Buda—The 'Burg'—The Regalia—Crown of St. Stephan—Its history, various traditions concerning it—View from the Palace—Blocksberg—The Ellipse—The Tunnel—The Suspension bridge—National Opera House—Hungarian Play-bill—Neupesth — Palota—Royal Palace at Gödollö— Recollections of Maria Theresa — Village of Gödollö—Church and Convent—Pilgrimages—Royal family at Gödollö—Mohacs—Historical Episodes.

THE interesting city of Pesth-Ofen spreads its rapidly increasing extent over one of the happiest and most singular sites in Europe. Hard by it is the extensive and open plain known to history as the Rakosfeld. Here it was that the

great national assembly, or Diet, of the Magyars was wont to be held in the open air, for the deputies, attended by their princely retinues of vassals, often numbered 100,000 men, to ensure whose shelter and accommodation the vast Rakosfeld was studded with tents pitched for the occasion, and removed when the national deliberations were over. The assembly thus held in 1458 resulted in the election of Matthias Hunyadyi as king. The once famous Rakos is now nothing more than a race-course.

Perhaps no European capital has known greater vicissitudes than the Hungarian metropolis. Its origin may be dated from the 13th century; though many assign it a previous existence as the Transacineum of the ancients, and others affirm it to have flourished 900 years ago under Duke Arpad, the princely ancestor of the Magyars. History, however, only points with certainty to the period marked by the year 1235, when, under Bela IV., the first wall was built round it, and asserts that Ludwig I. chose it for the royal residence in the year 1342. It was between these two dates that the first Mongolian invasion proved successful to the Turkish arms. Pesth was taken, and neither that city nor the remaining territory over-run by the infidels was spared, so that nearly the whole of the original city was at that time levelled with the ground. After the Christians regained possession of it, they seem to have enjoyed the blessings of peace until the destructive fight with Solyman II. at Mohacs in 1526, when Ludwig II., with the flower of his army, met his tragic death, and for the second time Pesth was taken and destroyed by the barbarous Turks. The city continued in the depressed and unprogressive state to which they reduced it, save for the spread of its suburbs, in the succeeding 150 years, during

which the Turks owned the greater part of Hungary; but after the expulsion of these foes to civilization, Pesth roused herself from her stupor, and with an energy and a rapidity which took the world by surprise, rose phoenix-like from her ashes. Under Charles III. sprung up a series of new and handsome buildings, whose destination, no less than their elegant and ornamental aspect, at once elevated the character of the once dormant city, and told the tale of its progress. Under Maria Theresa, its progress was continued by the commencement of the Teresien-Stadt; and under Joseph, by the addition of the Josefs-Stadt; while no sooner had Leopold II. ascended the throne, than the old walls, which had limited its extension, fell, and a new, handsome, and regularly designed suburb, then called Neustadt, and since, Leopold-Stadt, enlarged its dimensions, adding greatly to its beauty as well as its importance. At that time, Pesth numbered scarcely 13,000 inhabitants, but it has now increased to 160,000, and commerce, which was carried on with considerable timidity, has begun rapidly and vigorously to augment.

It was in the midst of these promising conditions that Pesth was visited with a calamity which in one day threatened to obliterate the work of years, and to prove a cruel drawback to the exertions which had so long been marked by equal courage and success. An inundation, altogether unexpected—although the place has been always more or less subject to these caprices of Father Danube—visited the town in 1838, laying the streets under water, destroying nearly 2300 houses in Pesth, damaging about 300, devastating the neighbourhood, and carrying death and misery into the homes of the luckless people, 500 of whom perished. It is said that the squares had the appearance

of lakes, and that in some of them the water stood twelve feet deep. Of the houses undermined and destroyed—we might almost say annihilated—the poorer streets and dwellings of the labouring population suffered most severely, and the visitation proved a cruel one to their struggling owners, though, as far as the sanitary and ornamental condition of the city was concerned, the result was extremely beneficial, the general improvement which followed being very remarkable. Not only were the unhealthy and unsightly little streets replaced by handsome modern rows and terraces, but the general system of drainage and ventilation was arranged on a new plan, to the manifest advantage of the dwellings and their occupants. The Quays of the city were less damaged than Franz-Stadt and Josef-Stadt, which stood on the former bed of the river.

The inundations which have from time to time visited Pesth, appear to have been frequently caused by the circumstance of the river becoming blocked up with ice, which, acting as a dam, sends the waters—swollen by thaws—further up the stream, flowing back upon the town. Disasters of this description have occurred in 1741-75-89-95-98, and finally, as we have mentioned, in 1838. Thus, overwhelmed by water in 1838, and ravaged by fire and sword in 1849, the importance the city has once again acquired evinces a reactionary power which augurs well for her permanent stability. Pesth now contains upwards of 6000 houses and 160,000 inhabitants. It stands 215 feet above the level of the Black Sea, on a sandy and occasionally marshy moor, surrounded by more or less elevated plains, and supposed to have been long since the bed of a dried up inland sea.

Surrounding what is termed the "Inner Stadt," and now

forming part of the city, are the suburbs of Leopold—Theresien—Josef, and Franz—Städte; and further removed, as its name implies, is that of Extravillan, with which may be reckoned the Stadt-Wäldchen and Steinbrüch, and the newly-added Thier-Garten.

The Leopold-Stadt forms the northernmost division, and is built with great regularity. The new market-place is a fine structure, and is surrounded by handsome buildings, but the most striking edifice in this quarter is the Neugebaüde, a massive pile comprising military magazines and artillery barracks.

Of the five suburbs, the Josefs-Stadt is that with which the visitor first becomes acquainted, as it is principally built along the river, and overlooks the landing-piers. The quay is nearly two miles long, and has a most imposing appearance. On the Josefs-Quai is a strikingly handsome terrace paved with noble flags, and the buildings possess fine stone-fronted elevations. It stands well back from the river, being divided therefrom by a broad esplanade, with massive modern iron railing, and an imposing embankment solidly faced with granite, but all still in an unfinished state, and it is ultimately to be planted with trees. The centre of this terrace is marked by a grand, double-fronted, porticoed edifice of lofty proportions, called the Städtische Redoute, built in 1812-32, and intended to comprise a Stadt-Theater. The whole block forms a massive quadrangle, richly ornamented with sculptured groups, and faced with stone. The Theatre was burnt down in 1847, and the Redoute was seriously damaged during the revolution of 1849. It is, however, now completely restored, and although the idea of using it as a theatre has been abandoned, it offers a larger and smaller Redoute-saal, divided by a spacious vestibule, and a large

coffee-room, dining-room, billiard-room and 'bier-halle.' It also contains a hall for flower-shows, and down one side is a promenade with trees: the whole being decorated with considerable taste and at great cost.

The "Restauration" of this Casino had been highly recommended to us, and we accordingly turned in there to dine, the first day we were in Pesth. The extreme uncleanliness of the floor, rivalling any we had seen in Spain, almost deterred us from remaining; but there we were, so we conformed to circumstances, and must in justice admit that the *chef* displayed much science, while the varieties offered by the *carte* were sufficient to satisfy any but the most fastidious appetite. Let the hungry traveller, however, beware how he orders his meal at the Redoute, or indeed almost anywhere, after the national dinner-hour, or before the national supper-hour. Between these two epochs of the Restaurateur's day he will find nothing ready—it may be doubted whether the very fires are alight—and whatever he may have asked for will have to be got ready by a distinct and separate operation; so that he is doomed to wait, wasting moments often precious, and the interval is so protracted that he is tempted to take the dawdling Kellner by the beard, and ask him how many inches he means to let it grow between the order and its execution. It is true he has the resource of the newspapers, but they are, alas! mostly Hungarian, and if there be a solitary German journal, it may be a long time before it comes to *his* turn to get the perusal of it. What, then, *is* an active-minded man to do? He has no choice but to study his neighbours and make his reflections on them. In a foreign country, especially, he will most likely observe many suggestive peculiarities, as we did on this occasion.

From the nature of the groups that surrounded us, we judged that, in Pesth, family-life must be organized rather as in England than as in France, and that domestic sociality was the order of the day. Single men, officers, and such as have no ties to compose a home circle, may seek here, as in England, the tranquil solitude, or bachelor conviviality of the Restaurant; but it is not usual, unless among travelling parties, to see the father, mother, and little children, or even the husband and wife, taking their meals in a public dining-room.

A well-dressed man, who sat near our table, attracted our attention by the dexterous use he made of his left hand; his right being either wanting or injured, as it never appeared from beneath a cloak which covered his arm.

As we were leaving the Redoute at about ten o'clock to return home, we were surprised to find a numerous gathering of houseless and ragged poor nestled beneath its spacious portico, evidently intending to take up their quarters for the night, and as much at home there as our London Arabs in the Adelphi and other subterranean arches. Men and women, young and old, were promiscuously mingled, and were disposing themselves as best they could beneath the shelter of the arcades. The plan seemed quite systematic, and those who possessed coverings had brought them. One party of two or three had secured a sack of shavings, which served them for a common pillow; but the majority were unprovided with anything beyond their daily quantum of rags, although—however sultry the day—in Pesth, at this time of the year, the nights are intensely bleak and cold. Strange to say, we subsequently observed this *trait de*

mœurs night after night during our stay, and never could detect any interference on the part of the police. The strange scene bore a striking resemblance to that which might be seen at the Northumberland Street entrance of the Marylebone workhouse, and the miserable detail was as similar as could be expected in two countries so different.

The extremes of poverty and luxury are more apparent in Hungary than in Germany, where the prohibition to beg, strictly enforced, keeps destitution out of sight, and where it is therefore difficult to judge of its actual extent. The luxury of some of the shops and marts of fashion, and the brilliancy of the fancy goods, may be said to rival those of Paris, and the price asked for imported articles is extremely high. Vienna, Berlin, and Paris seem to keep the people of Pesth pretty well supplied with novelties, whether in articles for wear, furniture, or *vertù*, so that their shop-windows are as showy and as attractive as those of any other metropolis. In cutlery and hardware, they are well supplied from Austria, and these articles appear to be sold at a lower rate than at Vienna. The Austrian steel manufacturers are exquisite in polish and general finish, and their instruments, whether scientific or surgical, might rival those of Chevalier. Woollen manufactures, too, they produce from the fine wool of the merino-sheep, and their dyes are brought to great perfection. There are also in Pesth manufactories of silk and cotton stuffs. The fur and skin trade is a *spécialité* of the country, and very rich and handsome articles are produced in this costly material. Calf-leather and kid are of first-rate quality, and a large quantity of the former must be employed in the manufacture of the high

Hessian boots, some reaching half-way up the leg and others to the knee, worn here by all classes—wondrously cheap they are, too, according to our notions of *chaussure*. Gloves are, of course, an important manufacture in Pesth, and are perhaps the best that can be obtained anywhere.

We had been purchasing some, one morning, in the Schlangengasse, when the shopman, a Jew, producing a packet which he proceeded to open, asked if he could not tempt us to make a capital bargain. "I could sell you these so cheap," he said, "if you were only fortunate enough to want one glove instead of two, for they are all for one hand; but I see, alas! that, like so many others to whom I have offered them, you are none of you maimed."

"That is a singular cause for regret, certainly! but what in the name of folly ever induced you to enter into such a sinister speculation! Why did you make a lot of odd gloves?"

"It was not I, gracious Sir, who made them odd. *I* made them even enough: it was a *bizarre* countryman of yours, a milord Anglais, who deprived these gloves of their better halves."

"No doubt an officer, who had honourably earned an empty sleeve."

"Not he, gracious Sir; he was too indolent to have got himself into that scrape. He had two hands, and very fine and white they were, just such as a milord's should be; and he wore a magnificent diamond ring on the fourth finger of his left hand—thunder and lightning! what a ring that was! Now, whether it was to shew the hand, or to shew the ring, or because, as he said, it was quite trouble enough to put on one glove, he never wore one on that hand, and

whenever he supplied himself, it was his custom to tear off the left hands and leave them on the counter, and of course I collected them, for you never know how a thing may come in. Now, gracious Sir, isn't it heartbreaking to see such beautiful gloves as these, all wasted!"

"Why don't you get right hands made to them?"

"Can't, Sir; they won't do anything out of the usual way, and would charge me just the same for the odd gloves as for pairs."

"But you have been paid for them?"

"Oh yes; but I should like to turn such an opportunity to account if I could, and there must be lots of people, if one could only meet with them, who would be *glad* to take them off my hands. . . . ."

". . . . And put them on their own? No doubt; now we can perhaps put you in the way of doing a little business; that is, we could have done so had we known of this singular story yesterday—only yesterday! There was a gentleman dining at the Redoute, at the next table to ours, who ate his dinner with the help of his left hand only."

"You don't say so? Dear me! Do you think, gracious Sir, he will dine there again to-day?"

"Can't imagine; but even if he did, it would be a somewhat delicate matter to introduce to a stranger: challenges have been known to arise out of much slighter causes of offence."

"Well, perhaps that would be hardly worth while; though, after all, you would have by much the advantage, having two hands to his one."

"Thank you: we are none of us pugnaciously disposed, even under the promising circumstances you point out."

"Suppose I went there myself, or better still, that I in-

quired of the waiter where this one-handed gentleman lived."

"That seems the most sensible idea that has occurred to you yet; and you might perhaps thus succeed in ridding yourself of the five-fingered phantoms which appear to haunt your repose."

"Depend upon it, now your graciousness has put me on the track, I shall follow-up the game; in the meantime, I thank you, and I kiss your *hands*."

So we turned on our way, hoping that the interview might result in rescuing the unfortunate glove-seller from an impending monomania: here was certainly an instance of what Kingsley calls, "the left-handedness of human affairs."

We had not been many hours in Pesth before we had occasion to learn, by agreeable experience, that the urbanity and consideration for strangers, which seems a part of the Hungarian nature, is practised no less amiably and readily in the busy and matter-of-fact life of its capital, than among the simpler, and less pre-occupied, denizens of the provinces.

The weather had been very changeable, but appeared to have cleared up, and we had started on an exploring expedition: we were already some little distance from our hotel when we were overtaken by a sudden and violent shower. The only shelter we could see was within a recess formed by the door of a large bookseller's shop, the owner of which had taken for his sign the well-known but mysterious emblem which attracts the attention of every stranger in Vienna—the "*Stock-im-Eisen*." Between the entrance door and the shop window, fastened against the wall, was an exact facsimile of the original we had so often

passed, and which had as often puzzled us, in the middle of the Kärnthnergasse.

While, then, taking refuge from the storm beneath the bookseller's door, and discussing the probable origin of this singular relic, together with the equally singular circumstance that it should have been transplanted in effigy to Pesth, we were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking person from within, who, hearing our vernacular, seemed anxious either to exhibit his own proficiency in the same, or to spare us the trouble of expressing ourselves in any other.

"Will you not, gracious strangers," said he, "condescend to accep de shelter of my roof while dees storm last? I am so very *angry*," continued he, in a tone of distress, "that I did not pefore obsairve you stood daire; boot eeve you aire vet, daire is many fire in de parloir."

Thus hospitably invited, we could not but be glad to escape from the disagreeable weather outside, more especially as the friendly bookseller seemed disposed to be very communicative. Availing ourselves, therefore, of the opportunity afforded us, we proceeded to inquire of him what was the meaning of the sign he had adopted for his shop, and what version of the history of its origin was believed in Pesth, as we had heard so many conflicting statements in Vienna. One authority maintained that it was the remains of a tree which had once grown on that spot, and that when it was cut down to make room for the building which now covers the ground, it was preserved and affixed to the premises: another, that it was placed there to mark the spot where terminated the forest which was cut down at the time the city of Vienna was determined on and planned; while others declared it had been there from time immemorial, and that no one knew anything about its history, which was lost in

the dim obscurity of retrospective ages. The bookseller smiled benevolently at our bewilderment on the vexed question.

"Your graces will pelieve dat since I have selected eem for de sign of mine haus, I too haf taken an interesse in de istorie of de same. What shall pe de troot of it, I know not, nevaire-de-lesse, daire exceest a storie, de vich pretend and is beleef py many peeples to pe de orighine of de Stock-im-eisen."

"And where can this story be found?"

"Dat storie, I af eem in Sherman, all Sherman, who is not easy to oonderstand." Nevertheless, at our request, the obliging bookseller produced the little volume, which we were not sorry to possess, and in which we found the

LEGEND OF THE "STOCK-IM-EISEN."

It will be necessary, for the sake of such of our readers as are not yet familiar with the details of the Kärnthnergasse, that we should preface our author's narrative by a description of the object under our notice, which is neither more nor less than the trunk of a tree, from eight to ten feet long, with branches lopped off, and firmly fixed (roots upwards) to the wall of an ancient house, formerly No. 1079*, but now numbered "3" in the Kärnthnergasse. It has the bark stripped off, and is held in its place by three broad, stout, iron bands, the centre one being secured by a formidable lock. Moreover, the whole surface of this singular fragment of timber is thickly studded with iron clout nails, so that none will dispute the appropriateness of its name.†

* Anciently the houses in Vienna were numbered in succession, without any regard to the subdivisions of streets.

† "Stock-im-Eisen," in the Viennese dialect, signifies "Iron Log."

Murray's handbook thus describes it, without attempting in any way to enlighten the traveller it professes to *guide.*

"On the way from St Stephen's-Kirche to the Kärnthnerthör, the tourist should notice a post standing against the wall of a house, No. 1079. Various origins have been ascribed to it, and it is the subject of a popular tradition. It is said to be the trunk of a tree, the only one remaining of the Wiener-wald, a vast forest which in ancient days covered this spot, now the heart of the city. It has been secured to the wall by stout hoops of iron, and so many nails have been driven into it by the wandering apprentices of Germany when passing through Vienna on their travels, that there is now no space for more, while the tree has become, so to speak, a tree of iron, and gives to the adjacent locality the name of '*Stock-im-Eisen Platz.*'"

We will now turn for information to the legend, and see in what way that will enlighten us. Thus speaks the book.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, there stood in the corner of the old wood-market the workshop of a famous blacksmith, one Master Everhard Marbacher, and among his apprentices was a smart young fellow, by name Martin Mux. Marbacher was an upright, God-fearing man, of scrupulous principles, just in all his dealings, regular in his habits, and as strict with his household as with himself. Martin was the only son of a widow, and his father had been one of Marbacher's earliest friends, following the same trade and with equal success, for his skill and ingenuity as a locksmith had earned him a high place in the estimation of the fraternity; and Marbacher had promised

the dying man that his son should have the best care and instruction he could give him, and should be constantly reminded of his father's fame as an incitement to his own progress. The boy was brought up by his mother in pious and orderly habits, and it would have been difficult to find in all Vienna another lad of fifteen, firmer in his principles, and at the same time steadier or more apt at his trade.

Martin however had a weak—a very weak—point: he could not resist a gossip, no matter with whom; so that when he was sent out to take an order, or execute a commission, no one—not even himself—ever knew when he might be expected home again. On some occasions he had even so far forgotten himself in the company of the idle lads with whom he associated that he had found himself outside the city gates at the chiming of the evening bell! Hitherto the offence had been so far overlooked that, on appearing and begging forgiveness on the following morning, Mux had been let off with a severe reprimand; but upon one occasion, Martin having thus transgressed on two days in succession, Meister Marbacher took him aside, and seriously informed him that the very next time he played the truant he should be summarily dismissed, and in that case he would take no further notice of him.

Martin looked in his master's face and was awed. He saw in its expression paternal commiseration for his suicidal folly, disappointed confidence, and sorrow for his dead father and aged mother; besides which he felt the justice of the reproach, and the indulgence with which he had been treated: the tears started to his eyes, and sincere was his repentance as he promised his good master he never would so offend again.

Marbacher too was touched; but he went away rejoicing, for he believed he had effected a radical cure, and that thenceforward he might trust his once volatile apprentice. For some months Martin's conduct was irreproachable, and Marbacher, who was anxious to forward his interests, began to think that, as he was himself growing old, it would be a mutual advantage to give the boy a share in his business. One afternoon, however, an event occurred which entirely changed the face of affairs. Martin had been sent by his master into the Lehngruben (now the suburb of Laingrube) to fetch some moulding-clay, and as he was returning he unluckily fell in with a party of his acquaintances who were out for a holiday. As a matter of course they proposed that he should join them, and suggested a dozen ingenious excuses by which he should explain and justify his absence, on returning home. Martin would fain have yielded, but he was above practising the deception they advised; still, it was yet early, and he thought he might spare a single hour without any serious risk to the good character he was endeavouring so laboriously to establish. His wild companions no sooner perceived the weakness of his resolution than they began to take advantage: "Come then, Martin," cried they, "come quickly with us, there is a fair at Lehngruben, and we will have a dance, and be as merry as crickets."

"One hour," said Martin, looking at the sun, "is the utmost I can venture to spare; so let's be off to the fair, but don't ask me to join in the dance, or I shall forget the time, and then what will become of me?"

Martin's friends soon found arguments to re-assure him, and lending a willing ear to their persuasions, he rushed headlong to the scene of gaiety, and in a few moments completely forgot all his scruples. Song, dance, and mirth were

at their height when Martin's ear caught the sound of a distant clock: it told a tale which chilled his very heart in the midst of its revelry. He started up, and throwing off his mates—who surrounded him to arrest his departure—sprung away from them and gained his homeward road. Breathless with remorse and anxiety, he still was able to perceive that the sun had sunk beneath the hills, and that the stroke of the vesper bell must in another instant announce to him the fate he had brought upon himself. At length the last turning is gained—the Kärnthnerthör stands open before him—he makes for it with a superhuman effort—but, alas! alas! it is too late! The bell has sounded its warning note, the gate-keeper comes out with measured and deliberate step—he makes no unusual haste, but the gates approach each other—they close, and Martin is still twenty paces from the threshold of the city! He uttered a wild cry of despair, and sank down where he stood in mute contemplation of his position. He had remained some moments in this attitude, thinking himself alone, when suddenly he heard a footstep behind him, and turning his head, found himself in company with a youth of polite address and gentlemanly exterior. He wore tight black pantaloons and vest, a short black velvet cloak hung gracefully over his right shoulder, and his features were shaded by a black velvet cap, in which fluttered a long, slender, scarlet feather.

The new-comer saluted Martin with a friendly bow, and then proceeded to ask him why a smart young fellow, such as he, should appear so extremely annoyed at an incident which might happen to anybody, and after all could be of no real consequence. The belated apprentice, however, assured him that he did not view his misfortune at all in that light; and added, that he would rather have cut off

his right hand than have thus deceived his master, whom he should not now dare to face. The stranger smiled with an expression of something between pity and contempt, and paying the fine to the gate-keeper, courteously shewed the way to the astonished youth, and accompanied him through the gate.

"Now, my fine fellow," said he, "you see what it is to have a friend who knows how to get you out of a scrape, and you may depend upon it this is not the only one *you* will ever be in. What say you to the offer of my protection for the rest of your life?"

Martin stared; but shrewdly asked: "And pray, sir stranger, what will this boon cost me?"

"Well asked:" replied he of the feather, "you shall know the conditions: they are uncommonly easy: now I dare say you are in the habit of attending Mass regularly every Sunday?"

"I am," said Martin somewhat indignantly, for he was beginning to suspect foul play; "and what is more, the devil himself," he added with a significant stress upon the word, "shall not alter my practice."

"Pray don't alarm yourself, my dear friend," replied the stranger, "the devil has no intention of interfering with you. I may as well tell you," he added with *nonchalance*, "that I *am* the devil, and"—"The devil you are!" said Martin, and he looked at him from head to foot,—"and," continued the other without noticing the interruption, "so far from that, I recommend you by all means to adhere to your pious habits: at the same time, be on your guard, for you *will* forsake them one day, and then — then only—do I assert my claims upon you."

"If that be all," said Martin, with all the fervour and self-

confidence of youth and inexperience, "I have no fear; your bargain suits me well, and I accept your terms with perfect tranquillity."

The devil said nothing, but he gave a chuckle which made Martin wince, he knew not why, and when he turned to address him again he found himself alone, and at his master's door. Fortunately for him, Marbacher was out, so that, late as he was, he was lucky enough to escape detection, and for this time he was once more safe.

A few days after, Martin was called into his master's private room, where he found him in close consultation with a new customer, an influential burgher of Vienna, who wanted a lock made which no other locksmith should be able to open. He had offered the job to all the locksmiths in Vienna, and all, including Marbacher himself, after considering the matter, had declared they could not answer for this result. Marbacher, though unable to execute the order himself, was yet unwilling it should be done in any other workshop; he consequently offered it to Martin, at the same time promising him that if he succeeded he would give him his freedom. Martin remembered his compact with the mysterious stranger, and, relying on the aid he had promised him, undertook the work without hesitation, assuring the new-comer it should be ready in a week.

On the appointed day the stranger called, and Martin delivered the lock into his hands. "I shall take it with me," said he, "and if, when I bring it back in a week's time, I have not found any one who can open it, I shall consider my order has been executed." A week more had elapsed when, true to his appointment, the burgher reappeared, and expressing himself perfectly satisfied, desired Martin to accompany him with his tools to fix the lock in

its place. Martin followed the stranger until they reached a curious gable-ended house, No. 3 Kärnthnerstrasse, where he found assembled all the locksmiths of Vienna. Against the wall of the house stood the trunk of a pine tree with its roots turned upwards, but neatly lopped off; and the owner explained to Mux that he required him to fix it in its place with broad iron bands, the centre one of which was to be fastened with the lock he had made.

Martin proceeded with his work amid the cheers and acclamations of the fraternity, and when it was completed, all pressed forward to shake hands with the hero of the day, and congratulate him on the triumph of his ingenuity. Moreover, as in those days it was not every locksmith who could write, and as written documents were not then considered indispensable as legal evidence, it was proposed by a voice in the assembly that every locksmith present should record his testimony to the event by driving a nail into the tree.

Martin immediately recognized the speaker, though no one else appeared to pay particular attention to him; and when he came forward, and, extending his hand to his *protégé*, requested him to hand him the key of the famous lock, the lad instinctively surrendered it without hesitation or comment, and the ceremony being concluded, all went their way. The day was kept with great festivity in Marbacher's house, and according to his promise the old master blacksmith cancelled his apprentice's articles. Martin no sooner found himself his own master than he proposed to Marbacher that he should start on his travels; and the latter having consented to this measure, he set off, and arrived by short stages—for German apprentices travelled on foot in those days—at the ancient and pic-

turesque city of Nürnberg. There he astonished the good citizens by his invention and skill, and one day, when visiting a blacksmith's forge, where the apprentices surrounded and listened to him as to an oracle, he lifted the massive anvil, threw it into the furnace, and in an incredibly short time fashioned it into a gate of exquisite design, which stands in the Church of St. Sebald's to this day. Many other cities he passed through, astonishing the natives, and sometimes giving rise to whispered observations as to the source of his superhuman strength, skill, and success, which at last reached his ears, so that he returned for peace and retirement to his own home.

On his arrival he found the place in great commotion: a town-council had been held on the subject of the mysterious unknown, who, on the day the tree had been locked up, had seized the key, had disappeared with it, and had never been heard of since! A reward had been offered for the production of a new key, and every apprentice in Vienna had been puzzling his brains to emulate the complicated work of Martin Mux, but to no purpose.

As soon as Martin's return was made known, a deputation met him, requesting he would immediately set to work to produce the object in which all the others had failed. Martin's second triumph corresponded with the first; and so great did his reputation become that work poured in on all sides, and every one was eager to possess some specimen of his genius and taste, for he did not confine himself to locks —although those he made were so complicated that they excited the admiration of all who beheld them—he executed all sorts of ornamental work, every sample of which was a masterpiece of fancy, and many have been preserved, and may be seen in Vienna at the present day. Among other

orders, the iron-work of the world-famed Cathedral of St. Stephen, which had not long been built, was entrusted to him, and a portion of it therefore fell into the hands of his partner, and former master, Marbacher, who, before Martin's time, had recognized no rival in his trade. On this occasion Marbacher came to him one day in great perplexity: he had been working out Martin's design for the screen of the chancel; and although he had followed all the measurements correctly, he found to his dismay, when it was completed, that it was three feet too narrow for the space it was to fill!

"Is that all?" said Mux with the utmost *sang froid*, "we can soon remedy that small difficulty;" and bidding Marbacher hold one side of it tightly, he took hold of the other side of the elegant but ponderous structure, and pulled it out to the required width without in any way damaging the beauty of the design! "A feat," adds the chronicler who records this singular incident, "which may be verified by any one who visits the Cathedral of Vienna, where the screen still stands."

In the meantime, the young man's conduct was irreproachable: not a steadier or more upright tradesman was to be found in the city. He was industrious and sober, liberal in his hospitality, and charitable to the poor. He never missed the earliest mass on each returning Sunday, and though he sometimes felt secret misgivings, he watched himself narrowly, and trusted in the grace of God. Such a life, however, did not suit the views of his mysterious patron, who began to fear that his prize was slipping through his claws. He was therefore in high spirits when he heard one day that Martin had fallen in with some jovial companions, who led much faster lives than the young

man at all suspected. These frivolous and dissipated young fellows were jolly and insinuating companions, and as they were obliged to work in the week, they made up for it by enjoying themselves on the Sunday, and often invited Mux to join them.

One Sunday morning they took it into their heads to knock at his door between four and five, as they were returning from a midnight orgy where they had dissipated all their earnings, and were about to resort to the expedient of raising more money at the gambling-table to carry on their holiday. Martin was induced, partly by force, partly by cajolery, to accompany them, promising himself to take the first opportunity of getting away unobserved when they should be in the midst of their revelry. No sooner were they once more in the street than they turned towards one of their haunts, and Martin, carried away by the unanimous spirit of the rest, might almost have been taken for one of them. It was only when the Cathedral bell solemnly tolled the hour of ten, that he remembered the danger he had incurred, and the priceless stake he was risking: he started up in alarm, and was making with all speed for the door, but his companions rose too—they had no mind to part with him on such easy terms. "Where are you off to, Master Martin?" exclaimed they, "you are not going to desert us in this shabby way?" "To mass, to mass," cried Martin, forgetting everything but the importance of his escape, and still hastening away.

"Nay, nay, my good fellow, what matters mass for once; and we are all so jolly together just now?"

"What matters mass?" said Martin, repeating the words, and himself startled at the contrast between his present condition and the duty, the importance of which

he appeared to think so great—"What matters mass? for once . . . " he addded, "aye, for *once;* it matters so much that I *must* go."

"Well, if you *must* go, why not at eleven? At eleven there will be another mass, and eleven is as good as ten." Martin yielded: reluctantly, it is true, but he *did* yield.

At eleven, he made another and yet more vehement effort, and after a similar altercation was again induced to prolong his stay.

"You will get another mass at twelve," said they, "and twelve is as good as eleven."

There was no replying to this specious argument, and Martin had not the courage to resist, though he was on thorns: he sat down in despair. Immediately a fresh game was begun, a dispute arose, and Martin was appointed umpire. The din was so deafening that, although Martin had strained every nerve to catch the sound of the clock, he could not be sure that it had not struck, and yet he could hardly persuade himself that the hour was not due. At length there was a momentary lull, in the midst of which the stroke of the Cathedral bell came booming to his ears; but what was Martin's horror! It struck—not twelve, as he expected, but a quarter past!

Scarcely able to believe his senses, the hapless young man started to his feet and rushed frantically to the door. Bursting through all restraints, and throwing off the hold of his companions, he seized the handle; but in the frolic, one who had been instructed by the rest had locked the door, and their unconscious victim found himself a prisoner! Martin was terror-stricken: "What shall I do? What shall I do? Lost! Lost!" he madly screamed, and his besotted companions, half-sobered by the strange expression of his face, saw that it was no longer a joke.

"The key! the key!" they exclaimed, "let him out!" but none knew where to find it, and the confusion and recrimination which accompanied the search only made his liberation more hopeless.

Martin had, among other curious masterpieces, constructed a key, which he always carried about with him, so contrived that it could open all locks. He now remembered this last hope, and began to feel nervously first in one pocket and then in another. Alas! alas! It was all in vain! and while maddened by the cruel perplexity of his position, and the anxious questions of his repentant tormentors, the warning voice once more spoke, and the half hour chimed upon his ear. At this moment only he remembered that, the day before, he had hung his pass-key to a silver chain, and that he wore it round his neck. He clutched it, with the frantic grasp of the drowning wretch who catches at a straw, pushed it into the lock, and in another minute was in the street, flying rather than running with lightning speed, in the direction of S. Stephan's Platz.

Not a passenger in the street who did not arrest his own progress to stare at the strange vision of a young man ghastly pale, with his head bare, and hair standing almost erect, rushing wildly past every obstacle. Among those most interested in the sight, calmly stood a youth with deep-set eyes and beetle-brows, habited in a black velvet suit and toque, from which waved a slender scarlet feather. His face wore a singular expression of grim satisfaction, and as Martin passed him he was heard to say:

"Run, run for it, Martin; there is a mass at twelve, and it is not *much* past."

But Martin heeded not: on—on he went. The pavement

seemed to burn beneath his feet as, breathless with the superhuman effort, he pushed open the massive door of the Cathedral, and sunk exhausted on the marble pavement. The first words he heard—and the last he ever was to hear—were the "*Ite missa est*" of the noonday mass! It was all over with poor Martin: those who stood by raised him up—a corpse. At the same moment a hollow diabolical laugh rang through the air.

The spirit of Martin Mux still hovers about the scene of his sudden and fearful death; and it has been asserted that a voice may be heard in the dead hours of the night, exclaiming in piteous accents, "One more mass! for the love of God, only one more mass!"

After the death of Martin Mux it was the pious custom of every apprentice who passed through Vienna to strike a nail into the Stock-im-Eisen, as he recited a "Pater-noster" in memory of one of the fraternity, who, notwithstanding his failings, had endeared himself to all.

One of our first visits at Pesth was to the National Academy—one of the most glorious monuments of the patriotism of modern Hungary. Of this institution the learned and highly esteemed Professor Rónay is secretary, having a suite of rooms within the building, and one object we had in view was to make the acquaintance of this remarkable man.

The building may well be termed a "Palast:" it is the pride of the people, and may be called, without fear of contradiction, the handsomest monument in the town. In it we see a noble evidence of patriotic enthusiasm, and the proud result of popular suffrage and popular subscription. It is literally true that this fine edifice owes its existence to

the generous and indiscriminate co-operation of all classes; but, although the poorer and less educated entered heartily and practically into the spirit which suggested its erection, Count Stefan Széchenyi started the building-fund with the liberal donation of an entire year's income, amounting to 60,000 florins, and at the diet of Pressburg in 1826, this patriotic nobleman, whose name is and ought to be venerated by his countrymen, pledged himself to afford to it his continued support. The active interest thus evinced in its welfare by so distinguished a man was soon emulated by others, and, very shortly after, 120,000 florins were raised to augment the fund, followed by contributions from all parts of the country, and Count Teleky presented the institution—during his lifetime—with the splendid library of 30,000 volumes, chiefly Latin and Hungarian. Penny collections were made among the poorest inhabitants, who eagerly came forward, anxious, by as large a contribution as they could afford, to have a share in the national undertaking. Those who were too poor to give money—and among these were many women—came and offered their services, begging to be allowed to carry bricks or mortar, to wheel barrows, or render any help in skilled or unskilled labour which might be reckoned as an assistance to the work. The result is beyond all that could have been expected, and Stüler's magnificent design, in rich Renaissance style, has been liberally carried out, though he himself did not live to see it completed.

The visitor is struck with admiration at the splendour of the gorgeous state-room, surrounded by a gilded gallery supported by Caryatidæ, at the masterly sculpture of the wainscot, and the beautiful paintings which fill the panels. The grand staircase and spacious vestibule are most impos-

ing, and the remainder of the interior corresponds with these, whether in costliness or aptness to the intention of the whole. Besides the lecture-halls and session-rooms, are the gallery containing the princely Esterhazy collection, that for the Art-union, the Library, the Kisfaludy-Association, and the Archives.

In the year 1830 the foundation obtained from King Franz I. the royal "sanction," since which time this National Institution has contributed to give its merited value to the Hungarian tongue. On the 11th December, 1865, the inauguration of the building, then completed, was solemnized with great festivities, but unfortunately the President, Count Emilius Dessewffy, on whom much of the responsibility of the general organization had devolved, was too unwell to be present at the ceremony.

On reaching the Academy we found that Professor Rónay's apartments were on the first floor. We were at once admitted, and sent in our cards and letter of introduction. After a few minutes the Professor came in from an adjoining room, and welcoming us with true Hungarian cordiality, made us feel quite at home, for he spoke English fluently. His history is an eventful and interesting one, and recalls the risks and adventures of the political emigrants of France. Born of a wealthy landed family, at an early age he entered the Benedictine order, and distinguished himself in scientific as well as in classical and literary knowledge. In the turbulent times of 1848-9, being as patriotic as the rest of his countrymen, and just at that age when the ardour and enthusiasm of youth are ready to boil over at the slightest instigation, he headed a band of his fellow students, and threw himself unreservedly into the movement. In the midst of the political excite-

ment which drove the patriots to arms, he, with others, was taken, tried, and condemned to death as an insurgent. The day before his intended execution he contrived to escape, and by help of a disguise which he had obtained he got away, and with a forged passport made his way through Austria, Prussia, and Belgium, whence he got to Holland, and finally reached England after more than a year's wanderings and perils. Meantime, on his escape being discovered, a price was put upon his head, his name was dishonoured, his goods confiscated, and he was burned in effigy.

On his arrival in the land of political liberty, he was absolutely penniless; for he had left his own country utterly unprovided, and had travelled on foot, earning his living as best he could, by the way. His first idea was to present himself to Mr. Cobden, whom he had some difficulty in finding, as he did not speak or understand a word of English: to him he told his story, simply and literally. Mr. Cobden, who of course knew nothing of him, felt nevertheless drawn to the young man, and at all events *wished* to believe all was as he represented it; still he was not justified in recommending an entire stranger, with no introduction but his own word, to such as might otherwise employ him.

"What can you do?" said he, "so that I may see in what way I can serve you."

"Alas!" replied the wanderer, "I know many things that I could teach, but I do not possess your language, and how therefore can I communicate them?"

Cobden thought for a moment, and then, as if a solution of the difficulty had suddenly presented itself to his mind, he said:—

"Can you draw?"

"I can," replied Rónay, brightening up, "and gladly would I impart what I know until I can master the language, to which I mean to set myself assiduously."

"Then," said Mr. Cobden, "you shall begin by instructing my son; I am glad I have found an opportunity of being useful to you, and of shewing you how entirely I believe and trust you."

The *protégé* proved worthy of the patron, and the energetic youth soon shewed the stuff that was in him. This little aid at starting was all he needed, and thrown on his own resources, he was enabled to make his way in a laborious, but honourable and successful career. An exile from his country and his home, forced to forget his antecedents, to forego his habits, to abandon his native language, and to start with entirely new ideas and new prospects, he rose to the level of his new position, and gaining the confidence of all with whom he came in contact, he soon established a most honourable position, was not merely received, but sought after, in the highest circles, and was elected member of several of our learned societies, where he often read his papers in English, and where his opinions were greatly respected by the scientific fraternity.

For a period of nineteen years, during which he came to love the land of his exile, yet not so as to forget that native country so inextricably entwined round the heart of every Hungarian, Rónay remained in England. It was only a few months before we met him that, the political barrier being raised, he revisited the place of his birth, where he was received open-armed, and his return proved a triumph. He was immediately elected by the suffrages of the people of Raab to represent them in the Parliament of his country, besides being requested to accept the Profes-

sorship of Natural Philosophy, as well as the post of Secretary, at the great and brilliant National Academy of Pesth.

Behind the glass we spied a green, white, and red silk flag, "*Eljen Rónay*" being printed in gold letters on the white bar; numbers of these, he said, had been borne by his constituents, who waved them as they preceded him on horseback, accompanied by a band of music, in triumphal procession through the province of Raab.

Professor Rónay is the author of several excellent educational works, and shewed us some grammars and other books, which he had compiled for the use of his pupils while earning his living as a teacher. They were in manuscript, but so exquisitely written that they might have passed for the finest copperplate; every page had a double border, with a running title along the head, and not a blot or erasure defaced a single page. He told us he had lost a great many such manuscript volumes at the time his property was confiscated. Just now he was engaged on an elaborate ethnological treatise, in compiling which, he said, he had been greatly indebted while in England to the co-operation of Professors Huxley and Busk. The last paper he read at the British Association must have been a very interesting one. It related to a population inhabiting the north of Siberia, called the Voguls, and by studying the language of these people, and comparing the relations of all the travellers who had visited their remote land, he had discovered some very singular and suggestive similarities, whether in belief, habits of life, idiomatic expressions, or physical features, which indicated a strong probability of the identity of their origin with that of the ancient Huns. Professor Rónay has warmly taken up the Darwinian theory, and appears extremely anxious to bring it under

the attention of his countrymen. To this end he is in process of making a digest of it in Hungarian, for the use of the scientific societies of his country. It is written in a peculiar style, remarkable for its dignified simplicity, and, out of regard to national literary taste, it is broken into short sentences after the manner of the Bible. He took us over the whole building, explaining the purpose of each department, and told us that the state-room—a really magnificent hall, as described above—was about to be used this year for the sittings of the Lower House; for—as is also the case with the House of Lords—the House of Commons has yet to be built. He shewed us also the lobby, and calling our attention to the rich white and gold decorations, literally glittering in their virgin splendour, he remarked that he regretted it should have to be temporarily appropriated to this purpose. "The smoking here," he added, "will be something unheard of, for every member will contribute his quota; and as for prohibiting it—you might as well deprive a Hungarian of the air he breathes as of the pipe he smokes: I verily believe he could not exist without it."

Scientific meetings are held every week at the Academy, and among its members are some very learned men. To Herr Tolly, professor of Astronomy, and Herr Toldy, professor of Ethnology, we had letters of introduction, but to our disappointment we learned that they were absent. The library presents a very handsome interior, and is admirably arranged. It contains nearly 70,000 volumes, of which 30,000 were the gift of Count Teleky, whose bust occupies a justly conspicuous place at one extremity, opposite that of Count Istevan Széchenyi.

Professor Rónay next conducted us into the picture gal-

lery, containing the fine collection of the late Prince Esterhazy, who left the pictures, a noble legacy, to the National Academy: it contains excellent specimens of the Flemish, Italian, French, and Spanish schools. Although, however, these valuable pictures were bequeathed to the Academy, under whose care and protection they were at the time of the testator's death, it is disappointing to find that, by one of those caprices of fate which often baffle our most reasonable expectations, the Academy will not profit by its patron's generosity. This once wealthy representative of the wealthiest family in Europe died utterly ruined, and deeply in debt; upon which his creditors, putting in a prior claim upon his estate, seized the pictures, which it was finally decreed should be sold to the highest bidder. Offers have been made on the part of all the governments of Europe, as well as by many private collectors, but the Academy of Pesth—unwilling to lose a prize which the Hungarians had long regarded as their own—seems determined to advance upon whatever bid may be made, and if possible to secure the pictures.

In a smaller room by themselves, and on a large double desk, were two colossal volumes, bound in splendid style; indeed, they figured in the Hungarian department of the Great Exhibition as much in consequence of their costly finish as of the valuable autographs they contain. They are respectively entitled the "Golden Book" and the "Silver Book." In the former are inscribed the names of all the members of the Academy, in the latter those of all who visit it. Both are rich in autographs.

The number of Jews residing in Pesth exceeds that of any other city of Hungary. They wear a distinctive dress

here as in Vienna, *i.e.* they are readily distinguishable by their long beards, and long straight-cut coats. They have several fine synagogues; and one, quite newly built, is a very costly building. We entered it one Friday, while the service was going on. It was before dusk, and yet the place was brilliantly lighted by chandeliers of five wax-lights each. The chanting was extremely good, and one young man, who took the solo parts, had almost the finest bass voice I ever remember to have heard; it was quite a treat to hear such singing. The men's benches were not more than half filled, and the effect of the rich and solemn interior was much marred by their wearing their hats, the appearance of which entirely took away the idea of an ecclesiastical building. There were not more than half-a-dozen persons in the women's gallery, which was likewise well appointed. The exterior is extremely handsome, and designed with much taste, exhibiting sculptured mouldings and marble panellings.

Some of the most interesting days we spent in Pesth were passed in the Museum, a handsome, well-appointed, stone building of great extent, in the Corinthian style, standing in a well laid-out garden, enclosed within a massive iron railing. It was completed about ten years ago, but was begun as long since as in the year 1802, when Count Franz Széchenyi, the father of the great and patriotic Graf Stefan, laid the first foundations of this noble national monument, and presented it with his valuable library, together with an admirable collection of coins. It not only contains the fine collections of books, pictures, coins, antiquities, natural history, fossils, and minerals, but beneath its capacious roof are held the sittings of the Lords, pending the erection of the Houses of Parliament. The

chamber now in use will, however, doubtless have to serve for some time to come. It is a semicircular area, lighted from above, and very much resembling the Cortes at Madrid, but it is limited in size, as although they reckon 900 magnates, there are only 250 seats, and even these are seldom filled: fifty constitute a house. The son or sons of noblemen, no matter how numerous, take the titles of their fathers, even during their lifetime; so that Counts and Barons are plentiful enough.

The sittings of the Commons are more numerously and frequently attended than those of the Lords. There are about 400 members of the Lower House, and the parliamentary session at Pesth corresponds with that at Vienna.

When the Lords meet, they commence business at six in the evening, and sometimes carry on the debate till three in the morning, but they have no fixed days, and adjourn from one meeting to another, while the Commons sit daily.

In Hungary good speakers are by no means rare, and eloquence is rather the rule than the exception.

In the semicircular chamber where the magnates meet, the President's seat occupies the centre of the wall, looking towards the benches, and stands on the dais, on which, on either side, are likewise two ponderous high-backed chairs, for the four notaries, who are also magnates. On the President's left is the King's box: he has never yet occupied it. The strangers' gallery occupies the whole of the first tier, the second being appropriated to ladies. The members' seats are on benches, arranged in concentric semicircles, the backs and cushions being covered with scarlet American cloth, and each has its desk, inkstand, drawer, etc. The first seat in the first row belongs to the Prince Primate, the remainder of it being appropriated to the other Archbishops and Bishops.

At the opening of the session, but not on other occasions, the magnates meet in their rich gala costume, and arrive with their state-carriages and liveries; at the ordinary sittings, however, they wear the usual Magyar costume, but carry their swords. In the ante-room is an ingenious contrivance in a radiating form, for keeping in separate places the hats, canes, swords, umbrellas, &c. of the members.

The Picture-gallery, which is very extensive, contains scarcely any but paintings of the National School, and the great majority of the subjects, which are remarkably well treated, and shew an encouraging amount of rising talent, are taken from the history of Hungary, which affords an unusual number of romantic episodes. The greater part of this collection was bequeathed to the nation by the last Archbishop of Elan, formerly Patriarch of Venice. Besides these, they have some extremely clever landscapes, of which the best are by Marco, whose family are very gifted, and who may be said to have founded a school of painting. His sons, daughter, and scholars have contributed to enrich this collection. Marco died about seven years ago, and two unfinished pictures of his—works of great merit, which were eagerly competed for and fetched a fabulous price, are in this collection. His daughter and one son are living at Florence; the other son is settled in his native land, and all pursue art with great success.

In a small gallery adjoining, is a collection of very interesting portraits of distinguished men of the time, whether authors, *maestri*, painters, patriots or heroes, and among them we recognized that of Liszt, the celebrated composer. Yokai, the popular and prolific romancist, Kisfahady, the poet, Deak, Dessewffy, and some thirty others were also pointed out to us.

The Museum boasts a fine collection of specimens of

native ores, minerals, marbles and woods, and the gallery of antiquities, to be adequately described, would require a chapter to itself. The fine and extensive array of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman remains of all kinds, whether human skulls and bones, sarcophagi, baths, portions of temples, fragments of sculpture, pottery, crystal, glass, lamps, implements, domestic utensils, gold and silver jewelry, rings, gems, or coins, is most suggestive and most interesting. Some of these are in extraordinary preservation, and have been found from time to time on the banks of the Danube, both in this vicinity and in Transylvania.

Turkish remains, left by those quondam masters of the soil and preserved by their conquerors, and others subsequently discovered, together with spoil taken from them in battle, form another unique collection. Some of their saddles, fire-arms, daggers, and other paraphernalia of war are eminently curious, and the workmanship is often most elaborate and tasteful.

In one of the glass cases, among other interesting objects, our attention was drawn to a skeleton, in the left jaw of which is an iron padlock securely fastened. The wretched individual thus barbarously treated must have been built up, while yet living, in the wall in which his mouldering remains were found, among the ruins of an ancient monastery at Plattnitz, on the Theiss. If ever a human skull invited contemplation or aroused reflection, it certainly must have been this most suggestive relic, and we were speculating on the ghastly enigma when the curator came to our rescue.

"That mortal spoil," said he, "is one which has given occcasion to much speculation, and few have looked upon it without a very natural exclamation of horror. Its owner must obviously have lived in very barbarous times, but when we picture to ourselves the horrifying situation in

which he must have been placed, and the frightful nature of his end, we can scarcely imagine any crime that could demand so inhuman a punishment. It is not probable," he continued, "that the facts attending it will ever be known, but popular tradition, nevertheless, has supplied an explanation of this fearful and gloomy mystery."

"And pray," said we, "what justification can it plead?" The curator took from a shelf a small pamphlet in old German character, roughly printed, on paper much of the texture of blotting paper. "This," said he, "is the tale attached to it: pray accept it, and if it interests you you can read it at your leisure."

After dinner that evening, sitting by the fire, we remembered the little brochure, and drawing it out, translated it as follows:—

THE LEGEND OF THE MONK OF PLATTNITZ.

The Thurozer chain of mountains in North Hungary is in itself wild and picturesque, and the grandeur and severity of its character is enhanced by the desolate aspect of its crumbling fortresses and ruined castles. Unlike the flatter and more accessible borders of the Danube, which for centuries together were over-run by hordes of Marhanes, Mongolians, Persians, Poles, and Turks, the steep and rugged banks of the Theiss, in themselves a defence against lawless invaders, were still further protected by the massive walls with which the land-owners crowned their mountains, and which they garrisoned with their retainers.

Among the most remarkable of these fortresses was that of Plattnitz, the stronghold of the Counts and Lords of Nevay, from among whom had sprung heroes who had shed their blood in the service of the state. In yet earlier days, the spot whence the blackened and blasted ruins of Plattnitz look down in mournful grandeur upon the valley, had

once stood an extensive monastery. The assemblage of pious and holy monks who inhabited it was regarded as the blessing and the safeguard of the hamlets and villages for many miles round; indeed, it was to these monastic institutions that men were wont to look in those days for all the benefits of peace and civilization. At a time when the owners of the soil were occupied in fierce contests, either with their border foes or with one another, and engaged in those wars which sprung either from aggression or defence, it was these good fathers on whom devolved the direction and exercise of those arts which tended to the maintenance and comfort of the people. Who else was to direct the disaforesting of lands, the draining of bogs and marshes, the forming and maintenance of roads, and the establishment of those mechanical trades and simple manufactures which, as time advanced, it became necessary to develop in the usages of daily life? Who else was to instruct and advise, to exhort and to admonish, to settle differences and to reconcile disputants?

Among the holy, venerable, and learned monks of the monastery of Plattnitz, lived one said to be more holy, more venerable, and more learned than the rest; for not only was he proficient in the arts of reading and writing, but he was acquainted with the medicinal properties of certain herbs, so that, in all important circumstances of life, the counsel of the monk Odillo was sought by rich and poor. Happy simplicity of those by-gone times!

Among those who came to him for help was the wife of the lord of a neighbouring castle, who sought him, in great distress of mind, to confide to him the perplexity she was in respecting her daughter Elika. This young maiden, who up to the age of sixteen had always been a model of filial

affection, gentleness, and docility, now appeared to be bewitched by some sorcery, for she had declared herself bent upon an union altogether opposed to the traditions of their house, and she held to it with a determination scarcely credible in one of her yielding and amiable nature.

The young man to whom she had given her heart was equally in earnest in his suit, and the poor mother was in sad trouble between her terror at the discovery she had made, and the apprehensions she was under as to the course her husband would take when the matter came to his ears. His consent she knew he would never give, and she even feared that, in a fit of ungovernable fury, he might take his child's life if she resisted his will.

Odilo did his best to console and reassure her, and advised that the girl should be sent to the monastery, that he might shrive her, and give her such advice as the case required. Elika was accordingly required to repair to Father Odilo, to submit herself to his direction, and seek for ghostly counsel and advice, and on the following morning was conducted thither by her nurse.

Elika was in her seventeenth year, fresh as the morning rose, but, bowed down like the drooping snowdrop by this her first sorrow, she stood trembling before the ghostly father, while, encouraged by his paternal words and the gentle tone of his voice, she poured into his ear the secrets of her innocent soul.

Until this hour Odilo had merited and enjoyed a reputation, not only for learning but for sanctity, which led all to suppose that he would one day receive the honours of canonization. The devil had long looked with envious eye on the graces he possessed, and ever watchful to mar the

work of holiness, he had regarded with satisfaction the approaching interview. No sooner had Elika come into the presence of the monk, in all the splendour of her budding loveliness, than the Spirit of Evil insinuated himself into the saintly man's heart, suggesting to him the most evil thoughts, and causing him to look upon her with the most sinful intentions. The result was that, once in possession of the details of her story, he seemed entirely to forget the sacred purpose of the confessional, and determined to use them to forward his own vile intentions. Ensnared by his pretended interest in her welfare, the simple-minded maiden had confided to him the sorrows of her heart. She told him that from childhood she had known and loved the youthful Illamer, a noble knight, to whom the only objection her parents could make was an old-standing family feud, which had been in abeyance, but had recently received some fresh aggravation; that the handsome and chivalrous young man reciprocated her affection, and that, since they had been forbidden to see each other, they had contrived to hold meetings, of which their parents knew nothing, at the shrine of the Mother of all Graces, standing on the crossroad which united her father's castle and the fortress of Znio; that there, in the presence of God and the Holy Virgin, they had solemnly plighted to each other vows of eternal love and fidelity; and that thenceforward they had determined that no obstacle but death should tear them asunder.

The monk listened in silence; but all the while he was listening also to the promptings of Satan, and when the child's silvery voice ceased he had already planned his diabolical scheme.

"Listen to me, maiden," said he, "this young fellow is

better known to me than he is to you, and wisely have your parents decided that he is unworthy of your love; besides all this, he is a mere stripling, and a very little reflection will shew you how much more worthy of your many merits it would be to be admired and beloved by one who has had more experience of the world, who possesses more knowledge and more cultivation. One such as you should not set store by the regard of a raw boy, whose only attractions consist in that beauty which must disappear in a few years, in his physical strength—which may fail at any moment—and his warlike courage, which after all he only possesses in common with the beasts of prey. Banish, therefore, this fond and foolish fancy from your heart, and if you must love an earthly being, seek rather to win the affections of one in whom the attributes you dream of are a reality and not an imagination."

Elika was overcome with alarm at the tone of this speech, of which she was far from comprehending the purport. She only perceived in it an expressed hostility to her preconceived and cherished sentiments, which she was no more capable of rooting out of her heart than of tearing out with them her own life, and, bitterly disappointed at encountering a foe where she had counted on a friend, she burst into tears.

"Weep not, my child," said the monk, without losing his self-possession, "Weep not, but ponder on my words. Illamer *must* be given up: of *that*, there is no question; and as I see you have a heart which expands itself under the tender influences of love, and will require some other object to fill the void you will be compelled to make in it, I pray you, for the sake of your own peace, to look around for a worthier object to enshrine there."

Elika had now dried her tears; for if she was child-like and gentle, she was also womanly and spirited. Indignant at the cruel advice which bade her wrench from her heart the affection of her whole life, which had grown with her growth, and was now so firmly entwined with her nature that separation was death, she exclaimed:

"And where, father, where would you have me seek for his like, who to me is unique in the whole world! No," said she, rising to her feet, as her eyes flashed, and her beauty shot another poisoned dart into the heart of the furious monk, "No, there is but one Illamer, and Elika's is the only love he can ever know. We are all in all to each other, and no one in the whole world ever can or shall replace him."

"No one!" said the monk, dissembling his rage; "no one? Am *I* not then learned and wise, and far to be preferred before such an untaught boy as that?"

"For your learning and wisdom, father," replied the maiden, "all honour you, and so do I; but I *love* Illamer—oh! how intensely I cannot tell you—not because he is wise and learned, but because—because—he *is* Illamer." And she clasped her hands, and bowed her head meekly upon them, in an attitude of profound abstraction, which shewed that her pure thoughts were with her lover far away. The monk ground his teeth: "It must be that she *will* not understand me," muttered he; "but she *shall*;" and losing all command over himself, he seized her by the wrist. Elika, roused from her reverie, looked up in wondering alarm.

"Girl!" said he, "you trifle with me. You have perfectly well apprehended the import of my words; nevertheless, that you may no longer continue to ignore it,

hear my declaration plainly stated: I LOVE YOU, and *never*—understand me—*never* shall you be the bride of Illamer."

Elika's whole soul was now filled with terror and disgust. She looked on the sacrilegious monster before her with an expression at once of loathing and of fear, and sought to fly his presence, but he placed himself before her, and laughed her to scorn. "Whither would you go?" said he. "You are too hasty by half, damsel."

"Let me pass," exclaimed Elika, with all the dignity of virgin innocence. "I go to disclose your unworthy treatment to the brothers and to my parents. Let me pass, or I call for help."

"That will avail you but little," said Odillo, scornfully; "protected, as I am, by my reputation for sanctity, who will believe you in this monastery? and as for your parents, you forget that I have but to make known to your father your unlawful interviews with that wretched youth, to justify him in having *him* put to death, and immuring *you* in a convent, my sweet lady. Nay, nay, *your mouth is closed.*"

As he said these words—to his own surprise—a cold shudder ran through his whole frame, and he distinctly heard the faint echo of a diabolical laugh behind him. He turned round: it was repeated on the other side, but nothing was to be seen. Odillo was alarmed in spite of himself, but tried to believe it was the effect of fancy. He approached his victim with an insinuating smile, but Elika recoiled from him with horror.

"What!" exclaimed she, "betray my confidence!—you, a director, a priest, and a monk, reveal facts that have only become yours under the sacred seal of the confes-

sional! Alas! alas! I am wretched indeed! to have only supposed such a crime possible, shews me that I have no help in you—not even any mercy to expect from you:" and she covered her face with her hands, and wept hot tears of anguish and despair. Odillo observed her attitude with demoniacal satisfaction; for his plan was laid, and he saw in this impotent expression of terror and repugnance an earnest of his ultimate success.

"Go now, disdainful girl," he said; "return home; you must needs submit yourself to my power whenever I please; and forget not that your fate and that of your gallant is in my hands."

Odillo lost no time in repairing to the castle, where he sought an interview with Elika's father, to whom he related all the circumstances of the case, concealing nothing but his own vile part, and hypocritically pretending to beg for indulgence and forgiveness on behalf of the hapless young couple. The infuriated father was frantic with rage; he heaped curses upon his daughter's head, and swore that a sanguinary death should rid him of the rash and presumptuous suitor who had stolen away the girl's affections, and made her oblivious of her duty.

Illamer, who was a youth of high birth, was held in great affection by his kinsman, the Lord of Znio, in whose castle he had been brought up. He was now absent on a mission of trust, and was daily expected back at the castle of Znio, while day and night did Elika watch for the hour of his return. The two castles, both elevated on towering eminences, were at no great distance from each other, and Elika knew, when she saw the faint colours of Illamer's flag floating from the turret he occupied in the castle of Znio, that he was no longer on a journey, but near her

once more. At night, the signal by which the lovers communicated was a light in the little Chapel of Our Lady, their wonted meeting-place, and for this light Elika sat before the casement of her bower and watched, while she told her beads, praying earnestly for the return of him who alone could sustain and console her in her new trouble and great perplexity.

Long and patiently had Elika been watching the pointed windows of the little chapel—the haven of her tempest-tossed young life. She had gazed upon them so intently, through the semi-obscurity of the night, that more than once she had fancied she saw the faint glimmer of a light within; but no: all is still dark there, and not so much as a flicker comes to raise up her drooping spirit. Suddenly she sees the well-known spark. No! it is the *ignis fatuus* of love! Again she strains her sight, and to her relief it remains burning brightly, and illumining her whole soul. Cautiously and timorously she steals from her chamber; she is on the terrace: she avoids the postern and the sentry: love has its own issues and by-ways, and well she knows the oft-trodden track: at length she reaches the hallowed spot, hallowed by religion and holy love, and in another moment the lovers are locked in each other's embrace.

But other eyes had been waking and watching for Illamer's return; other hearts that lay in wait for his footsteps were beating as quickly in expectation of his coming; but they had prepared for him a different greeting. These were the emissaries of the wily Odillo, anxious to fulfil his deep-laid scheme before the angry father intervened. They were concealed there in ambush even now; and while

the lovers listened eagerly to each other's words, and garnered up each other's sighs—while they uttered their lament over their hard fate, and devised plans to avoid their impending separation—even then their fate was sealed: the sword was drawn that was to decide their future, and the terrible consummation was at hand. The hour of parting came, the close and tender embrace that was to be their last, was given, the at once dreadful and hopeful "Adieu" was uttered; when, rushing out from either side, an armed troop of masked figures fell simultaneously upon the two victims. Elika, calling piteously on her lover's name, was carried off she knew not whither, while Illamer, covered with wounds, but defending himself bravely, was overcome by numbers, struck dead, and his corpse was carried away and buried in a cave.

When Elika came to herself, she found she was lying on a miserable pallet in the out-house of a coal-heaver's hut; bruised and stiff from the violence with which she had been dragged away, and guarded by a rough-looking peasant—sexton of the monastery, in Odillo's pay—who sat beside the crazy door to intercept her egress. He had been ordered to assemble a sufficient number of trusty men, some of whom were to slay the lover, while others carried off the girl, and his business was to keep her concealed till further directions.

Odillo now industriously spread the report that Illamer and Elika had been seen flying together, and he advised the distressed parents to scour the country in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives.

Meantime he repaired to the hovel where Elika lay concealed, and removing her thence to a place of safety at no

great distance from the monastery, he contrived to establish a system by which he might visit her unknown to the rest of the fraternity. He concealed from her with care the fact of Illamer's murder, making her believe that he was pining in captivity, and that it was by the orders of her father they had been surprised and he had been seized. He further assured her that her father had put the matter entirely into his hands, and had entrusted to him the key of her lover's prison; that Illamer's fate therefore rested entirely with him, and his liberation and even his life depended on her conduct.

By means of this powerful incentive, the astute and unscrupulous Odillo succeeded in bending her entirely to his wishes, and in obtaining from her a submission which was so utterly hateful to her that, notwithstanding the hope she entertained of once more beholding him for whom alone she cared to live, her health gave way, and each day wrought in her a deadly and visible change.

Many months had passed in this miserable way, Elika seeing no human being but the hated Odillo and her savage keeper, when one night, lying dejected and worn out upon her bed, a sudden red glare lighted up her chamber, and the room was filled with smoke, while the crackling of wood and the falling-in of masonry soon told her that the hut had taken fire. The sexton was asleep, but she aroused him, and as his first impulse was to unbar the door for his own escape, she availed herself of the chance to rush out, and provided by the emergency of the moment with a superhuman strength, she fled for her life. Directed by a natural instinct, she directed her precipitate steps towards the friendly spot, the witness of all the happiest moments of her life, and of her last interview with her lover. In the midst of her course

she heard distant footsteps hastening after her, and to her dismay, felt that she was being followed. She redoubled her speed, with a mental prayer to her Patroness, and, reaching the chapel while her pursuer was still far behind, she threw herself within the sanctuary, the door of which by a merciful Providence she found open, and bolted herself in. In the midst of her terror, and yet gasping for breath, Elika heard her savage keeper approach the place, try the door, and finding it fastened, hasten on with curses in his mouth, thinking, no doubt, that his wretched victim had been unable to enter and had passed on.

Elika in the meantime, exhausted with the violent effort she had made, and overcome by her alarm, fell on her knees before the shrine to pour forth her gratitude for her marvellous escape, but the emotion had been too much for her strength, and she swooned on the altar steps. Early the next morning, when the sacristan came to prepare the chapel for mass, he was astonished to find the door fastened on the inside, and going round to a small door behind the altar, of which he had the key, he entered. His surprise may be imagined, more especially when he recognised the features of Elika, over whose disappearance so much mystery had been shed. He raised her up, and had her carefully conveyed to her home, to the overwhelming joy of her mother, whose distress and anxiety on her account had brought her to the very brink of the grave. By this tender parent she was carefully watched, and to her, on recovering consciousness, she related, little by little, the cruel detail of her wrongs. Her father was still incensed against her, and it was with difficulty her mother could prevail upon him even to give her shelter; but, when he was made acquainted with the fearful story, his fury against the monk knew no bounds.

Illamer's fate had now to be accounted for, and a large reward, with a free pardon, was offered to whoever should reveal it. As his murderers had been bribed to make away with him, and had no longer anything to gain from his enemies, it was natural they should now turn to the quarter whence they might expect a reward, and it was not long, therefore, before the whole transaction was brought to light. Elika's father now collected an armed force of his retainers, and proceeded to the monastery, where he demanded the instant surrender of the criminal.

The Abbot, alarmed and horrified at this sudden attack, and for the first time informed of the crime which had polluted the order, demanded an opportunity to express to the justly enraged father his indignation at the wickedness of Odillo, and his determination to inflict upon him the severest penalty imposed by the laws of the order. The convent bell was rung to summon a solemn meeting of the chapter, and the wronged lord having detailed his accusation, Odillo was condemned in presence of the whole conclave to condign punishment. The Abbot only regretted that the extreme penalty due to him for the atrocious crime of betraying a confession was in itself final, and precluded the possibility of visiting upon him the other offences he had perpetrated.

"You all know," said the Abbot, "and it is well you should bear in mind, what is the retribution adjudged to him who treacherously and wickedly violates the sacred seal of confession, and fails to keep secret that which is committed to him in the holy place. *Let Odillo's mouth therefore be closed for ever*, with an iron lock; and, seeing that murder, seduction, and contempt of vows can only be expiated by blood, let the grave swallow up, while still living, him who

has rendered himself amenable to this severe but righteous law."

Any one who had been watching the pale and terror-stricken countenance of the delinquent during this solemn sentence, might have observed it blench still more at the enunciation of the first clause. It was as if a sudden recollection had come over him, and he turned his head sharply, for at that moment he heard behind him once more that same distant echo of a hellish laugh which had haunted him when he had pronounced those same cruel words to the hapless girl whose happiness and whose life he had destroyed, and who did not long survive the discovery of her lover's death and her own disgrace: the affection of her sorrowing parents, and their now tender efforts to console her, had come all too late, and to their endless grief she passed gently away into a better life.

It was some centuries after this that, during some excavations among the ruins of Plattnitz, the skeleton of the wretched Odillo was found, bricked up in the thickness of a wall. Among some still extant archives of the monastery were discovered the particulars of his odious crime, and the remains of Odillo were disinterred and sent to the Museum at Pesth, where they are still to be seen, with the iron padlock closed upon his jaw.

The Library attached to the Museum at Pesth is a handsome building, and its contents are admirably classified and arranged. It contains upwards of 200,000 volumes, some of which are rare, and among them are a considerable number of "*incunables*."

It possesses, among other curiosities, the first book ever printed in Hungary. It is Turkosy's History of Hungary,

and is dated 1492. Here is also deposited the prayer-book of King Matthias Corvinus. The illuminated MSS. are numerous, and those left open under glass exhibit some curious and interesting early specimens of this art.

The Librarian, among other curiosities, produced some valuable miniature likenesses of the sovereigns and great men of Hungary, and also some small early oil paintings by unknown masters. He shewed us, too, some modern miniatures painted on cobweb, similar to some we had seen executed by a peasant at Innsbruch: these, however, were of Hungarian origin. It appears that the artists who execute this extraordinary work have a way of feeding the spiders so as to make them produce a web of peculiar texture; the pictures when finished are the same on both sides. It is said by those who have travelled in Mexico, that the webs of the Mexican spiders are of extraordinary size and fineness of texture, and would be quite capable of being put to the same use, but it does not appear that the attempt has ever been made in that country. We also examined a collection of exquisite pen and ink drawings which must be seen to be appreciated; they are by one Orszach, and were given to the Library by Count Batthyani.

Lastly, the Librarian produced from among his treasures a portfolio containing a numerous series of pictures, executed by the ladies of Pesth—all amateurs—and intended as a memorial of the late patriotic Count Stefan Széchenyi, to whom his country owes so large a debt of gratitude. These pictures—it is difficult to know exactly what to call them—are executed on white silk with the needle, and the only material employed is fine black sewing-silk, so skilfully used as to simulate the lines of a minutely finished woodcut. They illustrate the various events of the patriot's

life, and record his numerous benefactions to his countrymen; the last is an allegorical representation of his death, which took place at Döhling about seven years ago. We draw a veil over the latter years and decease of this large-hearted and large-minded man. His surviving family deserve the respect and the sympathy of all who are capable of appreciating his noble character, and we would not seek to unravel the mystery which surrounds the closing moments of a life devoted to the good of others.

Pesth being a city of some extent, conveyance by omnibus must have become almost a necessity with the inhabitants. There are tram omnibuses, similar to those in use in Paris and Liverpool, on one or two of the most frequented thoroughfares, but besides these there are smaller public carriages of the more ordinary kind between certain localities, and within certain distances. Thus, one runs to the Zoological Gardens, another to Kaiserbad, one to the Raitzenbad — in fact this communication extends to all places of any importance sufficiently distant from the centre. Some of these public vehicles are peculiar in construction, being shaped like an open barouche on a large scale, capable of taking three passengers on each seat, with a square compartment open behind, to hold four sidewise, like an Irish car, while two more sit beside the driver. The fare for about two miles is 12kr. or 4d. They stand one behind the other on the rank, and as soon as anyone gets in they must start, taking their chance of picking up other passengers by the way.

We were greatly amused by the primitive custom, adhered to by the shopkeepers in Pesth and other Hungarian towns, of exhibiting on a shutter outside their shops a pictorial representation of every article contained within, so that it is

not at all unusual to find that they literally sell nothing but what is so described.

Being curious to see how pauper life is conducted in Pesth, we took a walk one day to the Workhouse, which we found on the outskirts of the city. It is a large well-appointed house, standing within a roomy "Park"—everything is a Park here—and kept wonderfully clean. It holds three hundred men and women, who are of course on separate sides of the house, and is supported by a rate on the parish; but none are admitted who cannot prove their destitution.

The master, who is quite a character, on learning our wish and hearing that we were English, not only admitted us most readily, but came down to receive us with great courtesy, and himself accompanied us into every part of the building. He had been in England, and had passed nine months in London; he had also travelled in France, having been for several years secretary to "Albert-Carolus"—whoever he may have been—certainly some grand personage, as the good man appeared not a little proud of having been in his service. He seemed to be a very intelligent man, and to take a great interest in his charge; he had introduced several useful and ingenious improvements into the institution, and the feeling which subsisted between the inmates and himself sufficed to shew that in his official capacity he was indulgent as well as conscientious. There were some tame doves flying about the corridors, one of which came and perched upon his shoulder, remaining there all the time he walked over the house with us. He wore a black velvet smoking cap with gold band and tassel, and his head, with his fine grey beard and moustache, offered a model for a painter.

Of the 300 inmates, 178 are women; and no children

are received under eight or ten years of age, as there is no school attached to the house. There is a chapel, which is always open—though mass is only said on Sundays, Thursdays, and holidays—and which contained some relics and other curiosities, duly exhibited to us. There is an infirmary for the sick, as well as wards for cripples and for the insane, who seem well cared for. There are *ateliers* in which the ablebodied are required to employ themselves, and to perform a prescribed amount of work, and if they can do more they are paid for the overplus.

The inmates get meat every day, 8 loths without bone or fat, and of the best quality, 1½ lbs. of bread, and wine in liberal quantities. The whole tone of the house seemed healthy and well regulated, and we observed that whenever we entered the wards appropriated to the women, the Director, with a chivalrous sentiment worthy of all praise, lifted his cap. Besides the kitchen which serves for the house generally, there is a small kitchen belonging to each ward, where any of the inmates are at liberty to cook any little dish for themselves. There is a common sitting and sleeping room, or ward, for the very poorest class, and a separate ward adjoining, the result of a special foundation, for poor women of a higher class, who are therefore better treated than the others.

The washing department is very complete, being provided with wringing machines, and a drying-room on an improved principle, *i.e.* with the addition of a vent to allow the steam to escape. This was the invention of the Director, who looked upon its success with legitimate satisfaction.

In Ofen there is another poor-house, similar to this one.

The University at Pesth we could not see: the students, 1000 in number, being away for vacation, the

painters and cleaners had taken possession of the place, and even the library was not to be visited.

Pesth must be a bleak city, and the streets are almost as draughty and chilling as those of Genoa. Though it was but the middle of October, we felt the cold so severely, that we were obliged to provide ourselves with warmer clothing than any we had thought it necessary to bring. This gave us an opportunity of discovering the price of wearing-apparel, and we were much surprised at its cost. Cloths, flannels, and all woollen manufactures are extremely dear, though indigenous to the country, and made on the spot, where labour is certainly cheaper than either in France or England. These articles are, however, of first-rate quality.

We often spent a pleasant and instructive hour with Professor Rónay, who one evening proposed to introduce us to Dr. Corvacs and his family, they being among the few people just now in Pesth. The Doctor is a very clever man, and has recently invented a very ingenious machine for probing wounds, which we had seen at the Paris Exhibition. Its object is to detect instantaneously the presence of a ball, and is attained by a vibration produced in the instrument, which causes a sound like the distant tinkle of a silver bell.

Dr. Corvacs lives in the Josefs-Platz, in a very handsome, well appointed house, which in London would be called a mansion. It is furnished with great taste and elegance, altogether in the modern Parisian style, and our introduction there afforded us a very pretty glimpse of domestic life in the upper middle circle of Magyar society. There was an ease and a *sans gène* in their reception of us, altogether in accordance with our experience of Magyar hospitality, and we seemed to drop into our places in the

refined little family circle as if we had been old acquaintances. The mother was an intelligent woman, with a keen and practical appreciation of her responsibilities, and without being what is called a *maîtresse femme*, had evidently met them with spirit and success: a more promising family than that which surrounded her could hardly be met with.

The eldest daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, might be said to possess all the qualifications, physical and mental, one could wish to find in a young woman of good position. To a very sweet face, with clear blooming complexion and beaming eyes, and a graceful figure, she added the charm of the most winning manners, while her conversation betokened high cultivation, whether in reading, languages, or accomplishments. We were surprised when her mother told us she had no longer any trouble with the *ménage*, for that Illona took the entire charge of the household, and even gave an eye to the management of her younger brothers and sisters. "There is not," she added, "any department of needlework with which she is unacquainted, from darning a stocking or a table-cloth, so exquisitely that no one would detect the spot, to the choicest embroidery. In the kitchen," she continued, "she is equally efficient, and as soon as she heard you were coming this evening, she begged the cook to let her prepare every dish that was to appear. She understands making all kinds of pastry and preserves, and even the curing of bacon, and you must not think this is anything extraordinary—no Hungarian mother would consider that she had done her duty by her daughter if she had not thoroughly grounded her in all the knowledge she is likely to require as mistress of a family."

We heartily admired this sensible mode of training,

and secretly wished that English mothers entertained similar ideas on the subject; but could not help thinking that such a training, useful as it is, must have interfered with the perfection which might have been attained by such a girl in the more elevated branches of her education. Any such doubts, however, were completely removed when, at her mother's desire, Illona opened the piano and played with her some national duetts, without notes, and with the most consummate taste and feeling. Our astonishment was not to end here, for we found that our fair young friend possessed an admirable talent for drawing, when she produced a portfolio of most spirited sketches from nature. Her French accent was excellent, and she spoke English with tolerable fluency, being also well acquainted with many of our authors, whether in prose or verse. German she did not understand; but this apparent deficiency in her knowledge was explained by her mother, who assured us that, however yielding and dutiful in her whole conduct, she could never be persuaded to have anything to do with that language. So powerful is the feeling of patriotism in Hungary, that hardly any of the rising generation can be persuaded to speak, read, or in any way recognize the German language.

The meal of which we partook at Dr. Corvacs' was characteristic of the customs of the nation. It corresponded exactly with what in Yorkshire is called a "high tea," except that—in place of the cold meats, fowls, or pies which appear on table in that 'land o' cakes'—little *récherché* "*hors d'œuvres*" were handed round, and certainly proved Mademoiselle to be a first-rate *cordon bleu*. At one end of the table—which was covered with a brilliantly-white damask cloth, and laid with glass and silver as bright as hands could make them—appeared an English tea-tray, with a

perfectly consecutive tea equipage, and a very good substitute for a tea-urn, heated with spirits. The national English "machine"—as Continentals are wont to style a simple bronze or silver tea-urn—does not seem as yet to have crossed the Channel. We were once much amused at hearing this prodigy of "Angleesh comfort" discussed between two Frenchmen, one of whom had been in England.

"They have," he said, "in London a most commodious apparatus for making the tea on the very table. It is a '*meuble*' made sometimes of copper, bronzed or plated, and sometimes of silver, and imitates the urns which in other countries you see sculptured in marble on tombstones. Never mind: if it is *shaped* like a marble urn it partakes of none of its frigidity; for it comes hissing and puffing into the room, and is set down behind the tea-pot, where it stands, sending up clouds of vapour for a quarter of an hour together. This ebullition is produced by the ingenious contrivance of a tube down the middle of the machine, into which is dropped a red-hot iron, which is then immediately covered up, and by the aid of a *robinet* the water is drawn off boiling, as it is needed."

"Ma foi! voilà une idée!" replied the listener, "il faut avoir diablement étudié le *confort*, pour en arriver là."

To return to the snug elegance of the well-furnished, well-draped, well-lighted rooms in Josefs-Platz. We cannot take leave of them without bearing testimony to the agreeable evening we passed there. After the repast the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the governess withdrew, and the gentlemen, passing into the smoking-room, which was only divided from the drawing-room by a glass door, enjoyed the vocal and instrumental performances which succeeded each other among the ladies.

The boys, who attend the Lycée, are receiving there a good sound education, and Madame's ideas, whether as to the bringing up of her children or the arrangement of her household, do her infinite credit. We were waited on by a quiet, remarkably respectable-looking man-servant in plain clothes; but Madame Corvacs astonished us by her complaints of the servant class in general, and especially of the women, who appear to be undergoing the same kind of deterioration, though not yet to the same extent, as in England. Taken, as they mostly are, from the gentle, simple, and contented peasant-class, it only shews how baneful in their effect are the corruptions of town-life.

We were much amused at being asked by one of the ladies, in the course of the evening, whether there were any weekly or monthly periodicals published in London! It was rather difficult to answer such a question with a grave face; nor was it easy to get her to believe we were serious, when we told her their name was 'Legion,' and tried to make her understand to what an extent they damaged themselves and each other by their suicidal competition.

We took, one day, an omnibus journey to the Stadtwäldchen, to see the Pesth Zoological Gardens,—Hung. "A Pesti Állatkertben Jelenleg Élö Állatok Névjegyzéke,"—and as it happened, we had the vehicle to ourselves: it was a very cold drive, the omnibus being an open one. The Stadtwäldchen, which is about a couple of miles out of the town, is quite a new place, and comprises various resorts of pleasure, serving to shew that the good people of Pesth have their Roshervilles and Cremornes. The Zoological Garden forms only one portion of the Stadtwäldchen, but it is very extensive, and admirably laid out, so that it appears much larger than it really is. The collection of

beasts and birds is by no means despicable, and their habitations, as well as the ponds and lakes for the water-fowl and fishes, are tastefully imagined and disposed. The eagles are particularly fine, and have a spacious cage, with masses of rock for perches. The garden contains, also, many interesting botanical specimens, and some rare trees, many of them altogether new to an English eye. There is a *Restauration* on the premises, and a great deal of pleasure-ground, provided by the owner with arbours, swings, &c., and supplied with shooting galleries and games, bands of music and dancing places, which attract crowds of visitors during the summer months. The admission fee is very small.

Availing ourselves of a splendid morning, we took the steamer and went down the river to Kaiserbad, about a mile and a half distant, on the opposite side of the Danube, where we landed in a beautiful shady grove of limes and maple trees. Embowered among these rises the hot spring (118°), and close by it has been built the handsome and extensive bath-house, containing 300 beds. It is on a vast scale; but is nevertheless full to overflowing in the summer season. The ground plan is a crescent, and the building stands in private grounds, tastefully laid out and planted, with lawns, shady walks, and flower-beds on the convex side, and on the concave, a *redoute* for open-air balls, with an orchestra at the extremity. The ground-floor has a colonnaded verandah, beneath which are the numerous bath-rooms. There is a dining-hall for the table-d'hôte, and a common drawing-room, and we were told that a very pleasant society meets here in the season.

The Bad-meister received us with so much cordiality and politeness that—like all other Hungarians we met

with—he quite won our hearts. He shewed us over his whole establishment, and told us all his little grievances, interspersed with little successes, his hopes and his apprehensions, since he embarked in this precarious undertaking, so entirely dependent on the caprice of the public. He appears to have organized his plans with great care and forethought, and to have secured every possible amusement for his guests, in the way of promenades, games, balls, concerts, drives, rides, and social meetings; the *cuisine* also being one of the attractions. He has taken much pains with this department, which, as his experience has taught him, is by no means the least important consideration at a watering-place, and he was assiduous about the diet of his guests because he "felt sure, between ourselves, that their health depended quite as much on the cook as on the physician." "I wish," added he, "you had been going to dine here, as you would then have been able to judge whether my establishment is as excellent in that respect as you have been pleased to think it in others." "Well, now, that is not at all a bad idea," exclaimed our whole party, "there is no reason why we should not judge of your cookery, for we are all quite prepared for an hour's rest after our morning's wanderings."

We had struck the right chord, and saw at once how much mine host was flattered by our choice; so we bade him serve up whatever was readiest, in the pretty pavilion outside the house, and begged him to be seated, and to give us some account of the springs and of the spot. It was impossible to be more obliging, or more anxious to please than he was, and as he was an intelligent and well-mannered man, we were very glad to have fallen in with him.

Going back to very early times, he told us that the dis-

covery of these waters originated with the Romans, who built hereabouts their Aquintum, or Sicambria, and that the place in their time is said to have exhibited all the magnificence and prosperity with which that luxurious people were wont to surround themselves, as they resorted hither not only for pleasure and enjoyment, but for health.

The Roman dominion was, however, in time uprooted by a powerful hand. Attila, the mighty Hun, had fixed his eye on this gem of the Pannonian territory, and conquering as he went, swept down from Scythia, driving the inhabitants before him, and taking possession of their lands. What his soldiers had destroyed in this seat of Roman splendour, Attila rebuilt with yet greater magnificence, and fortified the new city with a strong wall.* But who was to succeed such a King! With Attila expired the prestige of his nation, and the star of its glory set with his life. Driven out in their turn, the Huns were succeeded by Duke Arpad, and this beautiful and favoured spot, which had been advisedly selected as the residence of each successive court, continued in the occupation of royalty. Under the grand and progressive reign of Matthias Corvinus it took a yet greater extension; and new springs having been discovered, the place began to spread from Altofen to Ofen. Subsequently to this, however, Ofen was destined to suffer its share in the reverses which now fell on the whole country. The Infidel forces, gaining strength, pushed their way further and further into the land, until on the 2nd September, 1541, the Turkish Crescent was planted by Sultan Solyman upon the spot which had already successively succumbed to so many masters. A garrison of 12,000 Janissaries was quartered at Buda, and that hapless city continued for a century and a half to be the residence

of a Pasha; in fact, during that time the territory thus overrun was little better than a Turkish province.

As Ofen had been a favourite resort with Romans, Huns, and Arpadians, so it became likewise an important locality under Turkish rule, and Mahomet Pasha soon discovered its value. By his order a monastery for Dervishes was built near the principal spring. On the death of one of their celebrated prophets, 200 years ago, a tomb, in which he was placed after being embalmed, was erected on a neighbouring hill, where his remains continue to be venerated to this day; for through the forbearance of the present owner of the soil, this Turkish monument is maintained in its integrity. Two Turks are allowed to occupy it unmolested, and it is the yearly scene of a pious pilgrimage from the East, now reduced to a very small deputation.

Already improved by Mahomet, Ofen gained new brilliancy under Mustapha, who enclosed the whole city within massive and extensive walls, and no doubt Osman's sons expected it to remain many years in their possession and that of their descendants. Under Leopold I, however, the Infidels were destined to be deprived of their long cherished booty, and on the 2nd September, 1686, after 145 gloomy years, it was retaken by the Austrians under the Duke of Lorraine and the Margrave of Baden, and the Christian flag, replacing the Turkish crescent, waved once more over the oft disputed city of Ofen. Thus were the fetters imposed by the tyrant finally struck off, and almost every trace of his presence obliterated. The picturesque remains of Turkish architecture are few indeed, having been almost entirely destroyed by the triumphant avengers of their country's wrongs, so that a few scattered vestiges alone remain to attest the presence of the de-

tested invaders. It was only in 1784, under Joseph II., that the city of Ofen became the residence of the Court.

After the recovery of Ofen, and its re-occupation by its legitimate owners, the place was honoured by becoming the depositary of the regalia of Hungary; and in 1806 a benevolent scheme was here carried out, which has added lustre to the memory of its promoter, his Serene Highness the Archduke Reichs-Palatin. In compliance with his commands, a bath, of ample dimensions, was provided for the sick poor, in order that they might not be excluded from the healing gifts which Heaven had so freely bestowed for the benefit of all.

"I can assure you," said our informant, "that from that hour the blessing of God seemed to descend upon the place; and as if in recompense for the benefits they had been the means of conferring, the fame of the virtues of these healing waters spread far and wide. In a short time the original Bath-house had to be enlarged to twice its size, and even then scarcely sufficed to receive the numerous wealthy guests who flocked hither from all parts; so that as long ago as in 1842 it was a colossal building, as remarkable for its external beauty as for the comfort, luxury, and splendour of the interior arrangements, and very little inferior, whether in extent or grandeur, to what you see it now."

After we had inspected the grand old Turkish bath, now used as a swimming bath by the ladies—who pass whole mornings, attired in the most becoming costumes, floating about like mermaids in its tepid waters—and had looked at numberless single baths, douches, vapour-baths, sulphur-baths, and baths of every possible denomination, the Badmeister took us to see the public bath. It was a strange

sight, unprepared as we were for it, and the Bad-meister was heartily amused at our amazement. After leading us, through a stone passage out of the garden, into a cellar-like chamber, lofty and vaulted, moss grown and crepuscular, he pushed open a clumsy wooden door, and introduced us into the bath-chamber itself. It was a gloomy, cavernous-looking place of some extent, nearly dark, but for a glimmer of light which poured in from a small square-shaped window in the end wall, near the roof, and a steamy vapour rose from the water, which filled up nearly the whole area to the level of the door, leaving a narrow stone step all round. The form of the building was oblong, and the stones with which it was lined were covered with a dark green, moss-like coating. It was difficult, after the strong sun-light, at first to detect what was going on within; but after a few minutes we began to distinguish some dozen or more of living creatures, either sitting on the edge or floating about in the water, men and women bathing promiscuously together, or rather lazily enjoying the tepid temperature of the air and water. The sight was by no means an attractive one. They were for the most part haggard, wrinkled creatures, with dank hair hanging over their faces and shoulders, in forms resembling rats' tails; so we bade a rapid adieu to these elderly naiäds and forbidding tritons, who seemed equally pleased to be rid of our presence.

The gardens round these baths betray oriental taste, and the tropical plants, transplanted hither by the Turks, continue to flourish, owing, as is supposed, to the temperature maintained by the heat of the water. Besides the Egyptian lotus, we find the oleander, aloe, palmetto, and a brilliant variety of cactuses, the effect of which is fairy-like.

At the foot of the Blocksberg is another similar relic of

Turkish occupation. The entrance exhibits a curious bit of Saracenic architecture, and in addition to the baths intended for the use of those who can afford to pay, there is a public bath, similar to the one we have described at the Kaiserbad, and likewise used by the poor of both sexes promiscuously.

According to our guide the mineral waters of Pesth are the most therapeutic in the world: there is *no* complaint for which they are not a specific.

The Bad-meister was a good-natured fellow, and seemed to take a great fancy to our party; he was quite pleased to be able to enlighten our ignorance on all the points on which we questioned him, and now and then returned the compliment by catechising us about England, her manufactures and progress, her seaside watering-places and her mineral springs. Finding we were somewhat curious about the little Turkish mosque on the hill above the Kaiserbad, he offered to conduct us thither, and we accordingly started on the expedition. The weather—so cold the night previous—was now intensely hot, and as we toiled up the ascending gradients we might have fancied ourselves at the equator. At length we reached the entrance to the vineyard within which stands this singular and solitary Turkish monument. We now began to ascend a rough stone staircase embowered in vines, and at last came to a small plateau, in the centre of which the building stands. It is a roughish stone structure, Moorish in form, the ground plan an octagon, and the entrance by a foliated Moorish arch. It is divided into two chambers, the habitation of the two old Turks, who however were absent. At a depth of some twenty feet beneath the soil lies buried the celebrated old prophet, "*Gul Baba*," Anglicè, "The Father of Roses." We have already

mentioned the annual pilgrimage hither, now reduced to a deputation of one solitary Turk to represent the whole nation.

In 1867, however, when the Sultan passed through Pesth on his way home from England, he intimated his intention of visiting the only spot left to remind Europe that his predecessors were once masters here; and the owner of the vineyard, desirous to honour the advent of his distinguished visitor, went to great expense, and gave himself considerable trouble, to deck out the place and decorate the approach. The rough stairs leading up to it, and the lawn on which it stands, were covered with scarlet baize, and the whole place was elaborately decorated with flowers, while a triumphal arch was erected at the entrance of the grounds, and covered with "Welcomes," and other devices. The day came, all was ready, and the people thronged *en masse* to see His Highness alight, yet hour after hour passed—and no Sultan. The crowd was losing temper, as crowds will when their patience is taxed too far, and at length it seemed pretty certain that there must be some difficulty or error. Still the people lingered, but the object of their expectation came not; and at length word was brought that the Sultan had "changed his mind" and had passed through Pesth without stopping. When the train stopped, he had been apprised of the locality he had reached, but happening just at that moment to feel disposed for a nap, he had turned himself round, taken another whiff out of his hookah, and intimated by a sign that he had altered his intention and was going to sleep! It would be difficult to express the disgust with which this announcement was received, and the sympathy of all was with the poor fellow who had put himself to the expense of preparing for such an indolent and egotistical visitor.

The good-natured "Bad-meister," who seemed indefatigable in his endeavours to serve us, now proposed to shew us the way to the "Burg," as he thought we should do well to see it, now that we were on this side of the water, and might then return by the Ellipse, the Tunnel, and the Suspension Bridge. We expressed our reluctance to take him so far; but he would hear of no thanks, and declared he was the gainer, as he always greatly enjoyed the society of English people. We shewed him some little views of different parts of England, which we happened to carry among our sketch-books, and with which he was so delighted that we begged his acceptance of them, as a *souvenir* of the pleasant morning we had spent.

As we quitted the outskirts, to turn towards the Festungsburg, the Bad-meister pointed out to us a very handsome and extensive modern building, with a fine stone *façade*, standing in large grounds. This, he told us, was the new Lunatic asylum, and it is quite full, although Pesth possesses several others. We were not surprised to hear this, in a country where political fervour is carried to such an extreme, but we could not discover that there was anything new or peculiar in the system pursued here.

Owing to the many and various gradients on which the old city of Ofen is reared, its aspect is very peculiar, and its character altogether distinctive. Of its ascents and descents we had a good opportunity of judging, as we walked the whole length of the town, starting from the Turkish Mosque, to the Blocksberg.

Buda is said to derive its name from Buda, the brother of Attila, who made it his residence, and did much towards its improvement. Higher up the river is the Sicambria of the Romans, now called O-Buda or Alt-Ofen, and still containing many evidences of Roman occupation.

It boasts several handsome modern buildings, and is thickly peopled for its size. It is separated from Buda proper by a simple barrier; and may, therefore, be regarded almost as a suburb.

Buda is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the Schloss-berg, the central portion being included in the Festung, and upper town, surrounded by walls and bastions. It has five suburbs — Wasserstadt, Landstrasse, Neustift, Tabau or Raitzenstadt, and Christinastadt.

The city lies back to a considerable extent from the steep river-bank, on which stands commandingly the Burg and its grounds. It has fine open squares and monuments, and its streets are, for the most part, handsome, being built with great regularity. Among many imposing edifices are the Viceroy's Palace, the Arsenal, the Garrison, the Church, the Town-hall, the Government offices, the Houses of Assembly, the University, and the residences of public servants, civil and military. There are also several showy churches, thirteen in number, Catholic and Protestant.

In the Neustift is a column, fifty feet high, dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, in memory of the cessation of the plague in 1710. In the Raitzenstadt is to be seen the Greek Church, and near it the residence of the Greek Bishop. There is a Jews' synagogue, of course. There are also many charitable institutions, such as hospitals, infirmaries, and orphan-asylums, with a lazaretto, and a refuge for sailors.

We were told that the chief commerce of Buda is in the fine wines produced by the adjacent provinces, sometimes reaching from five to six million gallons a year; but it has also some manufactories of silks, velvets, woollen and linen stuffs and tobacco.

Buda is a most primitive town; especially considering its size and its importance. The antiquated condition of its inhabitants, in many respects, strikes one at every step; and as one looks in at the quaint and curious shop-windows, the principle of the division of labour does not appear to have had much to do with the commercial transactions of the good people of Buda.

No conqueror who ever took possession of this portion of the Danube could have failed to cast an admiring eye on the bold and commanding height which overlooks an almost boundless expanse, and to exclaim, "What a spot for a Palace!" Nature must have had empire in her mind when she laid these noble foundations, a fitting site indeed for authority and defence; and no one can look upon that rock-built fortress, and its firm, defiant basis without awe. The present palace is a grand and imposing, though comparatively modern edifice, and some idea of its aspect may be conveyed in the information that its length is nearly 600 feet, and its height in proportion, while with its two massive side wings it embraces the spacious Burg-platz. The *façade* on the river side is magnificent, and the lofty porticoed balcony, which forms the projecting centre, commands perhaps the finest view in the world.

Since the first Burg erected here by Bela IV., and destroyed by the Mongols, palace after palace has reared itself on this highly favoured spot, and the memories of their splendour survive to cast the present building somewhat into the shade. Halls and chambers, sculpture and decoration, marble and gilding, columns and cornices may be replaced; art and wealth will probably always exist, and may at any time be brought into requisition to restore what war has destroyed; but there is one loss which must ever be deplored as utterly irreparable—that of the

choice and renowned library, containing many rare—and unhappily unique—specimens, whether of MSS., *incunables*, or more recently printed works, which, partly during the reign of Zápolya in 1527, partly under Vladislaus II., and again under Ludwig II., but chiefly under the Turks, has entirely disappeared. Strange to say, also, not a picture adorns the walls, and not a piece of sculpture or an article of *vertù* exists within the Burg, to record the tastes and predilections of its occupants. In this respect the Palace of one of the Sovereigns of modern Europe is on a par with the hut of the humblest of his subjects.

The first stone of the present Palace was laid on the 13th May, 1749, by the Palatine Graf Johann Pálfy von Erdöd. Maria Theresa occupied it frequently. Within the western wing is the chapel, with its clock-tower, and here also are enshrined the treasured regalia, objects of universal veneration in Magyar-land. These are the holy "Stefanskrone," and the sword, sceptre, orb, mantle, and shoes of St. Stephen. The prestige which attaches to these insignia of royalty is wonderfully maintained: the feeling they inspire may almost be called the poetry of worship, and one scarcely realizes its depth and power until one hears a Magyar speak of these, almost more than sacred, relics. Volumes have been written upon them: songs and poems relate the various legends to which these time-honoured and enduring treasures have given rise; and their capture and recovery, their concealments and hair-breadth escapes, are the theme of endless romances. Every scratch or mark that can be traced upon them has its minute and particular explanation; and historiographers have passed their lives in searching out all the adventures and incidents to which they have been subjected, the journeys they have made, and the spots on which they have shed an odour of sanctity by their presence. It is

said that no less than twelve volumes have been written in explanation of the curious fact that the cross on the summit of the crown is bent on one side, and that no two persons are agreed as to the cause of this singular disfigurement. We ourselves put the question to five different authorities, and they all differed in their replies.

Count Zichy's version was, that the accident which caused it had happened previously to the presentation of the crown to St. Stephen by Pope Sylvester I., and that, out of respect to the donor, the monarch had been unwilling to have it repaired. Professor Rónay believed the injury to have been occasioned by a blow received by one of the early Kings in battle, and that it had ever since been left as an honourable scar. The Prince Primate's view of the case was, that it had upon a remote occasion been necessary to secrete the "holy crown" in a great hurry, to preserve it from the profane rapacity of the infidels, and that the only place of concealment at hand had been an iron chest, which proving too small, the cross was bent as we see it. The guardian of the Picture gallery at Pesth, on his part, assured us that, in the days when kings wore their crowns on the battle-field, it had fallen from the head of the monarch, and had been thus bruised; while the old Sacristan of the Chapel Royal, in which these treasures are preserved, declared the damage to have occurred at the coronation of King Ludwig II., when it fell out of the hand of the officiating prelate at the very moment he was about to place it on the head of the infant Sovereign. "Ludwig the Second," he added, "was manifestly born to be unlucky, and a strange fatality attended him from the cradle to the grave. His very birth and death were mysterious. Only listen to this" said the old man in a solemn voice, which he lowered to a whisper, as if he were about to pronounce some ghostly

tale, "Ludwig II. was a seven months' child. At the age of three he lost his father, and was crowned King of Hungary, attaining his majority at fourteen; at sixteen they married him to the sister of Ferdinand I. and Charles V., and at twenty he died. . . . . Ah! but how did he die? Who knows? Alas! that hapless young man's fate will ever be a mystery. At the battle of Mohacs he disappeared, and no trace of him was ever found! It was supposed—but only supposed—that mounted and armed as he was, he and his horse sunk into the bosom of the earth, in a morass near where the battle was fought."

We must add the testimony of the Abbot of Tihany, who believed the crown to have been injured during the time it was in possession of Count Sigmund's daughter, who stole and buried it.

Roughly given, the localities it has chiefly occupied are Ofen, Vissegrad, Stuhlweissenberg, and Pressburg, in all of which cities coronations have taken place. In 1304 the crown was taken to Bohemia, in 1440 to Vienna, and in 1541 to Klausenberg. In 1849, Kossuth carried it away with him; and, not knowing whither to convey it for safety, had it buried at the foot of a hill called Allien, on a promontory at the influx of the Everna to the Danube. On the 8th September, 1853, this hiding-place was discovered, and the crown was deposited first at Vienna, but finally at Ofen, where it has ever since been jealously locked up, sealed, and guarded, and never sees the light except when required to figure in the ceremony of a coronation, when its iron case is opened, in presence of official personages, with great precautions, and under prescribed regulations most strictly observed. The mummified hand of St. Stephen, and other relics, are also preserved in this chapel with religious care.

We were invited to walk in the grounds, which are beauti-

fully laid out, and to survey the view, open to the winding river, and a vast extent of scenery on the left, but partly closed in by the massive ruins which crown the Blocksberg on the right. We then went over the Palace, conducted by an aged chamberlain, who was very good-natured, volunteering to take us into all the private apartments, and who talked of the Royal family in terms of affectionate respect. He spoke touchingly of the grief of the Emperor and Empress—"King and Queen," of course, he called them—when they lost the little Princess, who, it seems, died here. The private apartments are an exact repetition of the state suite, except that the draperies, &c., are of a mauve colour, specially chosen by the Queen herself. The interior arrangements of palaces are so much alike everywhere—merely offering a series of rooms, exhibiting costly furniture and decorations, in the selection of which the taste and choice of the occupier have taken no part—that, generally speaking, they can inspire little interest, and the absence of any distinctive evidences of taste or mental bias renders the inspection, in the present instance, peculiarly dry.

We forbear to describe banquet-halls and ball-rooms, state drawing-rooms, corridors, vestibules, staircases, and throne-rooms, where not a solitary work of art relieves the rich upholstery: their character may be summed up in one line—they were as gorgeous as money could make them. The portion of the Burg which most attracted us was the central balcony, with its superb and bewitching view. We could have remained gazing there for hours. Towering at a height of 300 feet above the noble river, it commands the city of Pesth on the opposite side, with the elegant and busy suspension-bridge; while the imposing, stone-built, palaces and public edifices, the quays and terraces, the domes and steeples, vary the outline,

and increase the interest with which we contemplate this living proof of the new birth of a people. Below our feet, and to the right and left, flowing between boundless Putztas, lies the broad, winding, silvery band of the Danube, covered with shipping, and telling of busy traffic and growing prosperity; while beyond, the blue mountains fill up the horizon and mingle with the sky. These, with the steep acclivity on which we stand, masked by the buildings and gardens which cover its rugged inequalities, and, to the right, the bold and jagged peaks of the Blocksberg, with the remains of the old ruined fortress crowning its plateau, form a group of objects as striking in the picture, as are the events in which they have figured in their country's history.

Halfway down the hill is an elaborate steam-apparatus for forcing water up to the Palace.

Buda contains some handsome churches and public buildings, and also several family mansions, or rather palaces of the nobility; among others those of the Zichy and Teleky families. There is also in Georg's Platz a memorial monument to General Henzi.

Taking the Bad-meister's advice, we made our way down to the "ellipse" by a winding path tastefully planted, and which leads to an elliptical plateau, whence starts another winding path; there are seats placed at intervals, and on the ellipse itself is a café and restauration. This descent is ingenious, and must have presented considerable engineering difficulties, which have been successfully overcome, converting a steep acclivity into an agreeable, unique, and ornamental promenade. Here we found ourselves at the extremity of the grand tunnel, cut through the living rock, and forming a most useful thoroughfare—another improvement by the indefatigable Count Széchenyi, and conducting straight to his fine suspension bridge. The cost of the

tunnel was about 514,000 florins. It is 1086 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 25 to 32 high, and has an elaborate stone *façade* at either extremity. A venerable old Jew, who might pass, as to his long grey beard and his flowing wrap, for an impersonation of Shylock, sits in a small sentry-box within the archway, and takes the toll in the grumpiest way possible.

We went to the National Opera-House, where we had hoped to have heard some native music, but found the piece was to be the *Sonnambula*, with a Hungarian libretto. There are however several clever Magyar composers, among whom Erkel seems to be the favourite, but he has only written two operas. Bellini's music was on this occasion most creditably performed, the primo tenore, Paoli, and his wife, the prima donna, called Paoliné, but *née* Makrowitch, being great acquisitions to the company. Both had fine voices, and sang with artistic taste and expression, acting with much feeling and spirit in the respective characters of Elvino and Amina. The audience manifested an intelligent appreciation of the performance, and warmly applauded whatever was excellent, with the gusto of connoisseurs. They have evidently a natural, rather than a cultivated feeling for music, and they appeared to be mostly of the middle and lower middle classes, but the house was not half full. There was no ballet or second piece, and the entertainment may have been of about two hours duration. No one went out between the acts, and the intervals were less protracted than in England, but the *mise en scène* could by no means be termed elaborate, and exhibited no signs of the progression made by other countries in the scenic department of dramatic art.

Subjoined is a facsimile of our play-bill, which will serve to give some idea of the language.

Bérlet 128 szám.

Nemzeti Szinház.

Pest, kedden, september 24-én,

Alvajáró.

Opera 3 felvonásban. Irta Romani, zenéjét Bellini. Forditotta. Deáki Fülöp Sámuel. Karnagy: Huber Károly. Rendező: Böhm Gusztáv.

Szemelyek:

Gróf Rudolfo, falusi földesur	—	Bodorfi.
Teréz, özvegy molnárné	—	Csillag Róza.
Amina, Teréz fogadott leánya	—	Pauliné.
Elvino, tehetös falusi ifju	—	Pauli.
Lizi, fogadósnö, fiatal özvegy	—	Human Olga.
Alessio, falusi legény	—	Udvarhelyi S.
Jegyzö	—	Hubenai.

Kar. Majorosok. Falusi lakosok. Ifjak.
Szinhely: falu a helvét havasok aján.

Kezdete 7 órakor, vége 9 után.
Köszeghy, rekedt.

Helyárak:

Földszinti vagy Elsö emeleti páholy	7 frt.	Földszinti bemenet	ft 70 kr.
Másodemeleti páholy	6 „	Földszti gyermekjegy	„ 40 „
		Másodemeleti zártszék	80 „
		Másodemeleti bemenet	40 „
Erkélyszék	1 ft. 50 kr.	Másodemeleti gyermekjegy	20 „
Földszinti zártszék	1 „ 10 „	Karzati bemenet	20 „

Jegyeket válthatni reggeli 9—12, delutáni 3—5 óra közt.

Bérlet-hirdetmény.

1867 october 1 töl bérlet nyittatik felévre, évnegyedre és egy hónapra következö árban oszt. ért. szerint:

Erkélyszék	félévre	126 frt. — kr.	évnegyedre	—	25 frt. 20 kr.
Földszinti zártszék	„	92 frt 40 kr.	egy hónapra	—	21 frt. — kr.
Földszinti bemenet	„	49 frt. 35 kr.	„	—	15 frt. 75 kr.
évnegyedre	—	63 frt. — kr.	„	—	8 frt. 40 kr.
„	—	47 frt. 25 kr.			

Minden bérlés ez egész bérletösszeg elöfizetése mellett történik.

A páholybérlö uraságok kéretnek egész tisztelettel, hogy a jelen szinházi félévre esö bérletöszveget a bérlethirdetmény értelmében october 1-ig méltóztassanak a pénztárnál lefizetni.—Bérleni lehet Kéler László penztárnoknál, reggeli 9 órától delután 1 óráig a nappali pénztárnál.—Estve a pénztárnál bérleni nem lehet.

Nyomatott Emich Gusztáv, m. akad. nyomdásznál. N. b. k. h.
Kiadta *Csepregi*, titkár.

On alternate nights a comedy or melodrama is performed, also in Hungarian, but often a translation. The Stadt-theater is for German performances; but the delight of the people, and another reminiscence of Count Széchenyi, is the "Ungarische Volkstheater" at Buda. It is a slightly constructed building with unboarded floor, and betrays a general roughness in its condition which shews it to be what it calls itself—the "people's theatre." This is entirely devoted to the encouragement of national music and national pieces. We there saw a capital vaudeville, acted with wonderful spirit and *entrain;* scenery, costumes, and all accessories very passable. The audience was loudly demonstrative, and the fun and frolic of the actors seemed to communicate itself to them. The performance began at six and lasted two hours, the orchestra being excellent. We sat in the orchestra-stalls, for which we paid 80 kr. each (2*s* 2*d*).

There are numerous Zigeuner bands about, both in Pesth and Buda, but none we have met here are comparable to the one we heard at Raab. It is by no means unusual to find them performing late at night in the cafés and Bierhalles. Concerts of all descriptions are a favourite entertainment in Pesth, and are always well attended.

Neupesth, in the environs, is an interesting spot, and surrounded with "schlosses" and villas. Near it is Palota, much frequented by excursionists from Pesth on account of the beauty of its situation. Near the railway station an enterprising hotel-keeper has established a capital "Restauration," surrounded by ornamental promenades, in a piece of forest land which he found there; and a thermal spring, which rises here, and which was discovered in 1865, adds its attractions to the natural beauties of the place.

From Palota a short drive brings us to Föth, the property of Count Stefan Karolyi. The park, with its beautiful groves, prairies, and lakes, is the admiration of all beholders; the house also is well-proportioned and handsome, but the most wonderful portion of it is the chapel, a masterpiece of architecture, and the pride of the neighbourhood.

Beyond this lies Gödöllo, the summer palace of the Emperor-King, which he not long since bought as a country residence for his children, to the delight of the Magyars, who are greatly pleased at this evidence of the intention of the royal family to be frequently among them. It belonged formerly to Count Grassalkowiz, who held the post of "Kammer-präsident," and made himself an immortal reputation by his patriotic efforts in the interests of posterity.

It is a handsome building, in the *façade* of which figures a marble colonnade, while a noble gallery communicates with the spacious and handsome vestibule. But the great glory of the place consists in its having once, during a few days, been the residence of her "Kaiser-Konigliche, Apostolische Majestät, Maria Theresa," since which time the rooms occupied by the august visitor have been preserved from all plebeian or even patrician use, and are still called by her name.

The bed-chamber, or "Theresien-zimmer," is furnished with the costliest materials and magnificently fitted up. The bed stands beneath a richly carved *baldachino*, draped with crimson satin-damask, and adorned with gold lace and fringe. Among other valuables which enrich this chamber is a beautifully executed portrait of this "glorious Empress-Queen." There are upwards of a hundred chambers in this Schloss, and the reception-rooms are very spacious.

In the grounds, behind the dwelling, and surrounded by the "Thier-garten," or Menagerie, stands a small building called the "Konigsberg." Here we find a collection of busts of all the kings of Hungary. The Schloss-chapel is built in the Grecian style, but with four domes, and is dedicated to St. John Nepomucene—a favourite saint in this part of the world, where his statue appears on almost every bridge. There is a fine riding-school attached to the building, and the park is one of the most extensive in Hungary.

The village is improving and increasing yearly in extent. In the life-time of the lamented Graf, although he never obtained, or perhaps wished for, the reputation of a Peabody, he had himself built upwards of a hundred new houses for the poorer population, and had erected on his land a commodious and well arranged lodging-house, or inn, for travellers of the poorer class.

From Gödöllo is an avenue leading to Beschuye, the family burial-place of this illustrious family. This place had been before their days, from time immemorial, a desert waste, and was first brought under the notice of the late Graf by the discovery, among some rubbish heaped up there, of a small figure of the Virgin, about the length of two fingers. As no one could account for its presence the incident seemed to partake of the miraculous, and the Graf resolved to build his palace on the favoured spot. To commemorate the event, he caused a beautiful white marble statue, representing the Immaculate Conception, to be executed, and erected it in front of the dwelling.

Still further to carry out his pious intentions, the Count built here a church and a Capuchin convent. Beneath this church is the family vault, intended, and admitted to be, the finest in the whole kingdom. Many pilgrimages are

made to this church. In order to encourage these pious visits, and to lighten the task to pilgrims and travellers, the late Count erected ten houses for their accommodation, which they are at liberty to occupy, during a certain number of days, free of all charge. He also constructed, at great expense, an extensive cellar in the "*Weingebirgen*," capable of containing stores to the amount of many thousand *eimers*.

At Gödollö, the Royal family really enjoy themselves: it may be called the Petit Trianon of Francis Joseph, where all state is banished and all restraint is laid aside; it is one of those unexacting retreats where kings put their crowns in a bandbox and sleep in their nightcaps. The very sentinels are, virtually, dispensed with; the armed representative of military protection makes way for the brave but weaponless peasant, whose loyal heart and strong arm are his sovereign's best defence. The King, the Queen—for they are "King and Queen" here—and their children stroll about unincumbered with the trammels of pomp and ceremony, bound to attend them elsewhere. Here they commune with nature and nature's children, and from the unsophisticated lives of the simple peasants, they gain experiences often denied to courts.

There is an excursion well worth making, to Mohacs—a spot rich in historical memories no less than in wild and beautiful scenery. The Franciscan Monastery here must not remain unvisited, for it is the depository of one of those grand pages in a nation's history which fire the enthusiasm whether of patriot, painter, or poet. Here it was that took place, in 1526, that fierce and decisive contest between Soliman the Magnificent, at the head of his mighty and resistless army of 200,000 men, and the brave but unfortunate King Ludovic II., supported by only 30,000. That these should

have been mown down at the first onset, like so many sheep led to the slaughter, is not surprising; and that two and twenty thousand men should have succumbed to this disparity of numbers (which their bravery took not into account,) was only a natural consequence; but that—among the many melancholy episodes of this disastrous day, which saw the flower of the Magyar nobility and hierarchy swept off the face of the earth—four brothers, scions of the princely house of Esterhazy, should have all fallen side by side, is a fact not often exampled in the history of battles. The sequel to this quadruple catastrophe was dramatic: the funeral *cortéges* of these four young warriors left the town simultaneously, by the four different gates of the city, to meet at their common grave. The youthful sovereign, leader of this ill-fated army, was last seen bravely charging the foe, but in the *mêlée* which followed he disappeared, and his subsequent fate has remained a gloomy enigma, for none witnessed either his capture or his death. There can now be little doubt that horse and rider, hotly pursued, turned they knew not whither, and sank together in the morass of Czecze. The nation bowed under this momentous calamity, and resigning themselves to it as a visitation of Heaven, recognize it in history as "Das Unglück bei Mohacs."

The swamps of this portion of the banks of the Danube are still undrained, and at Kalotscha, lying between Mohacs and Pesth, they are so extensive that, at night, the croaking of frogs may be heard at a considerable distance, to the utter perplexity of those who are unaware that myriads of these amphibiæ inhabit this congenial territory.

With the gallant young Ludovic expired the last of his

house, and Hungary now remained a prey to Ottoman invasion for more than a century and a half. In 1687, another desperate encounter, however, took place on the same spot, which turned the balance against the infidel power, and retrieved the fortunes of war. The Magyars, triumphantly victorious, rigidly reclaimed their due, and as if in compensation for the two and twenty thousand men they had lost in the first memorable conflict of Mohacs, they left twenty thousand Moslem corpses scattered over the plain, while they themselves lost scarcely six hundred men.

CHAPTER VI.

We leave Pesth—Incidents of travel—Our luxurious fellow-traveller—Our first glimpse of Lake Balaton—We halt at Sciófok—Our difficulty—An officious official—Jews' holy day—Sunday—Curious old village Church—Primitive arrangements—Striking Peasant-costume—The Sacristan—Rustic courtships—Hungarian cottages—Quaint bake-house—Jew-bread—Our Cavalier-like landlord—A new arrival—Leave-taking—Our Jehu—Scenery—Roadside incidents—Arrive at Szantód—A new difficulty—A Village conclave—Start on our own responsibility—A Gipsy band—Our picturesque fellow-passengers—Sunset on the Lake—Village of Tihany—Resort to the Monastery—The Lord Abbot—A Monastic interior—Inmates of the Abbey—Supper in the Refectory—The Prior, the Doctor—Father Egidius—Night view of the Lake—The Abbot's early Mass—The Prior's Mass—Wild and beautiful prospect—View of Füred from the Promontory—Village children—Petrifactions—Legend of the Lake—The Echo.

It was on a clear, sharp autumn morning, when the clocks were chiming half-past four, that the Kellner of the "Jägerhorn" came rattling at the door of our ante-room. What a nuisance the fellow seemed, to be sure! . . . .

He "told 'twas sun-rise, and we cursed that" . . . waiter.

It is to be feared that we fulfilled our destiny that morning with a very bad grace, and shivered through the process of dressing, in a most unphilosophical condition of mind. The provocation was great: for this was not all. The Magyars—like other people—have their own notions of business, and

their own ways of doing things; and at that hour no conveyance was to be had that would carry us from our door to the station. There *was* a public omnibus—an *open* one!—which started from its office at the proper hour, and to that, we had—reluctantly, or not—to go on foot; so, like the day itself, thoroughly sulky, half asleep and half awake, thither we dragged ourselves, and only saw the first streaks of dawn redden the sky as we crossed the bridge on our way to the Buda side, whence the train started, and from which point we were to take a regretful leave of the Danube.

As there was little to see on the road, we ensconced ourselves, each in a snug corner of the railway carriage, to finish our broken repose. But alas! there is no peace for the railway traveller, and just as we had returned into the blissful unconsciousness of slumber, what could be more provoking than to be startled out of it by a sudden jolt, and to open our eyes on a strange face in close proximity, holding under one's chin a plate of cold *boiled* sausages!

We should have liked to hang them round the fellow's neck, but it was useless to shew temper, so we resisted the temptation, and contented ourselves with calmly drawing up the window. The waiter stood rebuked, and retreated; but it was only to make way for another disturber of our quiet, who was not so easily disposed of. He was a liveried valet, who, throwing open the door majestically, and with a superb sense of his own and his master's dignity, got in with a large and very handsome fur cloak, which he spread ostentatiously on the seat, requesting everybody to "make way for my lord." By the side of this he placed a moderate-sized but handsomely made travelling bag of morocco leather, and then retreated to give place to the

great man he served, and of whom he had been only the precursor. He *was* a great man in all senses, our new fellow-traveller, and he came to the door accompanied by several gentlemen, who addressed him with great deference, and finally all took off their hats to him when the train started.

The portly stranger wore the Magyar costume, and with it a broad and supple brimmed *sombrero*, which added greatly to the "cavalieresqueness" of his figure. He had a fine intelligent face, and bowed with graceful politeness as he took his seat, with what Sydney Smith used to call a "*landed* air," wrapping himself in the luxurious mantle prepared for him by his servant. How cold it must have been to render such a covering necessary!

With a scrutinizing glance at each of our party in turn, he seemed to make up his mind that we were English, and for that or some other reason, worth cultivating. So he began to address us in our own tongue, which he spoke very intelligibly, having travelled in England; and, retaining a most agreeable recollection of his visit, he assured us he had never before or since seen anything so beautiful as the green foliage and the verdant pastures of our country. London and Liverpool, too, lived in his memory: with their busy commercial streets, and thriving aspect, their bustling thoroughfares, overflowing wharves, and brimming warehouses, their wealthy mansions, and luxurious environs—they, at all events, spoke to him in a language he could understand.

A keen observer was this modern merchant-prince—for such he proved to be—and if it be true that there is a tide in the affairs of men, he had doubtless taken his at the flood, for he would not have made an inapt personification of Prosperity.

Laibach was his home. Laibach—said to owe its existence to the spoiler of the Golden-fleece: it was a suggestive birth-place. But, be his *home* where it might, his *residence* was everywhere, and his principles cosmopolitan. One might not incorrectly suspect that the great secret of his success was the habit he had acquired of doing his business himself. He was now on his way to Venice, and was going to travel to other important towns in Italy before he returned home. Whether his travels had been the cause of his wealth we know not, but one thing was plain: they had enlarged his understanding, and had given him not only an enjoyable life, but a vast amount of practical knowledge and a pleasant sociable manner, which rendered his conversation agreeable and appropriate, without being obtrusive. Among sights in and about London, the Crystal Palace had pleased him much, and he had acquired so exalted, not to say prejudiced, an opinion in favour of our country, that nothing he had seen in any other appeared to him at all comparable with his experience of England and the English. He persisted, and perhaps not without reason, in admiring the irregularity of "London architecture" more than the uniformity of New Paris, and as to the French Exhibition, although he had visited it with much interest, it was impossible to get at his ideas on that, or indeed any other subject, as long as there was any point connected with England to be discussed.

As the road approached the Balaton Lake the scenery took a new character. As the distant range of the Styrian and Carinthian mountains, which surround it, appeared, melting into the soft blue of the sky, the sun shone out in all his brightness, and the atmosphere became clear and genial.

There was little trace of habitation, and not much of cultivation, for a smoke-wreath ascending here and there from a distant shepherd's hut was the only indication of life that appeared. On the other side of the Platten-see, rises the soft and gradual but elevated ascent crowned by the old monastery of Tihany, with its double spire, and on the blue lake's edge beneath, the picturesque little bathing-town of Füred, every feature repeated in the limpid water. The Balaton Lake lies between the Danube and the Drave, and measures about fifty miles in length, and, at its widest, nine miles across: it has been considerably broader, but every year it contracts, and there is great fear that in time, like other lakes in Hungary, it will disappear and dry up altogether. It receives the waters of above thirty smaller or larger tributaries, of which the Szala is the largest. The rivers Scio and Sarviz form a communication between the Danube and the lake.

The benevolent and enlightened Count Széchenyi established here, about twenty or more years ago, a steam communication between the two banks. The boat makes two passages daily between Sciofok and Füred during the summer, and has been found of the greatest service. The Count called it the Kisfahady, after one of the most popular of the modern Hungarian poets.

At the time of our visit the season was over, and the boat had ceased running, so that some little difficulty presented itself. We had been assured, at Pesth, that we should still find this communication open, and had consequently arranged to stop at Sciofok—the spot where the waters of the lake mingle with those of the unnavigable stream of the Scio, and whence the steam-boats start. It was not until we had been deposited at this remote, unfrequented place,

and the train had disappeared, that we could make out the real state of the case; so here we were in the most out-of-the-way and un-come-at-able of Hungarian villages, where not one word of any other language was spoken, totally ignorant how to pursue our journey or even how to get away. There was nothing for it but to make the best of our position. We thought of our forlorn plight one day during our Spanish travels, when we found ourselves decoyed, though the contrivance of muleteers and diligence-conductors, into a savage little mud-built hamlet on the borders of the Sierra Morena, whence we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves; but it was different here. Without any more civilization, or any better means of existence, the "people" of Hungary are vastly superior to those of Spain, and *here* we felt no discomfort at finding ourselves in a position precisely similar to that which *there* filled us with alarm. The honest Magyars inspired us with no apprehension but that we should ultimately make our way through the difficulty; the only drawback being our inability to communicate with the villagers, and we thought ourselves peculiarly fortunate in finding, among the few and simple railway officials, an old Italian, who, having long lived here, understood Hungarian, and offered to interpret for us. We told him that our wish was to cross the lake to Füred, and that our calculations had been thrown out by finding that the steamer had ceased running. The Italian—a wily old fellow—pulled a long face: "Alas!" said he, "what an unlucky day you have chosen! there are only two carriages in the place, which belong to Jews, and, behold! this is a fast of the Jews, on which neither for the love of God nor man will they be persuaded to stir. Ahimé, Ahimé, what is to be done!"

"But we don't want a carriage: as Füred is on the other side of the lake we want a boat."

"A boat! Excellency, you know not what you are talking about; there is no boat at this place that would take you across the lake: the thing could not be done. Your only way is to take a carriage to Szantód, where you will find the ferry, and where alone you can cross, as the two promontories of Szantód and Tihany reduce the width to about a fifth of what it would be at any other point."

"Well, then, you must seek for some other sort of conveyance; we are not particular; any kind of vehicle will do, if the Jews are not to be treated with."

"I will see what I can do, Excellency," said the Italian, "if you will let me know where to find you when I have made the negociation."

"Is there any kind of inn in this place where we can put up, as there seems to be no accommodation of any kind in your station?"

"Oh, yes, there is a capital inn, kept by a *galantuomo*, who will supply you with all you want: yonder it lies. You have only to go on, and I will meet you there by-and-bye."

So to the "capital inn" we turned our steps, rather doubtful as to what this Venetian gentleman's ideas might be on the subject. It would have required a conjuror to detect which of the small, low, one-storeyed cottages, mingled with barns and threshing-floors, stables and cow-sheds, could possibly be an inn of *any* sort, and it was only by continually repeating the word "*fogada*," with a note of interrogation after it, that we succeeded, after a walk of about three-quarters of a mile, in discovering the object of our search.

This desolate collection of scattered dwellings, a curious

old church and presbytery, a village-green, and a duck-pond, were the distinguishing features of the hamlet of Sciofok. As it was Sunday morning, and there was but one Mass—at nine o'clock—we contented ourselves with depositing our hand-luggage at the inn, ordering our breakfast, and then made our way to the church.

Curious as it may seem, there were not a few things altogether new to us, as well as extremely interesting, in that unknown village of Sciofok.

The cottage architecture was very peculiar; the houses being, as we have said, mostly, if not altogether, of one storey, plastered and whitewashed, and all, or nearly all, built with a cloister in front of them. In this outer wall, between which and the wall of the house ran a bricked passage, scrupulously white-washed, were openings of the same size as the windows, and opposite them. In some cases these orifices were open to the ground, in others they corresponded in length with the windows: some were arched and some rectangular. Within these, the inmates suspend their fruits or grain to dry, and often they are thickly hung with the pods of Indian corn drying, against the spring, when it is threshed. There is not a tenement in Sciofok that in any way suggests the idea of a shop; and if any trade is carried on between the inhabitants, it must be in the most primitive way.

The effect of this style of building is altogether peculiar to Hungary, and is often highly picturesque, as the form affords an occasion for very beautiful cast-shadows.

One cottage down a broad lane attracted our attention, from the circumstance that we saw a number of people entering with raw loaves in trays carried on their heads, and others coming out with similar trays of fine brown, crusty-looking, cakes, of a shape and texture unknown to us;

we therefore turned aside to ascertain what was going forward. The interior scene was a complete mystery. The cottage was by no means light within, the floor being about two feet below the ground, so that there were two or three descending steps into it. The floor was paved with large stone flags, and a man with his sleeves turned up to his shoulders, and wearing a white cooking-cap on his head, was standing, pele in hand, at the door of an oven which glowed like a furnace, putting in and drawing out loaves or cakes, such as we had seen; while a woman stood beside him, handing him the one and receiving the other. Some very classically-shaped stone jars, apparently the domestic pottery of the locality, stood about.

On inquiring if they would sell us some of this bread, they assured us they dared not, as none of it belonged to them, but was brought there to be baked. This was a great day with the Jews, who it appears are almost as numerous as the Christians in this little place, and these cakes, which were of a peculiar compound, known only to themselves, were made on the previous day by the Jews, and sent in to be baked, as no Jew could do any work on that day. It appeared that the bakers were themselves Christians; but, for that day at least, they, and their oven, and all that was needed for the operation, were given up to the service of the Jews.

As we proceeded, we could not but be struck by the concourse of village-folk pursuing the direction of the church, the bells of which were now calling the faithful within its fold. The costume of that sequestered population was a decided novelty to us; and the air with which some of the young *beaux* of Sciofok wore their Sunday finery was "as good as a play" to see. Solomon in all his glory was

surely never arrayed like one of these . . . . lilies of the field, as they might not inaptly be styled, for white is the prevailing colour of their raiment, and their long, ample, starched linen trousers, with white fringes covering the ankle—their white shirts with large loose sleeves, only covered by an embroidered, dark blue, sleeveless jacket, open in front, and scarcely reaching the waist behind—made them look like so many white spots in the landscape. Beneath these wide pantaloons they wear the high Hungarian boots ; and when not in full dress, or when their trousers have seen a few days wear, they stuff them into the boots, and then appear as if attired in a Dutchman's knickerbockers. The hat is sometimes of straw, but occasionally of felt : often broad in the brim, and narrowed towards the top of the crown—often cylindrical, and altogether brimless. Around it they wear a wreath of artificial roses ; or a bunch of bright coloured flowers, a single feather, or a plume of several, at the side, with a gay ribbon and floating streamers. It is worthy of remark that variety in attire seems to prevail less among the fair than the "un-fair" sex. The girls, if they wear gay colours, are at all events inexpensively habited as to material, and there is an entire absence of those gold and silver trinkets with which, throughout the rest of Europe, it is the wont of peasant-women to deck their persons. The only ornament they wear in their hair is a piece of bright-coloured ribbon, plaited into the single tail into which it is gathered, and which hangs straight down their backs (exactly as we remarked it at St. Sebastian), with a large bow and streamers at the end.

The *coup d'œil* on entering the venerable little church was striking in the extreme. It appeared to be nothing more than the chancel of some ancient Gothic church, the

rest of which, at some remote period, had either been destroyed or had fallen into decay, the remainder having been patched up to serve the purpose of the whole. It had been frequently and clumsily repaired, the walls were thickly coated with whitewash, and all the wood-work was riddled by the ravages of worms, which no paint had ever driven away.

The effect, however, was as picturesque as it was quaint. There was a good deal of warm colour in the roughly painted banners, the faded hangings, the altar drapery, and the vestments of the venerable white-haired priest who said, and the scarlet-cassocked chorister who served, the Mass, as the sun streamed in at the south window, shedding its light on the chancel, and casting into a broad transparent shade the nave and the worshippers who filled it. These were remarkably devout, and they were grouped in special order: the old people occupied the benches, the men on one side, the women on the other; all down the middle knelt the young women and children, while the young men occupied the gallery behind. We remarked that the old people all used books as well as the young.

The priest was very aged and infirm, and said his Mass very slowly: his hands shook and his voice trembled. It was curious to see his Hungarian boots beneath his cassock, and not less strange was the appearance of the ancient sacristan, who wore them likewise, though covered by a long cotta, as he carried round a dark blue bag terminating in a little bell, at the end of a stick, to collect the alms of the people.

Human nature is wonderfully similar under all circumstances; and there was an amusing amount of small vanity, small courting, small rivalry, and small coquetting at the worm-eaten old church-door of that obscure village of Scio-

folk, at the conclusion of the matutinal devotions. Except in the few external accidents, which after all signify nothing, there was the same undercurrent of feeling as among the worshippers at the fashionable shrines of St. George's, Hanover Square, or the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, and the same manœuvres when the congregation poured out. We were too hungry, however, to moralize long on the meetings, and greetings, and dispersion of the "*bons villageois*," who were soon wending their way back to their cottages or distant hamlets across the fields, while we retraced ours to the inn.

Here was another subject for a painter of interiors—especially one who delights in those characteristic and tell-tale accessories which at once stamp a work with undeniable truthfulness. It was a strangely constructed house, of mud without and whitewash within. The portico, which was of the roughest description, gave entrance into a long brick-paved passage, at one end of which was the parlour, at the other the kitchen: several clumsy oak doors, opposite the entrance, admitting to the sleeping-rooms. The word "parlour," however, conveys no idea whatever of the sitting-room, living-room, or dining-room, as it may indiscriminately be called, of a Hungarian inn:—

"The floor of plaster and the walls of dung."

A long, broad, hospitable-looking painted table stood in the middle of the room, with a bench on either side of it. Two presses of painted wood, against two of the walls, contained the glass, earthenware, knives, and table linen; and in other parts of the room were two or three smaller tables, for the use of parties of four or five; the chairs being of beech. It will thus be seen that there was not much luxury. The landlord was a fine young fellow of thirty, with an honest, open countenance, and a tall figure,

dressed in the costume of his class; while a broad-brimmed hat and feather, which he doffed with much native grace, and a beard and moustache *à la* Vandyck, gave him all the appearance of a cavalier. Humble as was his hostelry, he was evidently accustomed to the society of his superiors, and his manners gave evidence that he frequently had persons of rank among his guests. He was very anxious that we should be well served, and managed to send us in a much more creditable breakfast than could have been expected in such a place. He told us that the Abbot of Tihany passed through Sciofok not unfrequently, and always halted here, and that, no longer ago than the previous day, he had been one of the guests at an ecclesiastical dinner, at which several of the Bishops had met.

While we were talking to him a great scampering of hoofs and cracking of whips was heard, and up drove a Hungarian travelling-carriage and four, from which a well-dressed, gentlemanly man alighted, and entered the inn. The landlord and he appeared to be on the best terms, and he seemed much interested in hearing of yesterday's proceedings. On this we told him that our destination was no other than the monastery of Tihany, and that we had an introduction to the Abbot from Herr Rónay.

"You do well to visit Tihany," replied the stranger, in very good German, "there are few places like it; and as for the monks, you will be delighted with them. They are all beyond sixty, for Tihany is reserved as a place of retreat for the aged and infirm of the order, and there they finish their days. It is not long since there were seven fathers there: now there are but four; but they are fine old fellows—good, pious, holy men, but at the same time men of the world, who will receive you in the most frank and cordial manner. There is nothing narrow or bigoted about them, and they greatly

enjoy the society of guests, especially of foreigners, for it is but rarely that they get a visit of that sort."

"Then we shall have no difficulty in introducing ourselves?"

"None; only it might be pleasanter, and might spare you some trouble, if, on arriving at Szantód, you were to drive to the house of their Ishban, who lives there. He manages all for the 'Geistliche,' and will direct, if he cannot himself accompany you thither."

"How do you travel from this to Szantód?" added he; "for this place is not very fertile either in carriages or horses."

"We are expecting a vehicle, which is to be begged, borrowed, or stolen for us by the intervention of an old Venetian official on the railway, who has espoused our interests. . . ."

". . . No doubt with a view to his own?"

"We had no choice but to employ him, as unhappily we do not possess your language, and he was the only one we met who could speak any other."

While we were discussing the chances of the old fellow's being able to serve us, in he came, puffing and panting with the "exertions he had taken in our behalf," to say that the 'carriage and pair' was at the door; so we went out to inspect it, while the landlord and his guest walked to the window to survey it also.

It was worth looking at; for such a 'carriage,' with a view to travelling in it, we had certainly, none of us, ever encountered. It was an oblong *cart*, about six feet long and three feet six wide, very much the worse for wear; it had four wheels, and the sides were made of rough wooden bars, sloping outwards. Springs of course were out of the question; but it was evidently intended occa-

sionally to serve for the transport of bipeds like ourselves, for two cuniform wicker baskets, which exactly fitted into it, and were stuffed with clean hay, formed four seats, having a space in the middle for the knees of the travellers. It was drawn by two stout horses, and the driver sat on the "box," whip in hand, impatient to start.

"Is this the best you can do for us?" said we, a little disappointed.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

"And pray what are we to pay for this crazy concern, Signor Veneziano?" asked we of our agent.

"Oh! if your Excellencies only knew what a trouble I have had to find it." . . . .

"Of course you have; we know all about that perfectly well, and we shall pay you for your trouble; so, apart from that, what does the driver ask?"

"Only ten florins, your Excellency, and what you like by way of a *buonamano*. You had better let me settle with him beforehand, and then he cannot cheat you when there is no one by to protect you."

"Ten florins and *trinkgeld* from here to Szantód!" cried a voice from above our heads, before we could reply, "that won't do at all: you ought to be ashamed to impose upon foreigners in that way."

We looked up, and saw our new acquaintance and the landlord at the window, both looking much displeased at the attempted trick, while the Venetian, taken completely aback, was trying to explain away the "mistake."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the Hungarian, "and let us put the saddle on the right horse:"—then calling to the driver, he said in his own language, "what have you agreed for with this man?"

"I am to take four travellers to Szantód for six florins,

because they won't give any more, and little enough it is."

We turned round to see what the crafty Italian would say to this testimony, but he had slunk away.

"Six florins and a *pourboire* are quite enough," said the landlord, turning to us; "and if he is troublesome, the Ishban will soon settle the matter at Szantód."

We thanked our polite protectors for their interference, and leaving in the landlord's hands a fee, to which we thought the Italian entitled for his trouble, were soon packed into our strange conveyance. As we were quitting the town, the landlord put into our hands a basket of fine grapes, and took leave of us with the established Hungarian salute, kissing our hands both in word and deed.

No sooner was the permissive "All right" pronounced, than off we started, at full gallop, over stones and sand, ruts and hillocks—it was all one to our Jehu. Now we were on the road—now following the beaten track—and now cutting across the turf—reckless as John Gilpin: it was the rough and ready style, and—wonderful to say—we none of us came off. As our "carriage" had no springs below, neither had it any hood above, and the sun, which was now pouring down a torrid heat, could only be kept at bay by open umbrellas, which jostled against each other at every jolt of the vehicle. As we spoke no Hungarian, and our driver understood no other language, communication was out of the question, or we should certainly have availed ourselves of the opportunity to obtain information from him as to the villages which shot past us as we pursued our mad career. As it was, no observation would have been heeded, and it was quite a relief when we came to a rise in the road, and he was compelled to slacken his speed.

We observed with surprise the tameness of the birds on

the road, for they allowed us to come close up to them before they moved, while those sitting on the hedges in no way disturbed themselves as we passed. The country immediately about us we found flat, unless where there were large undulating plains, sandy and arid, partaking of the character of the Putztas which so eminently characterize Hungary. There was a great deal of barren and uncultivated land in all directions, and the scattered villages were few, small, and poverty-stricken. Wherever there was a hill, it seemed to be seized upon for vines. Now and then we passed broad, irregular, sandy roads, skirted with trees on either side, but they seemed little frequented, and there was a general tone of desertion and sterility. We met or passed several carts similar to our own, and driven at the same pace. All the people on the road saluted us, and had something to say to our driver, but there was no time for more than a passing word: it reminded us of the progress of the 'steam leg.'

At length we reached Szantód, beautifully situated on the banks of the Balaton-lake, and a very pretty village, much more important-looking than Sciofok. The Ishban's house, to which we drove as directed, was the principal dwelling in the place, and one of the most unconventionally constructed that could be imagined. Unhappily for us, however, both the Ishban and his wife were absent, and not even expected home, so that all help from that quarter was at an end. Their household appeared to consist of a very neat, respectable-looking housekeeper, and an elderly man-servant, both of whom seemed desirous of assisting us, but there did not appear to be anything they could do. They pressed us to walk in and wait the chance of their master's return; but it was growing late, and we had still some distance to go, so we

begged them to interpret our wishes to the driver, and ask him if he would take us on to the ferry. This, however, he absolutely refused; he said he did not care about gaining anything more: he had done enough work, and earned enough money for that day, and he now wanted to get home. Under these circumstances, we expressed our determination to walk, provided we could find a man who would carry our luggage. At this there were loud exclamations; for by this time a village conclave had gathered about us, and every one was anxious to offer his advice.

"The length of the way is too great," said one. "The ladies will break down," remarked another; "and none of you will ever be able to wade through the sand," said a third.

"Do you know what the distance is, and what the nature of the ground?" inquired the Ishban's servant, respectfully.

"Not in the least," replied we; "but it is useless to talk about the difficulty: there is no other way of getting out of it; so, my good fellow, find us a decent man who will carry our travelling bags. He has only to tie them two and two to the end of a stick and poise them on his shoulder, and then we will follow him, as he will know the way."

So, seeing we were resolved, the man was found, and we got the Ishban's servants to prime him, as we should be unable to communicate with him afterwards. All was now arranged, and off we set, not without a repetition of the warnings we had before received.

Our path lay through a meadow, which for the first half mile we found pleasant walking enough, as there was a capital roadway. After this we had half a mile of turf, and then came the little wayside inn kept by a Jew, at

which we had been advised on no account to halt. Here the nature of the soil entirely changed: we had reached what formerly was the bed of the lake. The water once extended as far as the spot where we now stood, and the soil was a deep stratum of fine silver sand, over which we had been told we should have a good two hours' walk, in order to reach the ferry. It soon appeared that there might be some foundation for the assertion, more especially as—the sand being harder in some places than in others—it was desirable so to pick our way as to avoid those spots where it was literally ancle-deep. Our progress, too, was often arrested by some beautiful shell, or curious fossil, we espied on the pathless plain. We began to think we never should reach the other side, as we trudged on and on, now behind and now beside the silent peasant who carried our belongings.

At length—for all things must have an end—we reached the turfy bank which now bounds the lake, just in time to see the ferry-boat slowly drifting away towards the opposite shore. We had hurried all in vain, and now had a good half hour to spare before our conveyance could be ready to start again, so we turned to look about us. The day was waning, and a solemn stillness reigned. The landscape around was a vast undulating waste, and no habitation was near, except to our left, on the mossy bank some two hundred yards off, where stood a gipsy encampment of three tents, near which grazed a couple of rough, weary-looking donkeys, and beside them stood a waggon-headed cart. It was a capital group: each tent had a fire sullenly smouldering within it, while an almost spherical cauldron was suspended by a chain over one of them, beneath which flickered the blaze of a few sticks, as the old crone who

watched the contents fed the flames. Round the other two, crouched the inmates of these desolate tenements, the children being literally devoid of every particle of clothing.

We passed on to the landing-stage, and seated ourselves beside the still water, to the bank of which a barge was moored, and on its edge, and within it, lounged another small party of gipsy folk. A dark-eyed child—a wonderful type of her tribe, and who might have walked out of one of Gustave Doré's pictures—came up to us to beg. The formless drapery—which took a white hue beside the nutbrown tint of her shoulders, arms, and ankles—was gathered round her slim and supple waist by a cord, and fell in those simple, graceful folds which scarcely seem as if they could be realized when we see them on paper. We gave her some small coin; but on our offering her some lumps of loaf-sugar from our travelling-bag, her delight was most amusing, and having distributed and eaten them, she came timidly back and looked wistfully at us, but did not venture to ask for more. We held out some sweetmeats in one hand and coins in the other, when she hurried forward, and with a bright intelligent smile shewed that she much preferred the former. On our giving her both, she came up to each of us, kissed our hands, and then retreated; looking back with a half shy, half earnest expression, which would have made a painter's reputation could he but have caught it.

At length the ferry-boat, which had been nearing us for some time, bumped against the landing-stage, and then we found that all on board were Hungarians, and recognized no other tongue. Our guide, however, had the sense, before he departed on his homeward way, to repeat to the master of the ferry the message with which we had had him charged at Szantód, to the effect that we were for the monas-

tery, and were to be forwarded thither with every attention. As we were pushing off, an old woman came running up in breathless haste, just in time to be taken on board, and although the bottom of the boat was much the reverse of clean, deposited herself and her bundle in the midst of it.

As we reached the middle of the lake, the sun went down in all his glory; but the narrow moon and bright stars helped us with their light, and a more beautiful scene could scarcely be imagined. Before us rose the steep and rocky eminence, with the peaceful monastery on its summit, and the broad, turfy banks below, skirting with their rich green the deep blue waters of the lake, now deepening into red beneath the sunset sky, and sleeping so calmly that every star was reflected on its surface, while the measured plashing of the oars, and the water dripping from them, were the only sounds that fell upon the ear. This almost unearthly stillness was singularly suggestive, for Tihany in the Magyar language signifies silence.

On landing, we observed another small colony of Zigeuners squatting on the shore; but they took no notice of us, and our Charon having entrusted us to the guidance of one of his men, who was going up to the monastery, the old woman who had crossed with us joined the party unasked, and, as she walked respectfully behind, testified her goodwill towards us in the language of signs, and after the manner of her people, by every now and then kissing some part of our dresses. About half way up the rugged ascent our guide met an acquaintance, and, as the latter carried a gourd, on hearing that his friend was thirsty, he immediately offered him a drink from it; when, bethinking himself that perhaps we might be thirsty also, he gently pushed the other aside and asked us if we would not drink first.

An hour's walk over this romantic hill in the tranquil even-

tide, and which we enjoyed immensely, brought us to the truly primitive little village, in the centre of which stands the venerable Abbey of Tihany—the presiding genius of the place.

It was now so late that we felt some little diffidence at presenting ourselves that night, and thought that, if we could find any sort of inn, we would manage to pass the night there, and only make our visit to the Abbey the next morning. We, therefore, tried to discover from our guide if he could not direct us to any hostelry, however humble. It was in vain, however, that we repeated our question with all the signs we could command. The poor fellow, with the best will in the world, had only one idea in his head: he had received an order to conduct us to the Abbey, and he could not take in the notion that we could want anything else; so, in spite of his mute intimations that we were going the wrong way, we pursued our intention, and peered in every direction to see if we could not discern a resting-place. At last, when quite at the extremity of the village, seeing a tenement rather larger than the rest, which it seemed to us might possibly be either an inn or a farm-house, we made for it in desperation, and inquired if any one within spoke German. A young girl appeared, who said she *was* German, but had lived here so long that she had almost forgotten her own language: she, however, retained a sufficient recollection of the tongue of her father-land to be able to comprehend that we wanted a meal, and sleeping-places for four travellers. On this she informed us that the house was truly an inn, and that we could obtain the required accommodation, to which she proceeded to introduce us. The master and mistress stood by, wondering what was going forward, and evidently less disposed to boast of what they could do than the servant-girl.

"Your Excellencies must be good enough to follow me," said she, inviting us in—for we still stood outside, in a very untidy yard, strewn with straw, doubtful as to the nature of the dwelling.

"Is this the entrance to the house?" inquired we, for it looked for all the world like a cowshed.

"Indeed it is; but when you have passed the cows, you will find it all right."

So we picked our way through the cow-house, for it was nothing else—and alas! not in the least like a Dutch cow-house—and found that it opened immediately into the room she meant to give us, containing two bedsteads, for which there was not too much space.

"We can put two more beds on the floor, and that will be exactly what you want," said she, with most amusing unconsciousness of the incongruity of her proposal.

The whole thing was however so unpromising—so repulsive—so impossible—that with the best will in the world it seemed out of the question to attempt it; so we thanked the good people for their intention, but told them we had made up our minds to go to the Abbey, and began to regret that we had made this new delay, as it was now quite dark. We therefore hurried away, and, retracing our steps through this mountain-village, took the ascending path to the monastery. Arrived before the door, we found it open, and on pulling the great bell, which resounded through the silent cloisters, we were answered by a serving-man, to whom we explained in German that we were belated travellers, that we could find no decent accommodation at the inn, and begged the kind hospitality of the fathers. He appeared to understand us, for he bowed politely, and bade us enter, and we followed him along a low, vaulted passage, paved with white marble

flags. The house was built on a quadrangular plan; the square within being laid out with flower-borders, and in the middle was a well. We ascended a short flight of steps, and entered a vaulted corridor over the cloisters, following two sides of which we reached the door of the Abbot's rooms. The servitor begged us to enter and be seated, and said he would inform the Lord Abbot of our arrival.

This room was much in character with the rest of the building: the ceiling vaulted, and the walls pannelled with dark oak; but the floor was carpeted. Above the pannelling, on three sides of the room were shelves filled with books, and on the fourth hung some sacred pictures by early masters, in massive, carved, gilt frames, while a collection of fossils on an *étagére* gave some idea of the occupant's tastes. On a carved oak table, in front of the Abbot's chair, which had a high carved back, stood a modern moderator lamp, a photographic album, and some photographic views and copies of pictures, mingled with books and papers. We had hardly glanced round, when the door was opened by the attendant we had seen before, and the Abbot entered. He was of imposing presence and commanding figure, though not above the middle height. His age might be about sixty-five; and his countenance wore an expression of extreme benevolence, which shewed itself in a pleasant smile, as he extended his hand and bade us welcome. He wore a black cassock, round his neck was suspended, by a broad gold chain, a remarkably handsome, jewelled, antique pastoral cross, and on his hand he wore a fine sapphire ring, set round with brilliants. As he advanced we met him, and, taking the proffered hand, knelt according to usage, and kissed the ecclesiastical gem. The Abbot seated himself, begging us to do the same, and asked us, in a friendly tone, and in very

fair German, from what country we came, and how it was we had selected his monastery for a visit.

We explained to him how we had recently seen Professor Rónay, who had naturally spoken much to us of the order to which he belonged, and to whose introduction we could join that of the Primate of Hungary, and, we added, that of Cardinal Wiseman—at the same time handing to his reverence our credentials. The Abbot first opened that of His Eminence, which he perused carefully, saying—

"So this is the autograph of your great and good Cardinal. I am glad to have seen it, and you must be proud to possess so gratifying a testimonial. It is flattering," he added, "*laudari a laudato viro.*" But come," he said, "we must not forget that you are very likely tired and hungry. I will shew you your rooms, where you will like to remove some of your wraps, and prepare for our frugal supper, which will soon be served."

As he said this, he rose and shewed the way, preceding us himself along the corridor to the opposite side of the quadrangle. We passed several doors, and entered one which led into a suite of four rooms communicating, where we found the servitor we had before seen, and another, preparing for our reception.

The Abbot looked round with the scrutinizing eye of a host, and at once pointing to various deficiencies in the arrangements of the apartment, he sent one of the servants away to supply them. He then left us, adding jocosely, "Now, I only allow you ten minutes."

The rooms were large, but not lofty, and the ceilings were groined; the doorways, casements, chimneys, and furniture, being exactly what one would expect to find in the guest-chambers of a mediæval monastery. The quaint

blue stencillings on the whitewashed walls, and the curious old patterns on the hangings—the worm-eaten oak flooring—the strangely shaped furniture—the locks and handles—the ancient prints, supplying birds'-eye views of towns, or zig-zag representations of ecclesiastical processions, and the appropriate frames which encased them—all, in short, were so interesting, so characteristic and suggestive, that we forgot how the time was slipping away. Suddenly the sound of the church clock startled us from our reverie, and chimed the hour of eight. Then followed the *De profundis* bell, and immediately after, within the house, the bell for supper echoed through the hollow cloisters. Simultaneously with this, came a gentle knock at the door, and on opening it we found the good Abbot himself, with two other priests, white-haired and venerable looking men, and decidedly older than himself, waiting in the corridor.

"This," said the Abbot, "is our Prior, and this," turning to the second, "is Father Egidius, and," added he, turning round, "ah, there he is; that is our Doctor," for a fourth, and much younger, man now appeared, and joined the little procession headed by the Abbot and Prior, who gave an arm each to the ladies of our party.

A descent of a few marble stairs brought us into the refectory, a fine old hall, in keeping with the rest of the interior.

> "And bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
> We sat among the holy brotherhood
> At their long board. . . .
> . . . While from the roof
> A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling,
> Its partial light on apostolic heads,
> And sheds a grace on all." . . .

The roof was groined, and painted in fresco with ara-

besques; the walls were pannelled half way up with oak; the windows set in deep embrasures, and the side-tables and chairs of massive oak, more or less carved. Down the middle of the room was a long, wide, handsome dining-table, at which the diminished party who usually met here for meals must have seemed lost. As it was, we numbered only eight—the Doctor, who occasionally drove over from Füred, where he resided, making up that number; one of the Fathers being absent on a preaching mission. The Doctor wore a black velvet coat, and the high Hungarian boots, and had a pleasant gentlemanly address. As to the "Geistliche," they were perfectly charming: gentle and courteous, simple, and at the same time having much to tell us of their own tranquil life, and the wild sequestered spot they inhabited, and to ask of us respecting our busier world and more chequered existence.

. . . . . "Seen as they sat
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk,
Music; and gathering news from them that came,
As of some other world." . . . . . .

The repast was simple, but well ordered; consisting of soup, two kinds of meat—one being the flesh of a water-fowl indigenous to the lake, and resembling wild duck—with vegetables and fruit from the monastic garden. There was wine on the table, but though our good hosts pressed it upon us, they took only water themselves. The bread was excellent, and of course home-made. We were waited on by two serving-men, who did their part quietly and unobtrusively.

As soon as the Abbot had said grace, the Doctor took his leave, saying he had to drive back to Füred, and our

three hosts accompanied us upstairs. In the ante-chamber to our sleeping rooms was a mahogany loo-table, with the usual canopy and arm-chairs set round it, and a pair of candles, which the Abbot proceeded to light, and then brought out all his little curiosities in the way of prints, pictures, sacred relics, &c. Among his treasures was a copy of a letter we had seen at San Marton's, addressed by the Turkish Aga to the Hungarian commander of Tihany, which at one time had been converted into a fortress. It appears that the Magyars were perpetually harassed and worried by the continual and unexpected attacks of the Turks, generally of a petty nature, having plunder for their object; and in the winter of the year 1588, when the Platten-see was frozen over, and when the facility thus afforded gave reason to expect a new invasion, Piszky, who then held the fortress, proposed to put an end to these feuds by single combat, and challenged the Aga of the Turks to a fight on the ice. The summons remained unnoticed, and Piszky, baffled in his attempt, sent a herald to inform the Turk that he considered him no better than a coward, that he withdrew the challenge as doing him too much honour, and sent him instead the tail of a pig. The Aga, furious at this insult, wrote the letter in question, and which is in the Hungarian language. Instead of affording, however, any explanation of his own failure to respond to the appeal, he contents himself with calling in question the courage of the Magyar himself: he taunts *him* with cowardice, and professes himself willing to fight the *giaour* on the spot. It was a curious document, and was almost the only remnant of the rich MS. treasures the abbey once possessed; whatever else they had in the nature of relics was laid up in the sacristy.

A few of the curious fossils constantly found here were also displayed, and the Abbot assured us they had given rise to all sorts of popular legends. The good people of Tihany, and the gipsy folk who come among them, have peopled the lake, its shores, and the mountains which bound them, with fairies and genii, and it is difficult to say whether they believe the supernatural beings who have haunted their neighbourhood to be things of the past or of the present. Among these poetical personages they have their "Lady of the Lake," and there is little doubt that, in their undefined imaginings of her presence, it is difficult to detach their own times from those which gave birth to these fancies.

We in our turn contributed such little matters as we happened to carry in our hand-bags, for the entertainment of the good fathers, to whom many things familiar to ourselves seemed altogether new. An elastic bracelet worn by one of the ladies, and slipped over the hand, was quite a novel object, and such trinkets as we wore, as well as the contents of our sketch-books, delighted them much. They were also greatly interested in the Coronation-album, the gift of their Prince-Primate, and also, among our belongings, in some little English views, which it is well worth while to carry abroad, as we have always found them of great interest to foreigners. On the wall hung a modern French musical clock, probably a present, and of which the Fathers seemed to think a great deal. The Abbot wound this up for our amusement, and made it go through all its tunes. There was a delightful, not to say a touching, simplicity in this kind little act, which was eminently characteristic.

Thus the evening passed away in cheerful interchange of

information; the Abbot imparting to us all the detail we asked as to the village and its population, and their extremely primitive condition—none the less happy, apparently, because less sophisticated, and if backward in knowledge, at least neither vicious nor immoral. He also enlightened us as to the occupations and means of existence of the local peasantry. To them the vintage is as the harvest to us; although their grain produce is likewise an important consideration; and at these two periods of the year, which are eagerly looked forward to, there is employment for all willing hands.

The Abbot told us he should have to be off very early in the morning to Wesprim, whither he resorted twice yearly to pay a portion of the property-tax due from that part of the Abbey lands lying within a certain radius of that city. The sum to be paid there was 40,000 florins, and it would be necessary to make three journeys to pay the whole, as the towns where it was received were in different directions; the Benedictine territory being of enormous extent and value, and extending into three counties. This property-tax is one with which the Hungarians are by no means satisfied; its unfairness consisting in that, whatever the produce, and in bad times as well as good, the amount levied is always the same, being not on the value of the harvest, but the value of the land.

It was about half-past nine when the good fathers retired, and by ten, every sound within and without the old convent was hushed. Our companions had retreated to their rooms, it was impossible to go to bed at that hour, and yet it seemed strange to be the only living beings astir in that vast solitude. We opened the casement, and looked out into the clear night: the stars of heaven beamed

with unusual brilliancy, and the slender crescent of the moon was repeated in the calm liquid expanse below, but not a sound from far or near disturbed the serenity of the hour, and not a glimmer from any part of the deep blue landscape of "hill and dale and plain" betrayed the existence of a human habitation. Even the gipsy fires were extinguished, and the outline of their tents could no longer be discovered in the dusky tint which mantled all things terrestrial. It was a solemn and inspiring scene —a poem to those who could read it. As we sat gazing into the night, a swift-winged bat, attracted by the solitary lamp within, swept past in its wheeling flight; and—having no wish for a nearer intimacy with this nocturnal rover—we closed the lattice, drew the curtains, and retired to rest, musing on the strange chances which had made us guests in this ancient mountain-monastery, of the very existence of which we had been, till lately, unconscious.

There was so much to speculate on in that strange unsecular guest-chamber, its origin and antecedents, and the uses to which it might have been successively appropriated, that, had not the day been a very fatiguing one, there is no saying how long we might have lain awake, conjuring up a fanciful past, and locating it within these walls. As it was, we followed the practice of sensible people, and slept till six o'clock next morning, when the sun's rays, bursting through the curtains, roused us to a confused sense of our whereabouts. By degrees we discovered where we were, and eager to see by the light of early morn the scene of last night, with which as yet we had made only a dim acquaintance, we opened the window. The sight it disclosed was exquisitely beautiful. All was still as on the previous night; and, but for the gentlest

ripple on the surface of the lake, and the rapid flight of a single kingfisher skimming its way across the water, it might have been a beautiful picture. The only visible trace of man's presence was a small boat on the shore, and, looking down upon it, we began to realize the precipitous height at which the monastery stood; a jutting point of rock intervened between the casement and the shore below, where everything appeared of pigmy size. From this we looked up to the nearer, and beyond to the more distant hills, veiled by the pearly morning mist, and were wondering what there should be behind them, when the persevering clamour of a bell close at hand, and which we had not at first noticed, aroused us to a recollection of the circumstances. It could be no other than the bell for the Abbot's Mass, and it would have been a sorry compliment indeed not to be ready in time for that; so we made a rapid toilette, and had the satisfaction of meeting his Reverence in the cloister, just at the top of the stairs.

After the ordinary greetings, the Abbot walked with us to the end of the corridor, and opening a door, bade us enter, observing that he was going to say his Mass.

We found ourselves alone in the organ-loft, a spacious gallery well provided with rush-seated chairs, and overlooking the interior of the chapel, a large and handsome building, bearing upon it traces of frequent restoration at various periods, and mercilessly whitewashed. It was paved with inlaid marble, and adorned with pictures, statues, and gilding considerably the worse for wear. Our position of course commanded the whole church, and enabled us to see that the congregation was by no means inconsiderable in number. There were certainly fifty or sixty persons, of all ages and both sexes, and looking down over the elaborately

HUNGARIAN SHEPHERD.

carved, flamboyant, wooden balustrade, we saw the Abbot in his ecclesiastical vestments enter by the door of the sacristy, preceded by two little boys in scarlet cassocks with short white cottas, and advance to the high altar, where he was to say his Mass. The congregation—almost grotesque in the primitiveness of their costume—were very devout in their demeanour. The men were chiefly shepherds or goatherds, cowherds or horseherds (for the care of sheep, swine, cattle, &c., is the principal occupation here), and they were habited in the turban-shaped hat and curious white flannel great-coat, thick and ample, and embroidered with patterns cut out in scarlet cloth, constituting the ordinary habit of these "pastors." There was no music, the choir-master being absent on account of the vintage. Mass over, the Abbot must have taken a hasty breakfast; for, not twenty minutes afterwards, we met him in the quadrangle garden, where he took a kind leave of us, regretting that his duty called him away so hurriedly, and committing us to the care of the Prior, who undertook to do the honours in his Superior's absence. The serving-man now came to inform his master that all was ready, and even as he announced it, a comfortable open barouche and four drove up to the entrance with a sweep which a Brighton stage coachman might have envied. The Abbot sprung in—with an activity sufficient to shew that he possessed vigour enough for the responsible position he held—the driver, who wore a blue, braided, livery-coat, and the conventional hat with flying ribands, flourished his whip, and soon the vehicle was seen considerably diminished in size, rapidly scampering over the turf on its way to Wesprim.

As the Prior told us he was now going to say *his* Mass,

we asked to be allowed to assist at it, and followed him into a small chapel in the opposite corridor, where, having shewn us into a seat, he retired into the little sacristy to don his vestments. These he put on over his long boots, and reappeared in a costume which, out of Hungary, would have been too much for our gravity even in a church; there, however, one almost expects it. Nevertheless, if his appearance was not quite in accordance with ritualist notions as to sacerdotal vestments, his Mass was most devoutly said, and as devoutly served by two young boys in white cottas. The poor Prior, a most venerable man, was permanently lamed by an accident he met with some time ago, but not so much as to prevent his walking about; so, after he had made his thanksgiving, he came to ask us if we should like to go over the church and its belongings, an offer we gladly accepted. Tihany, he told us, had been a spot resorted to in very ancient times by the early Christians, who long concealed themselves in some extensive caves—still remaining—in the rocks, and it was about the year 1050 that King Andreas I. founded this monastery, one of the oldest religious houses in Hungary. But although a convent has always stood on this spot, the original structure was long since demolished; and subsequent edifices that have been reared on the site have succeeded each other, a new one rising on the ruins of that destroyed, so that a large part of the present building cannot be said to be more than a couple of centuries old, though there is no doubt that many portions of it date from a much earlier period; of the church, no part is really ancient but the crypt, in which is the tomb of King Andreas. The stone which covers it is a curious relic, and in the "shapeless sculpture" which decks it may be traced the ancient insignia of royalty, wherewith it was customary to

distinguish the sepultures of kings, and by these it was recognized. This crypt also contains the graves of some later monarchs; it was only discovered about a hundred years ago, and is evidently of very early date.

In the church was a great deal of curious old wood-carving, and the wrought-iron balustrade of the organ-loft, constructed in a sweeping form, and projecting in a semicircle in the centre, was most elaborate, being partly bronzed and partly gilt.

The sacristy, a large and lofty chamber, presented a very antiquated aspect, the walls being entirely panelled with oak black with age, and one side being occupied by an enormous press, or series of presses. In these were kept some fine antique altar-plate, including some very elaborately chased chalices, and also a collection of very rich vestments, among which figured a magnificent satin antependium, embroidered by the hand of Maria Theresa, and by her presented to the order. In a square frame, also under lock and key, was a waxen simulacrum of the face of St. Ignatius, which represented him as nearly black; it was asserted to have been moulded on his face after death, and to have been sent to Rome, where it was preserved for 200 years in the Vatican, and it was given to the then Abbot of Tihany by one of the Popes.

We greatly admired some elaborate and tasteful oak carving on one of the doors within the sacristy, and a panel over the lavatorium for the sacred vessels, representing a grotto and fountain in oak—the work of one of the brothers of the order, who lived 200 years ago, and must have been a valuable acquisition to the fraternity.

On returning to our rooms the Prior took leave of us at the door; but we were met by the good old Father Egidius,

who conducted us into our sitting-room, where we found breakfast spread on a snow-white cloth, and awaiting us. The Father sat by, chatting with us while we took our meal, and as soon as we had finished, he and the Prior accompanied us, by a rugged and winding path on the edge of the steep cliff, to the brow of the rocky promontory on which the Abbey stands. Arrived there, they took great delight first in shewing us the view, which is magnificent from this point, and then in calling our attention to the echo, a remarkably clear one. We had some fine fun in repeating the Hungarian phrases used by the Fathers to provoke the loquacity of the Echo, and in our turn making them repeat all sorts of ridiculous exclamations in English. "Who's your hatter?" tickled their fancy immensely; and they, as well as we, were in fits of laughter at the frantic endeavours of these sportive but elderly monks to pronounce after us, "How are you off for soap?" and to obtain Echo's answer to this amd other similarly flippant queries.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, a party of small children came climbing like young goats over the rocks, and bringing in their hands some of the petrifactions which are found here. They certainly are very remarkable in shape, and are called by the people "Geissbock-klauen," or goat's hoofs, to which they have a decided resemblance. They are by some supposed to be remains of another period of creation, while others account for them as follows:—

Legend of the Platten-see.

Prince Andreas, cousin of the great King Stephen, had been fighting the Infidels in the Holy Land, and was on his

return home—worn, weather-beaten, wounded—and so denuded of resources that, notwithstanding his high birth, he was in the greatest poverty. No one would have recognized him, or have believed him to be of the royal lineage.

He reached the county of Szalad, and arrived at the Platten-see, then of much greater extent than it is now. How was the Prince to cross? Alas! the boatman knew him not! He met a peasant, or rather a goat-herd, who was watering his goats, and recognizing the man as the son of a wealthy cattle-owner he had known in former days, he declared himself to him, and making known to him his distressed condition, requested of him a small loan to enable him to terminate his journey home.

The goat-herd, unwilling to part with his money, refused to believe the Prince's statement; and said that—even were the latter the person he represented himself to be—he himself had no means at his disposal, for that his poverty was as great as the Prince's.

"God knows," said he, "how poor I am, and that, alas! I have nothing I can call mine own."

Upon this, Prince Andreas replied,

"Let us, then, leave it to the testimony of God: if He knows that thou hast nothing, He will let thee go free with thy herd."

Met by this answer, the goat-herd stood aghast; and, overtaken by the rising of the water, he and his whole herd were engulfed in the lake.

Since that time the hoofs of these goats are said to have been continually re-appearing in a petrified condition, and it must be admitted that the form of these curious stones gives colour to the tradition. We ought to add that the

eye of the geological connoisseur recognizes in them petrifactions of a form entirely unknown elsewhere.

We of course purchased of the children some of their wares, and were amused at the delight with which they received a few kreutzers; lingering around us as if we, too, were natural curiosities in their rustic eyes. The Prior beckoned them to him, and standing them in a row, bade them sing to his English guests some of the Hungarian melodies in chorus, pausing at regulated intervals to give Echo the opportunity of taking her share in the performance. The most singular attribute of this echo is its extreme deliberation in repeating what it hears, the words being sometimes as much as a minute before they return.

We begged our kind hosts to shew us from this point the direction we must follow to reach Füred, whither we told them we were to bend our course; as, having arranged to arrive there that afternoon, we were therefore anxious to know the shortest road.

"You don't think," said they, "we shall let you leave us on foot? we will arrange all that for you. We shall dine at one, and then one of our carriages shall be at your disposal, so that you can drive over to Füred, and if you please to remain there you can send the carriage back; or if not, you have only to desire the coachman to wait, and you can then return hither to sleep."

We were much touched by the considerate kindness of our hospitable hosts; but as time pressed with us, and we were besides anxious to see the vintage, we told them we should esteem it a favour if they would let us start at twelve.

By the time we returned from our ramble it was not far short of the hour named, and with admirable punctuality

our vehicle was at the door. We looked out, and saw another comfortable open travelling barouche, drawn by four greys, which stood pawing the ground; it was a realization of the story of the country gentleman who, finding his picnic larger than he had expected, continued coolly ordering his servants to "bring out more carriages and four."

The good Fathers were most solicitous for our comfort: they saw our luggage brought down, and packed us in the carriage in the most comfortable way. The seats, with blue morocco covering and spring-cushions, were a decided contrast to our previous arrangement, and our liveried coachman a far more intelligent personage than the stolid carter who had brought us from Sciofok. In a few minutes we had taken our leave of the kind old Benedictines, and in a few more the monastery was left far behind; but, as our fleet horses bore us away, we still saw the two venerable black figures, waving their *adieux* till a turn in the road carried us out of their sight.

CHAPTER VII.

Beautiful drive to Füred—Curious Villages—Local customs—Roadside shrines and calvaries—Füred—Mineral springs—Bathing-season—Boarding-houses—Influx of Hungarian Magnates—Three "Englishmen" who were not English—Watering-place amusements—Baths—Yachts on the Lake—Maize-harvest and Vintage—Zigeuner-bands—The Manager—The Doctor—An Anglo-Hungarian—His Hungarian wife—Cordial hospitality—Varieties of grapes and of wines—A Palace on a small scale—Natural beauties of the site—The Herr Director—His politeness and hospitality—Peasant girls gathering in the grapes—Family-life—Glorious sunset—Group of Gipsies—Bivouac fire—Star-light sail—Walk to Szantód—Thence to Szlonós—Roadside inn—Unexpected entertainment—Our very agreeable landlord—Beautiful bit of road between Szlonós and Kanisza.

THE weather was magnificent, the scenery beautiful, the carriage delightfully easy, and the driving masterly. Between us and the distant hills lay vast plains, varied by gentle undulations, and ever and anon came in sight small primitive villages—some immediately beside our road, others at a distance—consisting of picturesquely grouped tenements of the same construction we have before described, dazzling in the whiteness of their walls, roofed with thatch, and sometimes covered on the sunny side with pendent bunches of maize, hanging there to dry. Sometimes, beneath the porticoes and *solanos*, were thick clusters of grapes being converted into raisins: those who have once tasted them in this transition state, must wonder why it has never occurred to vine-growers to traffic in them while

n that condition. Flocks of sheep we passed, guarded by their singularly attired shepherds, and herds of swine—woolly as their keepers' coats. By the side of the road we saw numerous calvaries and small shrines.

At length we reached Füred, a lovely spot, exquisitely situated, and advisedly chosen as a place of resort for holiday seekers. Besides the lake-baths—which bring hither numbers of the Magyar aristocracy, to enjoy the late summer and early autumn months—Füred has mineral springs, which not only form an excuse for would-be valetudinarians to trifle away a few idle weeks, but are really pleasant to the taste, and may equally be drunk by people who acknowledge themselves to be in health. In fact, in Füred, the waters from the mineral spring supply the table, and are always served with wine, as soda-water is in other places.

The bathing season at Füred is a gay time for this otherwise tranquil spot, and when it commences, the whole place is astir. Towards the middle of summer, a new population of speculators arrive and take up their abode here, to make preparation for the coming visitors, out of whom their short-lived harvest is to be made; and the shops are opened, cleaned, and if need be painted and decorated, preparatory to being tricked out for the expected company. Toys and trinkets, millinery and fashionable gear, with all the wares that modern taste has invented and modern fashion has rendered necessary, appear in the windows; the *Restaurateurs* flock in with their *cordons bleus* and their gastronomical apparatus, and establish themselves either in attractive little *châlets* elegantly decorated, or in more substantial dwellings not less attractive; band-masters take possession of the *redoute*, and the promenade-band claims its orchestra. The smaller industries which owe their existence to these

larger, scatter themselves through the place, and the gigantic "bath-houses," built for the purpose of receiving the annual visitors, and disposed in suites of apartments so that all may have a choice, are full of activity and bustle; the promenade, the concert-room, the theatre, are bright with the anticipations of gaiety: and then, when all is ready, the gay world arrives *en masse*, ripe for enjoyment and willing to be pleased. As may be supposed, all visitors are welcome, and representatives of all classes avail themselves of the opportunity, but alas! if the denizens of the *demi-monde*—or aspiring *bourgeoisie*—should think by coming here to steal a march on the *noblesse*, and to slide into their society in the unguarded moments of relaxation, from which ceremony and etiquette might be supposed to be banished—they will find themselves wofully mistaken. The magnates of Hungary are very aristocratic in their notions, and fully as exclusive during their *villeggiatura* as in the parliamentary metropolitan season. Although their titles descend from the father to every-one of his sons, and though the number of noblemen thus created might be expected to militate against the distinctions of rank, and to bring titles into disrepute, those who possess them know how to maintain them with dignity, and to hold their own firmly against the invasion of the inferior classes. Parvenuism is a bad speculation in Hungary.

At Füred, therefore, the result has been that the visitors have settled themselves into cliques; and in their rides, walks, drives, picnics, or bathing and boating excursions—their visits to the concert-room or theatre, ball-room or casino—they confine themselves to their own set; so that those who may have visited Füred with a view of improving their social position are not long in finding out that they have mistaken their game, and must either seek some resort of

fashion elsewhere, or be content to take this spot as they find it, and enjoy it for its own sake, apart from adventitious circumstances. Germans find their way hither; and occasionally Russians, Poles, and Italians; but the inhabitants of our isle rarely wander so far in pursuit of ephemeral festivities. We asked if they ever had any English here: "Oh yes," replied one, "we had three Englishmen this year."

"Indeed! Whence did they come?"

"One was from Dublin, one from Edinburgh, and one from New York."

"My good fellow," said we, laughing, "there was not an Englishman among them;" then, perceiving that he looked at us doubtfully, not to say incredulously, we added—"one was an Irishman, one a Scotchman, and the other an American, though they may have spoken a language *you* mistook for English."

The poor fellow still looked puzzled: he paused a moment, and then, with an evident desire for information, he said respectfully:

"Then you; pray what may you be, Sir?"

"Oh there is no mistake about us: we are of true English blood—Londoners of London, and of genuine 'West-end' breed." The reply appeared quite satisfactory, for although doubtless the Hungarian did not in the least apprehend the distinction, he seemed unwilling to betray any further ignorance.

During about three months, then, the festivities of Füred continue, and it is one protracted gala. Health and *délassement* are the order of the day: those who are whole, and need not a physician, enjoy their condition under its most favourable circumstances; and those who are ailing get cured, or fancy themselves cured, which is often the

same thing. The visitors spend, and the industrious classes gain, a sum on which to subsist for the rest of the year, and all parties are content; while the monks of the Benedictine order, to whom the whole of this territory—land, lake, mineral-spring, baths, *redoute*, casino, theatre, promenades, lodging-houses, ground-rents, house-rents—in fact the whole of Füred, body and soul—belong, see their vast revenues year by year increase and multiply, and are on the point of investing more capital in additional lodging-houses and villas, to receive the advancing influx.

Füred, be it observed, is nevertheless a watering-place without a gaming-table. All is innocence and propriety, simplicity and peace in the well-ordered Benedictine bathing-town; though liberty of creed is in no way interfered with, and bigotry is an altogether unknown word. The false and treacherous excitement of the gambler, however, disturbs not the equanimity of the visitor whom the hope of health or repose entices to Füred, and yet he gets through his day without it, ready to begin again on the morrow his round of healthful enjoyments and simple pleasures.

As for baths, there is every variety, from lake-water to champagne, including mineral-baths—hot and cold—steam-baths, milk-baths, and whey-baths.

The hot baths are supposed to be extremely efficacious in invigorating the system; and, as it is asserted that for every bath a year is subtracted from the age of the bather, there is, we suppose, no reason why the octogenarian who is dragged to this *fontaine de jouvence* in his Bath chair, should not go back in his perambulator!

The water for these baths is not heated by boiling, but by the simpler process, now widely employed, of conveying through them a current of steam, which, the bather is assured,

"disengages the carbonic acid gas;" and those who have tried the experiment declare that, "as the bubbles settle on the skin, the spirits rise, and the patient feels an insensible inclination to laugh, even without thinking of anything funny, and from the mere external action of the electric current (established by the different metals employed in the tubes that are used) which communicates itself to the system!"

It seems probable that our informant was alluding to the champagne-bath when he spoke of this singular result.

The milk and whey-baths are combined with milk and whey diet, and are supposed to be very efficacious in diseases of the lungs and chest; and, to supply the quantity of these liquids required each season, no fewer than 4000 sheep are maintained.

As for amusements—of a mild kind—they are varied enough: the bath, the promenade, the Zigeuner-bands, the tombola—rides, drives, and rowing on the lake; or crossing in the steamboat, and making excursions from the opposite shore; fishing and shooting, or cruising in some of the craft of the yachting-club established here—fill up the time pretty well, especially where there is pleasant society. There is some amusement to be found in witnessing the filling of thousands upon thousands of bottles at the mineral-spring for exportation, as well as for transmission to all parts of the country. On every bottle, be it understood, the Benedictines receive a royalty of 6 kreutzers!—truly, a rather respectable profit!

Some interesting explorations may be made from Füred in the Bakonyerwald, and Wesprim could easily be visited from this place.

Those who care sufficiently for local customs to outstay the period fixed by fashion as the established season,

might witness with satisfaction the national festivities attendant on the maize harvest and the vintage; for a large quantity of wine is made in and around Füred, and the Benedictines own large tracts of maize-fields and vineyards here. On Sundays and feast-days the place is crowded with villagers from the neighbourhood, who evidently believe in the health-bringing waters, and who take in enough for a week, bearing off in bottles as much as they can carry.

But the moment approaches when all the evanescent effervescence of watering-place gaiety comes to its annual termination. The "season" is short, and all are sorry to depart; but other spots have their claims, and as for the Magyars—patriotism imperatively calls them home: the parliamentary season is at hand; and magnates and members of the Lower House, with their families, conclude their holiday, while the inhabitants of the metropolis betake themselves to their luxurious town-mansions, to their home-duties, their home-occupations and . . . perhaps also, home-pleasures in the capital. Füred is cleared as rapidly as it filled; and all the accessories which were assembled thère for the use, entertainment, and general requirements of the visitors are once more dispersed. The theatre is closed, the Zigeuner-bands and other musicians move on to another locality, the ball-room is deserted, the promenades are left to gloomy stillness and autumn-leaves, the two gigantic lodging-houses are dismantled, the baths closed, the shops shut up—the very mineral spring is padlocked—and all is restored to its normal tranquillity. The itinerant tradesmen and season-waiters have departed, and the people of Füred return once more to their sober hours and listless ways; the bath attendants grow torpid—the boatmen rest upon their oars—Othello's occupation's gone!

The whole of this concern is under the management of a

"Director," appointed by the Fathers. He keeps unlimited control over everything: he regulates the tariff at which market-provisions are to be supplied, the charges for boats, baths, carriages, horses, subscriptions to places of amusement, and—as the rents are all the property of the "Geistliche"—he has, of course, the control of *them*. The two bathing establishments, or hotels, were built by the Benedictines, and the rents received for the suites of apartments they contain bring in a handsome percentage on the money laid out. It is a responsible position, but one efficiently and faithfully discharged by the present manager, who is a favourite with all parties. The Doctor, the same with whom we supped at Tihany, is a most agreeable and sensible man, and extremely popular with his patients.

Arrived at Füred, we drove to the house of Mr. Teasdale, an English resident there—now naturalized, and married to a Hungarian wife. As the carriage swept round into his *porte cochére*, a tall gentlemanly-looking man in a cool undress costume, decidedly Hungarian, was coming out, so we accosted him and inquired if this were Mr. Teasdale's house, and whether he was at home? He at once told us *he* was Mr. Teasdale, and as soon as we had introduced ourselves by the mention of Professor Rónay's name, he shook us warmly by the hand, begging we would alight and enter. No reception could be more cordial or more friendly, and Madame, who—fortunately for us—spoke German very well, was equally amiable. We found the house, though constructed in the Hungarian style, replete with English comforts; while the welcome with which we were met combined the heartiness of the two nationalities.

Madame conducted us at once within doors, and in the drawing-room, which, with all the principal rooms, was on

the ground-floor, were visible evidences of the taste and elegance of its occupant. The room opened into the garden, and the red-striped sunblinds which shaded the interior gave it a warm and genial aspect.

Having intimated to Mr. Teasdale that we were anxious to see something of the vintage, he proposed that we should take a stroll at once into his vineyard, where we found about thirty peasant men and women, busily engaged in picking the grapes into baskets as large as they could carry, and, when filled, emptying them into an enormous wooden vat which stood near the entrance.

There was an immense variety of grapes, and among them some cultivated for table only, and useless for making wine; those which are eaten being of a more fleshy, and those for pressing of a more juicy, description. Of the muscatels, which were particularly large, fine, sweet, and luscious, he had a great many, and he made us taste them as well as all the other kinds. The rough taste and purple colour given to some of the wines was, he told us, produced by leaving the skins and pips in the liquor while fermenting. The vines here are trained upon sticks, like hops, and not left to grow bushy, as we saw them in Spain.

We next went into a large shed, which we found furnished with wine-vats and wine-presses, and where another detachment of peasants was employed in treading and pressing the fruit, after bruising, breaking, and stirring it about with sticks. The next process is clearing it, and after this it is left for fermentation. Mr. Teasdale also made us taste some of the juice in various stages of fermentation.

At three o'clock we returned to the house, and were soon after summoned to the dining-room, where a very pretty repast was laid for eight, the dessert being on the

table, and all the dishes handed. Madame informed us that they often partook of English fare, but that to-day she had taken care we should taste none but national dishes, and curious they all were. The soup, which resembled oyster soup, but differed from any we had before tasted, was followed by some of the famous "fogacs" from the lake, and only to be found in its semi-salt or brackish waters. This is a species of trout, the meat of which is white; and, as it is considered a great delicacy, it constitutes a means of living for many of the inhabitants of the little villages bordering the lake. A variety of excellent dishes—veritable *chef d'œuvres* in the culinary art—succeeded each other in the way of meat, poultry, and vegetables, and then came a sweet *entrée*, which completely puzzled us. This had been prepared by Madame herself, and did credit to her skill. She told us that the dough or paste of which it was made was a compound of flour, butter, and eggs, and the whole mass of it —not larger than an orange when mixed—had to be pulled out by the hand by two people working it underneath. The art consisted in thus drawing it out till it covered a table as large as that we were sitting at, and—although so thin that you could see through it—in not making a single break in the texture. Some of the Hungarian cooks are very clever at this operation, and execute it expeditiously. When the paste is thus spread out, it is thinly covered with sugar, raisins, spice, lemon-peel, and apples sliced as thin as possible, after which it is folded over and over till it is brought to the size of an ordinary pudding-tin—say 10 in. by 6—and then baked. This strange process had certainly rsulted in a most wonderful compound. At dinner Mr. Teasdale produced several kinds of wine of his own vinting, and drew for us some genuine Tokay.

Besides ourselves and our hosts, there were two other guests at table; one being an elderly gentleman whom we had seen in the vineyard, a friend and neighbour of our host, and who assisted him in looking after his vintage; and the other was the Doctor of Füred, whom we had previously met at the monastery, and who made a cheerful addition to the party. After dessert, which was supplied from the garden, we adjourned to a balcony or summer-house, commanding a beautiful woodland view, where coffee was served, and presently the Doctor and overseer took their leave. Mr. Teasdale now ordered his carriage, and drove us to a villa he owns, about a mile from the house we were in, which proved to be an extremely handsome building, exquisitely finished both within and without, and fitted with very costly furniture and decorations. The construction was most elegant, and the wide balcony, or *solano*, on the ground-floor, communicating with the sitting-rooms—paved with rich *marqueterie*, and draped with creepers—formed a delightful adjunct, and commanded a lovely view of the lake, with the twin spires of Tihany in the distance. In front of the garden, and sloping down towards the lake, was a large vineyard belonging to Mr. Teasdale, and all round were the ripe fields of golden maize owned by him. As we sat here we were regaled with grapes from the vineyard before us.

When we had explored the house and grounds, Madame bade the coachman drive through the little town, where she pointed out to us the church, the bath-house, the theatre, and the mineral-spring, with its promenades, and then took us back to their dwelling, where we were met by the "Herr Director," who had come to beg we would do him the honour to go to his vineyard close by, where he had a party

of friends assembled, and where his people were busy picking the grapes. It was a prettily situated bit of ground, sloping down towards the water, just above which were the lake-baths, beneath a very tasteful *châlet* built in the water, and near which were moored one or two private yachts. He pointed out to us some new villas the "Geistliche" have ordered to be built ready for next season, and shewed us the sites of several others, which they proposed to construct as soon as these were disposed of. He seemed very confident of the increasing prosperity of the place, and amused us highly with his humourous description of the wonders effected by the baths and the waters. According to his account, all who resort to Füred ought to leave it "beautiful for ever."

The "Herr Director" was a thorough ladies' man. In England he would have been called "Master of the Ceremonies," and certainly was well chosen for the office he held, which imposed on him—besides his duties to society—the functions of master of the works and superintendent of all the improvements, architectural or otherwise, made in the place. Nor did his responsibilities cease here; for he was expected to give an eye to all the monastic property, whether in the nature of arable and pasture land, vineyards and gardens, flocks and herds, or baths, whether aqueous or lacteous. He was exactly the man to fill the office—at once business-like, well-mannered, and possessing considerable *savoir vivre*. After our chat, and a stroll through the vineyard, he conducted us to an arbour where a pretty little collation was spread, and at which his sisfer, to whom he introduced us, presided. She too spoke German, and asking us to be seated, played the part of hostess with the utmost cordiality.

Mr. Teasdale having joined us here, we all returned together to his house, and could not but admire the wonderful command he had acquired of the Hungarian language: all were agreed that his accent and idiom were so perfect that no Magyar could detect that he was a foreigner. He seemed to get on wonderfully well with the natives, and not only to be quite one of themselves, but to have become a great favourite during the fourteen years he had been settled here. He had no children, but seemed exceedingly fond of his nephews, children of his sister, who were often with him, and in whose future he seemed to take as much interest as if they had been his sons. He expressed himself as being truly attached to his adopted country, and described the climate of Füred as being all that could be wished, and the life he leads as a very agreeable one. His wife was a gentle, charming woman, with a clear, sensible head, possessing all the useful accomplishments considered necessary in Hungary for the mistress of a house, united with a ladylike manner and much native grace, and appeared to be devotedly attached to her husband. We observed that, as the servants received an order from her, or spoke to her, they kissed her hand. There is a patriarchal simplicity and suggestiveness in this custom which must produce a beneficial effect on master as well as servant, as the expression of a reciprocal feeling which ought to exist as long as the relative position endures. It might not answer to *introduce* such a custom, but where it has been preserved, it would be a great pity, for obvious reasons, to abolish it.

As we returned, we witnessed one of the most beautiful sunsets conceivable, its beauty being greatly enhanced by the outline of the peaks of the far-off mountains against

the glowing sky, which tinged everything with its roseate hue.

Madame, as well as her husband, was so pressing in her persuasions that we should pass the night under their roof, that we felt we should disoblige them by a refusal; and therefore, however reluctant to trespass on this truly Hungarian hospitality, we returned to the house, where we found our rooms already prepared. In fact, nothing could be more amiable and friendly, and at the same time more delicate than the welcome afforded us. The Herr Director vied with our kind hosts in polite attentions, and assured us it would be a proud day for him if, on leaving our present quarters, we would take up with him, and let him do the honours of the neighbourhood.

"There is more to see, about here," said he, "than you have any idea of, and I should be enchanted to be your guide to many romantic spots which have been familiar to me from my childhood."

We begged that our good friend would cease to tempt us with these tantalizing proposals, as our time was unhappily limited, and it was out of our power to remain in Füred beyond the morrow.

"Then," replied he, immediately, "if that really is your determination, let us make the most of that morrow; and if I may offer a suggestion," continued he, turning deferentially to our host, who at once bowed assent, "I would propose a party to the 'Cavern in the rock,' which has the double advantage of being within an easy distance and of perpetuating one of our most poetical national traditions. I may add that it is perhaps one of the most picturesque spots we have to boast."

"That certainly is a very pleasant proposal," replied we,

" and you could not better have guessed our wishes; to the 'Cavern' let us go by all means, and remember you must look up the legend to-night; for we shall not let you off relating it, be assured."

It was a pleasant, genial evening we passed at our good friend's house, and our slumbers that night were favoured by a delightful combination of Hungarian and English comforts. The next morning's dawn broke with unruffled splendour over lake and mountain: it was an elevating sight, and made a glorious pendant to the sunset which had preceded it. The house was astir early, and on going down into the garden, we found the breakfast prepared beneath the verandah, and Madame already seated at the rustic but copiously-spread table; every arrangement of the English resident's house was, while simple and unostentatious, characterised by open-handed liberality, administered with great good taste.

We were hardly seated before the Herr Director appeared —full of spirits, and congratulating himself and us on the beauty of the weather which harbingered our promised expedition. His arrival threw new life into our party, and he kept us all in continual laughter by his sallies and his repartees. In fact, we had almost forgotten how the time was stealing away, and from one delay to another it was almost mid-day before we had arranged the order of march and were fairly on our way. As the road was irregular and rugged—in fact, there was no "road" in the case—our movements were to be pedestrian, and a wild and beautiful walk it was, for everything was new to us, and—being on foot—we were now at liberty to turn aside and examine whatever arrested our attention and excited our curiosity. We even made a tolerably protracted pause near a little

cluster of most characteristic cottages—they could hardly be said to constitute a hamlet—where we sat down to sketch, much to the astonishment of the goat-herds who inhabited them, and who crowded round us, scarcely knowing whether we were not exercising some sort of magic, in so freely transferring their domains, and even themselves —for they were not one whit less remarkable—to our sketch-books, and carrying them away in effigy. We could hear that they were making their own observations on our proceedings; but, flattering ourselves that they were merely expressing their admiration of our skill, we sketched on contentedly, until our Hungarian friends explained to us the nature of their remarks.

In order to restore the confidence of these simple folk, and to shew them that we intended them no harm, the Herr Director proposed that we should ask one of them to guide us to our destination, and beg him to tell us all he knew of the local tradition. On being thus appealed to, they at once expressed the greatest alacrity to serve us, and it only depended on ourselves to have the entire population of the place at our disposal.

"Stay, stay," said the Herr Director, smiling, "we only require one of these good people, though we are equally obliged to all who are willing to help us. Let us draw lots among these half-dozen young fellows, and see which is destined to be our companion." This proposal was accepted with glee, and the lot fell upon a handsome, sun-burnt boy, of some sixteen summers, and of the true Hungarian type, whose bright, honest face beamed with delight at his "good luck," while the others drew back, not only respectfully but good-humouredly, perfectly satisfied with the result which chance had decided. We now proceeded on our way, and it

was not long before we reached a steep but beautiful ravine, as wild and mysterious as the most romantic traveller could desire to see; the cavern—the mouth of which was masked by overhanging shrubs—lay beyond this romantic pass, and on the side on which we stood admiring the scene. The variety of foliage which clothed the precipitous banks presented a most effective mixture of tints, while the broad transparent shadow, in which one side lay enveloped, gave value to the salient lights on the other. Down in the dell between them, the silver thread of a mountain stream pursued its serpentine course; now gliding smoothly along, now bubbling up into a snowy froth, as its progress was arrested by a larger block of stone than those which formed its bed, and ever and anon disappearing beneath the thick verdure of some overhanging shrub. An undulating path conducted us to the extremity of this pass, and brought us to our destination, for the waters of the Balaton now spread out before us in all their beauty, and it only remained to follow the narrow footway along a ledge of rock overhanging the lake. Suddenly our young conductor, who preceded us — for the Director good-naturedly abandoned to him the honours of the expedition —came to a halt, and turning to the left, disappeared; we soon, however, came up with him, and found he was holding up, to let us pass, the branches which, left to their own luxuriance, covered the entrance to the "Cave of the Grecian Maiden."

At his invitation we entered the wide, irregularly-arched opening, overgrown on either side with mosses and wild creepers, and found ourselves in a spacious chamber, hollowed out of the living stone, apparently by the hand of nature. We all exclaimed at the delightful coolness of this

retreat from the scorching sunshine in which we had been walking, and it was with no small satisfaction we spread ourselves about upon the floor to rest. Within this singular excavation are two shapeless blocks, to which a romantic imagination, hallowed by centuries of credulity, has given a name and a history. "See," said our guide, who seemed well versed in the popular lore of his native land, and nothing loth to share his knowledge with us—"this rock formed the couch of the Greek maiden, and this—this was the altar."

It required, it must be confessed, some stretch of fancy to convert these "grey stones" respectively into the objects designated by the boy. Still, we did not desire to dispute the assertion, or to break the spell of that poesy which, growing with his growth, had given a reality to his convictions; but, desirous of drawing from him the accepted version of the tradition, we proceeded to inquire of him how long it was since this wonderful cavern had been the habitation of "the Greek maiden."

"Ah!" replied he, "that is more than I can tell; but it was a very, very long time since. I have always heard my father, who received it from *his* father, say that it was in the time of our good king Matthias Corvinus, and if it please you, I will repeat to you the story of this place, as we have it among ourselves."

As may be supposed, we readily consented to the proposal, begging our little guide to seat himself comfortably, and to give us all the particulars he could remember.

Legend of the Cave.

"You must know, then," said the boy, "that this cave was, at the time I speak of, not only a cave, but that it,

and many others we have about here like it, belonged to a large convent which once existed near—though at the present day not a trace of it remains—and that these caverns served as cells for such of the nuns of that convent as desired to lead the lives of recluses, apart even from the society of other nuns. But, to take up my tale from the beginning, I must tell you that during that sad period, when the Turks—whom, for some wise purpose, God allowed to triumph for a time—were gaining power, and only our beloved father-land, bravely defended as it was, stood in the way of their victorious arms, the intercourse between Hungary and the Grecian Provinces was much more frequent than it has been since.

At that time the two heroes, respectively, of these countries — kindred spirits, for both were brave and generous — I mean Johann Hunyadyi and Skanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, sharing their antagonism against their common foe, often united their forces in a joint attack, as they likewise allied their embassies in truces and messages of peace.

Among those chosen to form one of these united deputations, was, on the part of Hunyadyi, a young Magyar warrior, Pornai by name. During his sojourn in Epirus this brave and gallant youth, as noble in his appearance as chivalrous in his bearing, had seen a beautiful Greek maiden, who in her turn had let her glance fall upon *him*. Beautiful as the day, Eirene possessed charms of so irresistible an order, that to see was to love her, and the passion with which the sight of her loveliness filled the soul of Pornai was reciprocated by herself. Differences of country and of religion could not keep them asunder, and they married. Not many weeks afterwards, the young

Magyar was obliged to return to Hungary, and Eirene, weeping bitterly at the thought of separation, entreated him to hasten his return, for the call of battle prevented him from taking with him his young bride.

After a sad, brief interval, came the woful news that Pornai and all his followers had been overcome and massacred by a detachment of the Turkish forces. Skanderbeg himself made the closest inquiries as to the truth of the report, and unhappily it was confirmed in every particular.

Eirene was overwhelmed with the direst grief: life had lost all its charm for her, and she resolved to travel to the native-place of her lover, and there end her miserable days. Clothed in the garb of a pilgrim, and forsaking all, she took her solitary journey towards Hungary, and undeterred by difficulty and danger, she safely reached the term of her wanderings, and arrived at Wesprim, where there then existed a Greek convent, founded by our earliest King of blessed memory, the good St. Stephen. Eirene presented herself to the Mother Abbess, and craved admission. Her story was listened to, and she was at once received. This cavern, and others which still exist along the rampart of rock which girds the lake, were at that time reserved for the habitation of recluses who might desire to follow a yet stricter rule than that observed by the inmates of the cloister. The ravine, along which we traced our way but now, was the only road which communicated with this solitary habitation, and the opening by which we entered is still called the Mädchenthor. Water, roots, and bread were the only food Eirene ever tasted, and the latter was brought to her cell twice weekly by a messenger from the Abbey of Tihany. At the time when Eirene took the veil, this cavern remained tenantless, and she therefore besought

and obtained permission from the Mother Abbess to withdraw hither, and to pass the remainder of her life in the same austere seclusion as she had practised during her noviciate. During an entire year the sorrowful recluse remained, cut off by her voluntary vow from a world with which she felt she had now nothing in common.

Where now are reared those well-appointed dwellings which surround the mineral-spring of Füred, stood in those days only a few small scattered cabins; for the virtue of its healing waters was known to few, and no one then visited the spot. To the surprise, therefore, of all, a litter was one day carried through the humble and obscure little village of Füred, by attendants wearing the badge of royalty, for it contained the wasted form of a warrior, very dear to the King. He had suffered much from honourable wounds, and from the horrors of a prolonged captivity, and was borne thither by the monarch's own order, upon the advice of the royal physician, in the hope that the air and waters of this beautiful and tranquil place might restore him to health.

You will be astonished to learn that this wounded, and now liberated, captive was no other than the brave but unhappy Pornai. Struck down by a Turkish sabre, he had recovered from the blow, had been found by a Turk, healed, and detained among the Sclavonians, where his estimable qualities had won his master's affections, and he had restored him to liberty. The good Benedictines of Tihany, as generous, considerate, and hospitable in those days as they are now, watched over, protected, and tended the young man till they brought him through his sickness.

Pornai dwelt in one of the little huts, with his faithful and attached servant Imre, and often did he, as he grew

stronger, wander musingly over the mountain-path to visit his good benefactors, intending one day to devote himself to religion, and to become one of their number. But his thoughts were always with Eirene, whom he in vain tried to forget, and whose mysterious disappearance he had learned on his first release, but whom he had as yet failed to trace, and his whole soul was absorbed in conjectures as to her subsequent fate. One day, while following his accustomed track, and pondering on this mournful and perplexing subject, he was overtaken by one of those violent storms of common occurrence in mountain districts, and seeking some place of shelter, he discovered the road along the edge of the ravine, and made for the cave—this very cave in which we now are. What was his surprise, his joy—nay the joy of both, when suddenly the long-separated lovers found themselves in each other's arms. To describe the intensity of their delight would be impossible; but they soon awoke from their dream of bliss to remember the terrible vows which Eirene had rashly pronounced, while ignorant of her husband's fate, and which separated them for ever. Motionless and aghast they stood at the terrible recollection: overwhelmed with grief, Pornai was the first to speak.

"Eirene," said he, "our position is a cruel one, nevertheless your first vows were made to me, and mine you are: it was only when you—in your fatal error—thought yourself a widow, that you made those subsequent promises which would involve our separation. You gave yourself to me in the presence of God, and He, who knows the purity of your heart, will never impute it to you as sin that you have acted in accordance with your original promise."

This and other arguments served to win the willing ear

of Eirene, and no sooner did the shades of evening descend, than day by day Pornai took his way across the mountains to visit his long lost wife, returning to his hut before the morning light.

This irksome life of stolen interviews could not however continue: as the days became longer, new difficulties sprung up in the way of their meeting, and they resolved at last to attempt to establish their intercourse on a more legitimate footing. Pornai obtained an audience of the Bishop, and frankly laid before him the details of his case, proposing to him that, in consideration of the circumstances, he should absolve Eirene from her vows. The Bishop listened to the story with interest, and promised seriously to consider the matter; but when, a few days after, he sent for Pornai, it was to tell him that, after mature deliberation, he regretted to say that his proposition could not be entertained.

Pornai was struck mute with consternation, and in an attitude of profound dejection asked the Bishop what he should do?

"Alas! my son," said the prelate, "there remains but one course open to you: devote your life to God, and join the holy monks of Tihany."

"Never!" said Pornai, roused to sudden fury by the contrast betwen this distasteful counsel and his own fondly cherished hopes, "Never will I, or can I, lead a life of solitude and inactivity; if I am to be parted from her who is part of myself, I must banish thought, and plunge into an occupation that will absorb my attention, and withdraw it from her I love. I will return to the wars, and perhaps God will have mercy on me, and take my wretched life on the field of glory."

With this he withdrew, and hastening to the cave, he told Eirene all that had passed, and exhorted her at once to fly with him. Eirene was overwhelmed at the direful tidings, and tremblingly confided to her husband her fears that her condition would preclude the possibility of her flight for some little time to come, as she might risk the life of the offspring to which she hoped shortly to give birth. Overjoyed at this intelligence, Pornai agreed that their departure should be deferred until after the birth of this pledge of their affection, and that meantime they should contrive to meet by stealth, as heretofore.

Month after month rolled by, autumn and winter had passed away, when Eirene's little son, whom his mother had carefully and successfully concealed, was considered sufficiently strong to be removed from his perilous hiding-place. Pornai and Eirene proceeded to arrange their plans, and resolved to escape to Bucharest, where Pornai's good friend and late master, the Turk, would, he felt sure, receive him with hospitality. The faithful Imre, who had all along been the aid and confidant of his master's movements, was made acquainted with their intentions, and assumed an important part in the arrangements. He was to start first, to coast the lake, and to wait on the opposite side with the horses; while Pornai and his wife, with their child, were to cross the next day after dark, in a boat; and the weather, which had been changeable for some time, grew more propitious, and a genial sunshine seemed to smile upon their project. Towards midnight, Pornai took his solitary path for the last time across the mountain, and reached the cavern which held all he valued in the world He found his wife ready, the little boat was moored close to the creek whence they were to start, their worldly possessions were few, and it did not

take long to get the little family of wanderers safely within her. A sense of coming liberty raised their spirits as they bid adieu to the shore, and looked their last farewell at the receding promontory. But alas! for the treacherous changes of these mountainous climes—a sudden wind, which neither Pornai nor Eirene had anticipated, began to roughen the glassy surface of the lake, and they felt themselves uneasily tossing on its waves; while their frail little bark became difficult to manage, and on looking upwards they perceived that the starlit sky was being hidden by menacing clouds. They guessed that they must now be about half way across, but the moon no longer aided them with her light, and their alarm and perplexity were increased by a heavy down-pour of rain, accompanied by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, repeated with ominous reverberation from mountain to mountain. Imre was waiting in gloomy anxiety on the opposite bank: through the long dark hours of that ever-increasing storm, he watched and waited with the horses, which he had tied up in a place of shelter beneath a cavernous rock. He prayed and hoped that his lord might have discovered the state of the weather before he started with his precious freight, and as the morning dawned he knew not whether to rejoice or to quake when, watching the last gusts of the receding storm, he could perceive no boat upon the now subsiding waters. As he strained his vision, examining every ripple of the waves, he fancied he detected a small speck, which, distant as it still was, seemed to be brought nearer and nearer by the impulse of the wind. He almost feared to guess what it might be, but after long and patient investigation there was no longer any room for doubt, it was .... it could only be one thing .... Imre plunged into

the waters, and brought to the shore the body of an infant, securely tied to a plank. This, then, was the solution of the mystery. The boat had been sunk: father and mother had perished; but—foreseeing their fate—they had adopted the last and only resource to save their child, and had bequeathed to him the precious deposit. Imre examined the child—its limbs were numb and cold, but he felt sure it yet lived: he warmed it in his breast, and his delight may be imagined when, after hours of patient exertion and watching, he finally succeeded in restoring it to consciousness and life. Tenderly and lovingly he nursed and tended it: month by month and year by year it grew by his side; and when the days of boyhood were passed, and the child had become a handsome, spirited youth, Imre took him to court, and demanded an audience of the King, when, presenting his nursling with honest pride, he told the monarch the secret of his birth, and the romantic history of his early life. King Matthias had never forgotten his favourite Pornai; and recognizing his fine features and noble bearing in the youth before him, he placed him joyfully in the ranks of his black band, and declared that, for his father's sake, he never would forsake him. Worthy of his origin, the boy soon distinguished himself, and the King, delighted with his prowess, conferred on him the Herrschaft of Nagy Wazsony, with the domain and ancient schloss of Kinizsi, among the archives of which are preserved the details of this history to the present day. Imre lived to a vigorous and honoured old age, and was always regarded by the grateful youth with the veneration and affection of a son."

Thus ended the young goat-herd's story, and by the time

he had concluded, the day was sufficiently advanced to suggest our starting on our homeward way. The boy had told his tale—much to our amusement, but not to our edification—in his native tongue, and it was to the good offices of the amiable "Herr-Director" that we were indebted for its translation into German.

The remainder of our day soon slipped away, and although dinner followed immediately on our return, it was twilight before we rose from table. Our amiable entertainers would fain have detained us another night, but this time we were firm, although it was with extreme regret that we took our leave of them, and of the "Director," who had devoted his time to us with so much politeness. Mr. Teasdale's carriage was placed at our disposal, and we were once more moving along the road with the smooth and easy rapidity to which the Hungarian driver knows how to train his steeds. When we reached the ferry at about eight, we perceived that the boat was on the other side—ferry-boats always are—and that we must await its return. Slowly and calmly it came towards us, at an almost imperceptible pace, a doubly interesting feature in the vast solitude before us, and adding a congenial element of tranquil life and gentle movement to the still and silent twilight. Near us on the broad, turfy bank, crouched as before a group of gipsies, waiting, like ourselves, to cross. The aspect of these dusky-limbed children of the wilderness, cowering beneath their tents around the flickering blaze of their bivouac-fire, was extremely picturesque, and contributed to give a wild poetry to the scene, altogether in accordance with the nature of the spot.

When the ferry-boat touched the land, we saw, in the act of leaving it, our old acquaintance the Füred Doctor, with

his carriage and horses, returning from a professional visit to Szantód. He immediately volunteered his services, and we were glad to find some one who could explain to the ferry-man that we should want a guide on the other shore, to conduct us through the darkness to the station, whence we were to start at an early hour in the morning.

We had a delightful star-light sail across the Balaton; and on reaching the opposite shore we found the Doctor's intervention had been most effectual, for we were immediately provided with a lad who knew the way, and who, loading himself with our hand-baggage, trudged steadily before us, not dropping it more than three times in the sand; fortunately we were close behind, or we might have arrived minus some essentials.

The sandy, trackless waste we had been following—and in which, unguided, we should infallibly have lost our way—being crossed, we reached a meadow, and after the meadow a ploughed field, which proved very disagreeable walking, and after the ploughed field a road—firm and hard—which seemed really pleasant after the obstacles against which we had been contending; still we were not sorry to arrive at a little cluster of houses, and to see behind them the lights of the station. The station, however, was one thing, and a halting-place another, for when we reached it we found there was no waiting-room in which we could pass the next few hours; and though the officials were very civil, they told us we should not be comfortable there, as the waiting-room was a very rough place at best, and would not be opened till nearly time for the train. They directed us, however, to a small hamlet called Szlónos, boasting a little inn by the roadside a few hundred yards off, and one of them at once accompanied us thither to shew the way.

It was a pretty little, châlet-like, building, thatched, and embowered in creepers, and there was a cosiness about it which, after our long, dreary, exhausting walk, was very welcome. It was now about eleven, and the train started at two in the morning: we had thus three hours before us, and so we told the landlord, who now appeared, and politely inquired what he could do for our service, and whether we would not be pleased to sup. We all declared that after the drive from Füred, the sail from Tihany, and the walk to Szantód, we should not object to a mouthful of whatever he had ready, and inquired what the house afforded, but the poor fellow, whose *répertoire* was evidently very limited, and who was accustomed to receive in a very humble way, appeared rather embarrassed by the question. Fish, meat, and poultry, he confessed his larder was guiltless of; there were potatoes in the garden if we could wait while he dug them up, or he could kill a chicken, but if we objected to these preparations he could offer us nothing but bread, cheese, and milk.

"Had he no eggs?" "Oh yes, to be sure," said he, "a *Pfannen-kuchen*, and I can make that so as not to be ashamed to set it before your graciousnesses,"—and quick as thought the good-humoured little punchy fellow flew off, sent in a servant through the open door, between parlour and kitchen, to lay the cloth, and in an incredibly short time reappeared, with a white napkin under his elbow and the smoking dish in his hand, looking uncommonly proud of his performance.

At the other end of the table were seated two quiet, respectable-looking men, one apparently a commercial traveller, and the other a railway official. As soon as the landlord had served us he returned to the place he had occupied be-

fore, between his two guests, who were presently joined by a third, being the village postman, and a discussion having arisen on the subject of music, a duett was proposed between the landlord and the last comer. We were appealed to as to whether this would be in any way disagreeable to us, but not wishing to interfere with the habits of the *habitués*, we at once consented, consoling ourselves with the reflection that it would not last long. No sooner, however, had the performers struck up than we recognized Bellini's *Suoni la tromba*, and moreover discovered that they possessed unusually fine voices, and must have learned how to use them; in fact, instead of being, as we expected, a bore, the duett proved a real enjoyment, and we were the first to applaud and *encore* it. Our curiosity was sufficiently piqued to induce us to inquire how the singers came to have so far perfected themselves in the vocal art, when one of the company informed us that our landlord, in whom we had remarked a manner out of character with his present calling, was a *ci-devant* chorus singer in the opera at Pesth, and, had he persevered in that profession, he would doubtless in time have attained a much higher position; but, not liking the kind of life it necessitated, he had abandoned it, had married, and established himself in this wayside inn, where he was regarded by the villagers as a man of rare talent and superior attainments, and was naturally a great favourite with those who frequented his house.

Our landlord had a good, honest face, and, as we have intimated, a pleasant, courteous manner; so on our expressing a wish that he would give us a solo, he immediately complied, and sang, with considerable feeling *Vi ravviso*, from the Sonnambula, displaying a rich barytone voice.

When this was over, and we had thanked him for his ready compliance, there was a whispered contention between him and the three young men: being carried on, however, in Hungarian, it did not reach us, but we could see they were pressing him to some performance, which, from diffidence on account of the presence of strangers, he was reluctant to undertake; however, it ended by their carrying their point. We were puzzled to guess what was going to take place, when we saw him turn his old wooden arm-chair round, with his back towards us, and then, seizing an umbrella, he stood it between his knees. He then improvised a conversation between a village schoolmaster and his infant pupil, representing the former as teaching the catechism, and calling on the child to repeat the answers after him—the latter making the most ludicrous blunders—till at last it got a box on the ear and set up a squall, with which the lesson terminated: the master driving it into the corner, where it continued to sob and remonstrate. This was really one of the cleverest tricks imaginable, and the change of voice so excellent, that more than once we rose to see if there were not really a child instead of an umbrella before him. It was the very perfection of ventriloquism, and sent us all into roars of laughter; but even this was thrown into the shade by his next feat—the imitation of the *czimbalom*, as played by the Zigeuners. Even with our eyes open, at the same table, and knowing he had nothing before him beneath the two bits of stick with which he imitated, on the table, the action of striking the instrument, it was almost impossible to believe that he could be producing that peculiar, vibrating, metallic sound, and executing those rapid *crescendo* passages, with his unaided voice.

The rotund little man appeared justly pleased at the

astonishment he had produced, and seemed proud of having entertained us so successfully; and truly he had made us forget the time, for the three weary hours we had had before us when we entered, had "passed away like minutes." It was only when the railway officer pulled out his watch, and warned us that he was going to the ticket office, that we remembered the time, and took a reluctant departure. We could have been amused with this clever fellow's drollery all night, and were at a loss how to testify our satisfaction more substantially than by words; but we knew by this time what Hungarian delicacy of feeling was, and would not risk wounding it. The sum he charged us for the accommodation his house had afforded was so moderate that it could barely have covered the cost; so we remembered our books of English views, and drawing out one little volume of them, we begged his acceptance of this *souvenir* of the pleasant evening we had spent. It proved exactly the thing: he was delighted with the little gift, and kissed our hands rapturously, declaring he should "take the greatest care of it for the rest of his life."

The bit of road between Szantód and Kanisza is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, and the bright night and early dawn revealed to us a beautiful mountain chain of volcanic peaks, rising one above the other, as we left the Balaton-lake behind us.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Bakonyer Forest—The Georgicon—Kesthely—A Magyar Magnate—Strange mixture of refinement and eccentricity—Second sight—Our mystification—A Knight of Jerusalem—How they are manufactured—The Promoter of Hungarian railways—A second obliging fellow-traveller—Badaszony—Molnari—Stein-am-Anger or Szombathely—Tyak—Bükh—Szinckendorf—Picturesque old inn—The Village—Quaint shops—The "Schloss"—Our visit to Countess Széchenyi—Count Bela's trophies from Africa—The late Count Stefan's study, as he left it—Library—Ball-room, state-rooms, &c.—Conservatories—Grounds—Rough fare at the inn—Waiting-room at the station—Austrian depreciation of Hungarian character—Night train to Oedenburg—Large rambling hotel—Two Catholic Churches, built with treasure trove—Corn and Cattle market—Suburb—Belfry tower—Manufactures and agricultural produce—Coal-mines—Prince Esterhazy's German Schloss—Esterhaz—Its magnificence—Its pleasure grounds—Eisenstadt—Avenue of chesnut-trees to Mühlendorf—Palace of Förchtenstein—Historical recollections—Family jewels—Town of Eisenstadt—Franciscan monastery—Burial-place of the Esterhazy family—Ghetto—Jewish population—Fire.

The latter part of our road brought us very near the Bakonyerwald, which stretches in this direction, and to the south lie some extensive woodlands famous for the gigantic growth of their timber, especially the lime, beech, and oak, and also for abundance of game. At Kesthely, at the southern extremity of the Balaton-lake, is an extensive agricultural institution or college, called, as we were told, the *Georgicon*, and established there by Graf Georg Festericsz. Keszthely is a flourishing little town, and owes its prosperity in a great measure to this institution.

In this part of the country all the peasants appear to wear the shepherd costume already mentioned, and probably the

majority of them are shepherds or goat-herds. The women have a Neapolitan aspect, doubtless owing to the white kerchiefs they wear, folded flat on the top of their heads and falling down the back, in a style altogether similar to that of the peasants of Southern Italy.

It was about six A.M., when the train stopped at Kanisza, where there is an important-looking station, supplied with a very pretentious *buffet*, and waiters already astir; and as we had an hour and a half to wait there, we took advantage of the opportunity to adjust our toilettes and procure our breakfast. At the same table was seated a fine, handsome, gentlemanly man, who had entered attended by a livery servant carrying his rug, and a bag—on which was a cipher 'Z' surmounted by a coronet. He addressed us in French, which he spoke with Parisian elegance, but from his costume and general appearance he could be no other than a Magyar. He asked us what part of Hungary we had been visiting, and what was our next destination; to which we replied that we had been at Füred, and were intending to stop at Szinckendorf; adding that we were delighted with all we were seeing in his country, to which we hoped at some not distant period to return.

Scarcely was breakfast concluded when the train came up, and our new acquaintance took a hasty leave of us, saying he had to escort a lady and child to the next station, but had told his servant to retain a place for him in our carriage, as he would, with our permission, return to us as soon as he had disposed of his charge.

At Gelse accordingly he re-appeared, having conducted the lady to an elegant little pony carriage which was waiting for her at the station, and, taking his place among us, proved a most agreeable fellow-traveller.

His eccentricities puzzled and amused us, but there was too much of the dignity of birth and breeding in his air and manner to admit of his appearing ridiculous. He seemed to possess an intuitive knowledge of every subject that was broached, and conversed upon them all with a quickness of perception which almost partook of second sight—a veritable Cagliostro, minus his charlatanism.

Thus, in turning over our sketch-books, which contained little fragments noted down in different lands, he seemed instantly to recognize every spot, as if he had a familiar personal knowledge of each locality, and his observations were made in the most tranquil, unhesitating, and matter-of-fact way, as if it were perfectly natural that he should be master of all subjects.

"Ah!" said he, as he turned over a page, "that old doorway is uncommonly true to the original; and then, everything in Toledo has a charm of association about it. It's a pity you didn't put in the bit of wall, with its crumbling stones, on the right, and the broken steps leading up to the old Moorish archway. This," continued he, coming to another, "is good; but just where you have left off, there is a patch of honeycomb brick-work, so characteristic of the architectural relics of ancient Rome that it would have told wonderfully; and here I see you have an admirable scrap of mediæval Flanders; but this little reminiscence of Tirol pleases me even better. Dear me! what is the next? oh, I see, a little labyrinthine remembrance of the porphyry and jasper columns in the marvellous mezquito at Cordova, and in the next page one of those delightful irregular old streets from a fishing-town on the Mediterranean—Oneglia, it must be." . . .

We were lost in astonishment at these and many more;

such remarks, but more especially, perhaps, when, turning to one of the party—a young lady—he said: "You don't sketch: you could, if you liked, but you are idle; however," added he, looking more closely at her throat, "with a voice like yours, I suppose you do not leave yourself much time for many accomplishments besides music."

"Now, how did you know I sang?" replied she, amazed and amused, as indeed we all were.

"How did I know it? Oh, I'm sure I can't tell—by observation, I suppose. I observe everything; I can't help it—it is part of my nature."

"You must have travelled a great deal, and seem to have made good use of those powers during your wanderings," we replied.

"Yes, I am always moving about: there are not many parts of the world I have not visited; and when I am at a place, I take it in very rapidly; I see all that is worth seeing, and never forget what I have once seen."

He next told us, quite correctly, the relationship we held to each other, and mentioned with surprising accuracy several little peculiarities which he said he was sure characterized each of us. In fact, he might be said to possess a sixth sense, and to have cultivated it with wondrous success.

He informed us that he had held a very responsible position in the Hungarian department of the French exhibition; being one of the committee who represented that nation at all the meetings held in Paris for the arrangement and regulation of that gigantic undertaking. He seemed to be acquainted with every object within its precincts, and might be likened to a walking catalogue of the vast and bewildering collection. He mentioned to us a fact in connection with the construction of the building, of which we had not been

aware at the time of our visit. It seems that, as a precaution against fire, every column in the edifice was hollow, and filled with water, which at any moment could be turned on at the first alarm; it appeared, indeed, from his information that, wonderful as was all that *was* seen in and around that colossal edifice, perhaps more wonderful and ingenious still was the arrangement of all the machinery and underground works that were out of sight, and were only known to the initiated. After conversing for some time about the wonders of the place, he said—

"You weren't there long enough: a week is too little for such a place; it well deserved the sacrifice of the time necessary for appreciating it."

"And pray, how came you to know we were there only a week?"

"Oh, I can guess that, by the objects you saw, and the impression they made on you; also, perhaps, by those you did *not* see."

The conversation turning on the subject of the Hungarian Coronation, we produced the Primate's gift, which we were obliged to carry in a separate parcel, as it was too large for our knapsacks. He looked over the sheets as if seeking something, and supposing it to be the plate containing the Primate's portrait, we pointed to it, asking him if he did not think it a capital likeness.

"Ce n'est pas cela que je cherche," said he, as he continued searching: at last his eye rested on the open book, and exclaiming—

"Ah! Voilà!" he added, with a look of satisfaction, as he put his finger down on the photograph of a richly habited magnate holding a drawn sword, and standing next to his Majesty, then being crowned, "Ca, c'est moi."

We had been wondering as to who our mysterious and singular fellow-traveller could be. That he belonged to the upper ranks of the upper ten thousand, we had no doubt; but that he held an office so important as this revelation intimated had not occurred to us: he had, however, at length given us a clue as to his position. As he now closed the book, little more was said on that subject, except that we availed ourselves of the chance of meeting with so good an authority, to seek some enlightenment on the history of the "Sacred Crown of Hungary," and the reason of its distortion; but even the Count, omniscient as he was, could only furnish one more legendary version of the accident.

Our mention of the Primate naturally led to that of some of the other Prelates of Hungary, and he dwelt warmly on the character and personal appearance of the Bishop of Kalocsa (Haynault by name), the expression of whose countenance is said by all to be perfectly angelic. With the Holy Father he seemed to have had very frequent audiences, and had spent much time in Rome.

Suddenly turning up his wristband, he shewed us a cabalistic mark just above the wrist, and asked us if we knew what that signified. On our confessing our ignorance —

"That means," said he, "that I am a Knight of Jerusalem, and you don't know perhaps how Knights of Jerusalem are made: it is no light matter, I can assure you. The vows themselves are such as ought not to be taken without deep thought and resolution, and the process of admission to the order is very solemn and impressive."

On our inviting him to tell us the particulars of the ceremony, he proceeded:—

"It is now thirty years ago, that, after the occurrence of

an event which changed the whole course of my life"—and he paused and seemed moved as he alluded to it—"I felt so unfitted for the *grand monde* which had until then been my natural element, that I resolved on making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I had some distant thoughts of becoming one of the Holy Order when I left my home, and by continual reflection these were matured as I proceeded on my journey, so that by the time I had spent some weeks in the sacred city, I was fully resolved upon the point. I then made a general confession, and having obtained admission to the holy Sepulchre, I was allowed to pass the whole night there alone. . . . . alone with God. It was a solemn passage in my life, I can assure you, and never shall I forget it. Among other rites which belong exclusively to the order, the stamp you see here was set upon me, and I was then admitted a Knight of Jerusalem. The marking was done by an old woman, who was extremely expert at the operation, and as you perceive, she did her work effectually, for it has lasted nearly the third of a century: the arm was tightly bandaged above and below the spot; the device was then drawn on the skin by punctured lines, and on the following day a juice of a blueish and indelible tint, known to these Orientals, was injected, leaving the stain you see."

The Count had re-visited Jerusalem since, and knew the celebrated P. Ratisbonne, who had, we told him, when in London, been a guest under our roof. We also mentioned to him our acquaintance with the late Cardinal Wiseman, whom it appeared he had also known personally, and whose autograph letter, which we now produced, he read with so much interest that we begged him to regard it as an introduction to himself.

"Now you have told me who you are," he said, as he returned the document, "I will tell you who I am," and he drew out and presented us with a card, on which we read 'Le Comte E . . . Z . . . , Chambellan et Conseiller intime de S. M. Imp^le^ et Roy^le^ Apostolique,' followed by his address in Paris and in Vienna.

"Now," he said, "you told me you were going to Szinckendorf: my cousin, the Countess Széchenyi—widow of the excellent and patriotic Count Stefan—has a palace there. You would, I am sure, like to make her acquaintance, and she will, I am persuaded, be pleased to know you. I will, therefore, give you a line for her with this card: you have only to ask for the Schloss and present yourselves."

We thanked our singular and amiable fellow-traveller very cordially for this gratuitous act of kindness, and assured him that it would be most gratifying to us to know the widow of a man in every way so remarkable, and so unreservedly devoted to his country's good.

"I shall leave you," he said, "at the next station, for I have business there connected with this railway, of which I am a director; in fact, I may say, it owes its existence to me, and I think some gratitude is due to me from the shareholders, as it, and others I likewise helped to originate, bring them in ten per cent for their money."

"You seem, M. le Comte," said we, "to have thought more of the shareholders than you have of the public, for your charges are exorbitant."

"Ah," said he, "but look at the accommodation we give you; in what railways in the world do you get such carriages as these? And then consider, how well organized are all our arrangements: I do not say it boastingly, but we never have an accident—surely *that* is worth paying a little more for."

"True," we said, "and unquestionably that circumstance reflects the greatest credit on the directors, who have a great deal more to do with accidents than the public ever seem to think. There is little doubt that, if on the occasion of an accident the compensation awards fell on the directors alone—who undertake the management to the exclusion of the shareholders—instead of coming out of the pockets of the unfortunate shareholders, who are in no way blameable for the mismanagement, the public would travel much more safely, and we should never then hear of such disasters as we have now to deplore."

"What you say is very logical; and I quite agree with you that, seeing the majority of accidents are traced to mismanagement on the part of officials—very often to drunkenness—and as those officials are selected by the directors and not by the shareholders, many, if not all, accidents might be prevented by a more capable or more zealous staff of directors. You must not, however, forget that you are speaking to a director," he added, with a smile, "but there is no doubt that, even in the best of us, zeal may be stimulated by self-interest. Still, if you make a director's responsibilities too heavy, who will you get to assume the office?"

It was said of Professor Whewell, whose universal knowledge became a proverb among his contemporaries, that "omniloquence was his forte, and omniscience his foible;" and we could not help asking ourselves whether Count Z . . . would have produced the same impression, had we conversed with him longer. Whether or not, he was well "up" in all he professed to know, and we were all heartily sorry when the train pulled up at the little station of Molnari, and our pleasant travelling companion alighted, bidding us a graceful adieu.

We had passed several villas and *châteaux* on this road, and had been surprised at the vast quantities of vines which covered the hills far and near, a large trade in wine being pursued here, especially around Badaszony.

At Molnari another traveller got in, who made himself very useful in telling us the names of the *Schlosses* and villages we passed. At a little distance from the road, lies the village of Stein-am-anger, to which he called our attention, informing us that it was so called from some Roman remains found there, supposed to be those of a city built and inhabited by that nation, and called Sabbaria, believed by some to have been founded by the Emperor Claudius, and made by that monarch the capital of Pannonia. Our informant was well acquainted with the spot, and said he had always taken great interest in exploring the locality, in examining the classical relics it boasts, and in authenticating the traditions relating to its original occupiers. He spoke of a curious fragment preserved there, which he considered could be no other than the remains of a triumphal arch, of which tradition reported that it was erected in honour of Constantius Chlorus, Dioclesian's successor, who died A.D. 306.

The birth-place of S. Martin of Tours is marked at Stein-am-anger by a venerable little chapel, but the village also possesses modern buildings worth notice. The Bishop's palace is a handsome and commodious dwelling, and the Cathedral, which, like most of the modern churches in Hungary is in the classical style, presents itself imposingly as it stands out in the midst of this insignificant village, for Stein-am-anger does not number 4000 inhabitants.

The ground plan of this church is cruciform, and it has two cupolas; while the interior, our friend told us, corresponds, in costliness and finish, with the magnificence of the

exterior. The sculpture, frescoes, and *marqueterie* of coloured marbles, with which it is enriched, are said to be well worth examination. It contains, also, two pictures of great value—a Holy Family by Corregio, and a St. Michael by Tintoretto—both given to the church by Pope Pius VI. at the time it was consecrated. This church was begun by Bishop Szily, and continued by Bishop Somogvy, by whom it was completed at the end of the last century.

Stein-am-anger, (or stone in the meadow), is the German nomenclature of this place, but the Hungarian name is Szombathely. In its vicinity there stands a very remarkable old church, at a hamlet named Tjàk, the origin of which has puzzled many archæologists, owing to the cabalistic signs carved on its gates and walls; but it has been attributed, like many other churches in Hungary, to the Templars.

At Bükh we passed a large sugar-refinery; indeed, this is an important branch of trade in Hungary, and immense tracts of land are devoted to the cultivation of beet-root.

Szinckendorf is a characteristic Hungarian village, which we reached at about two o'clock, and made our way to the inn, a very picturesque old building, with a large farm-yard in front of it. On crossing this, we found ourselves in an irregular court, surrounded on three sides by the house, round which ran a colonnade, beneath which, in the corner next the kitchen, was a table spread, and a few chairs round it.

A night's travelling, and a hurried breakfast at the station, had given us an appetite which a *gourmet* would have grudged to see thrown away on such fare as the inn at Szinckendorf afforded; but, *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*—travelling makes us acquainted with strange . . . *cookery!* and happily renders us very indifferent to its merits.

We were too well used to its vagaries not to accept with a good grace whatever it sent us; so, despatching our meal, we hastened to put ourselves in trim, as best we could, for our visit to the *château*.

The village is prettily situated, and the streets have a quaint and most peculiar character, the principal one being long, straggling, and irregular. As to pavement, there is none, but the foot-path is raised about a foot above the road —a small rapid brook dividing the one from the other—and at irregular intervals are some fine old poplars. The houses, for the most part, stand back from the road; but in front of each is a walled court-yard, entered by a door, so that only the upper part of the dwelling is visible from the road. Others are built close to the foot-path—so close, that it is impossible to walk along the road without seeing all that is passing within. Most of the houses are very small, and consist of one storey, with a *grenier* over it. This place is singularly devoid of what *we* should call the necessaries of existence. Such shops as it has are wretchedly provided, and civilization seems to be in a most backward state.

The Schloss stands close to the village, in extensive pleasure-grounds, and a fine, broad, hard road took us to a little rustic bridge, by which we entered the garden. From this, a serpentine walk led up to the house, where the first person we met was a barefooted female servant, who was feeding some poultry in the farm-yard behind the house; but as she understood only her native Hungarian, we went on to the front entrance and pulled the bell. It was answered by a respectable looking butler, to whom we gave our cards, together with that of Count Z——, requesting to know if the Gräfin were at home, and could receive us.

"My lady *is* at home, please your graciousness," said the butler, "but unfortunately she is in bed, having been ill the last two days; and I am sorry indeed she will be unable to see you. Do not, however, go away: I will take these cards up to her ladyship, and say you are here, as I am sure she will wish to send you some expression of her regret, especially as you are friends of this gentleman;" and he glanced at the Count's card.

Saying this, he ushered us through a handsome vestibule, bounded on one side by a large conservatory filled with choice exotics, into an elegant double drawing-room, opening on to a lawn and a beautifully kept flower-garden. It would very much have resembled the interior of an English gentleman's country-seat, but for the inlaid floor, brilliantly waxed, the absence of carpets, the form of the open fireplaces, and other idiosyncracies inseparable from a foreign dwelling. The furniture was of the Louis XV. style, and on the tables were laid out richly bound books, portfolios of engravings, albums, musical boxes, &c., while several costly little *étagères*, fixed about the room, displayed various curiosities and valuable articles of *vertù*. The wall was judiciously hung with some graceful family portraits, life-size, in handsomely carved and gilt oval frames. The curtains, wide and handsome, were of chintz, and the canopies, couches, arm-chairs, &c. were covered with the same. About the room, on costly flower stands, were several specimens of rare plants, in elegant flower-pots.

The major-domo now appeared, bearing the Gräfin's compliments, and regrets at not being able to receive us, requesting that we would, if we pleased, walk over the house and grounds, and informing us that a repast should be ready for us on our return, at which she was sincerely

sorry she could not preside. We begged him to thank her for her kind and considerate message, and to say we would gladly avail ourselves of her polite permission to see the Schloss and its pleasure-grounds, but that, having just lunched at the inn, we begged she would not provide anything for us.

The old butler then led us through the rooms, telling us who were the originals of the pictures, and what the destinations of the various apartments. There was the Gräfin's boudoir, and the dining-room, richly furnished, and adorned with many trophies of the chase, won by the young Count Bela Széchenyi in Africa, and which the old servant exhibited with affectionate pride. The library was a splendid room, luxuriously fitted, and supplied with every possible appliance that could make it an attractive resort; the books—in many languages, and comprising classical works as well as those of modern authors of all countries—being beautifully bound and admirably classified, while on the table were the latest French and English periodicals. The late Count Stefan's private room was shewn to us—preserved just as he left it. The butler spoke with great regard of his late master, and alluded with feeling to his melancholy and mysterious death at Döhling, ten or twelve years ago. The present Gräfin was, when she married Count Stefan, the widow of Count Zichy, by whom she had several children. By Count Stefan she has only two sons, of whom Count Bela is the eldest: he, too, occupied a distinguished post at the late Coronation. They are in process of adding an entirely new wing to the Schloss, and one portion of the house is closed on that account; there are, therefore, some state-rooms that we did not see. The billiard-room, ball-room, and guest-chambers, as well as the staircases and vestibules,

are remarkably well appointed, and display both taste and costliness, and there is a hot-air apparatus for warming the house in winter.

As we were leaving the Schloss, the house-steward again met us, saying that his mistress begged we would not leave without taking some refreshment; so cordial is Hungarian hospitality.

The grounds are of great extent, and the whole park is laid out in grass-plots, serpentine paths, and flower-borders, mingled with clumps of forest trees and copses, much in the English style. A stream flows through the gardens, and gives occasion for one or two very tasteful ornamental bridges.

As we heard there was a large sugar refinery here, we turned our steps thitherward, and were very civilly received. At Seville, where we once made a similar application, no persuasion could obtain our admission. Here, however, the overseer made no difficulty, but readily consented to shew us the whole process from beginning to end, and accordingly pointed out to us, *in limine*, a procession of waggons bringing in the supplies of beet-root about to be employed in the manufacture. These were mostly drawn by bullocks. Twelve hundred hands are employed here, out of a population of 1600; and, in order that the works may never stand still, half the number work all the day, and the rest relieve them, working all night. We had fully intended availing ourselves of the facility afforded us of inspecting the entire process, but when we had reached the boiling-room, containing about a dozen huge furnaces, with copper boilers full of syrup, the heat was so intense that not one of us could stand it, and the overseer, perceiving the effect of this torrid atmosphere upon us, called out to some of

the men to open the windows: this incident arrested our ardour in the pursuit, and we retreated, confessing our inability practically to go further into the matter. We were not surprised to learn that the occupation is a most unhealthy one, and that all employed in it are short-lived; that it takes a long time to accustom them to the temperature in which they work, and to the change they experience on going back into the cold air. While within the factory, they wear the thinnest possible clothing—indeed, the men who attend to the boiler department may be said to be almost denuded of dress—and all are *advised* and *cautioned* to be careful in wrapping themselves up as they leave the factory, being, in fact, provided with blankets for the purpose; but they are as careless in adopting these precautions as the miners in using their "davy-lamps," and the consequence is that the great majority die off by consumption. The men, who are much bronzed in complexion, look almost like negroes or half-castes as they are seen at work—sometimes with, but oftener without, a Guernsey frock—in their shirts, and loose white, or striped, linen drawers, and with naked legs and feet. All the sugar made here is of a very blue tint, but does not contain so much saccharine as the beet-root sugar of France. It is sold retail on the spot at about sixpence the pound.

As there was nothing more to detain us at Szinckendorf, and the inn, large as it was, did not tempt us much as a sleeping-place, we decided on taking the night train—for there was none earlier—to Oedenburg, and thought to soften the news of our departure to our host by ordering supper. He seemed, however, rather disconcerted than gratified by the order, avowing that he did not think he had anything fit for our service; and when we urged him

to serve up whatever he could, we found it amounted to nothing but black bread, uneatable butter, and goats' milk. We told him we certainly had not expected such very rough fare, and said we had seen some very presentable white bread at the baker's, which he had better procure for us; but this proposal he altogether negatived, saying he "always baked his own bread once a week, and that he had never had to buy any of a baker,"—which we took to mean that he declined the transaction. Whether there was a family-feud between these two ancient houses, or whether it was merely a commercial rivalry, we could not make out, but the result was that we stepped over to the baker's ourselves and bought all the white rolls he possessed. We next produced our camp-kettle and spirit-lamp, and, with the aid of a small tea-float, contrived, out of this compact apparatus, to render ourselves entirely independent of our recusant landlord, who, perhaps by way of compensation, brought us in a dish of hot mashed potatoes, and that universal resource of continental cooks, an omelet. He further gallantly proposed to accompany us to the station, and we found him at the door, lantern in hand, when the moment came for starting. This journey was not a very long one—an affair of perhaps four hours—but it was dark and chilly.

An Austrian, who travelled with us, wondered how any one could visit Hungary unless obliged. "The Hungarians," he said, "were a detestable race, proud and lazy, and only fit for agricultural pursuits. In fact," said he, "they have the sense to feel that they are not as yet fit to be a commercial people, and wisely confine themselves to less pretentious aspirations."

"Is it not rather," said we, "that the chivalrous feeling

which forms part of their nature, elevates them above the narrow notions of shop-keeping and money-getting, and inspires them with contempt for the petty propensities which trade often engenders, and that therefore their primitive ideas, independent minds, and patriarchal tastes lead them to prefer the simpler and more patriarchal course of agricultural pursuits."

"By no means," replied he; "you evidently do not know them; they are too lazy to employ their heads in calculation, and too fatalistic to adventure their capital in commercial speculations: it is not they who are too grand for the occupation, but the occupation that is above their capacity or their energy."

"Come, come," said we, "no one can accuse them of want of energy; look at the struggles they have made when their national interests are at stake."

"That proceeds neither from energy nor courage," replied the Austrian, "it is mere perverseness; and the whole nation may be termed children of a larger growth."

In this strain continued our Austrian fellow-traveller; but we had resided too long in Vienna to be in the least surprised at it. At Oedenburg we found this animosity on the part of the Austrians carried even farther; and it happens that, in this town, the great majority of the tradespeople and labouring classes are Austrians, while the wealthier and idler portion are Magyars.

The night was far advanced when we reached Oedenburg: it was clear and bright, but very cold, and we fortunately found a supernumerary at the station to carry our bags and conduct us to the hotel, where one sleepy waiter alone survived to shew us our rooms. It was a large, rambling place, with galleried corridors and cheerless chambers, but we

were thankful to turn in any where, and were not a little surprised, at this late hour, to perceive that at a café opposite there was a dance, the musicians being evidently Zigeuners.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and we were rather pleased with the look of the place; the principal street being broad and well paved, and the houses lofty and important. The market-place and back-streets are very picturesque, and the "Stadt-thurm"—a fine characteristic old steeple, covered with copper—is said to be one of the loftiest in Hungary.

Oedenburg is a town of upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, and of some importance both in commerce and manufactures. It is said to have been anciently a Roman city of some consequence, and was then called Sempronium; traces of its occupation by this people have often been found here and in the neighbourhood. The people at Oedenburg are of mixed religious denominations, but the number of Catholics predominates. There is a monastery of Dominican fathers, and a convent of Ursuline nuns; the two Catholic churches belong to the Benedictines, and are said to have been built with a large sum of money found during some excavations on the spot where they stand. It was in Turkish coin, and was contained in a curious old chest, which was supposed to have been buried—perhaps in some time of trouble or invasion—either by some wealthy individual or some community of that nation, during their occupation of the country. Some say it was a military reserve, and must have been concealed under pressure of a surprise. Oedenburg has only one Protestant place of worship.

The population is almost equally divided, consisting of Austrians and Hungarians, the jealous feeling between whom is most obvious. It is an interesting old town, but the

corn and cattle-market—where extensive transactions are carried on—is the most primitive quarter. It has a quaint old suburb called "*Vor-der-thor*," near which stands the belfry tower. Both here and in the town itself are numerous factories, which supply plenty of occupation for mechanics, while agricultural labour is in great demand in the neighbourhood, Oedenburg County being one of the most industriously cultivated in Hungary.

The vineyards which abound in the vicinity produce important supplies of wine, which find a mart in Oedenburg; and honey and bees'-wax are brought into the market in large quantities from the villages around.

The coal mines of Brennberg, at no great distance, are very productive, but only in brown coal, or lignite.

Immediately across the frontier, and therefore within the Austrian territory, stands the German Schloss of the Esterhazy family, called Pottendorf; divided only by the Leitha, which forms the geographical boundary between Austria and Hungary, from the vast lands once owned by the Esterhazys on the Hungarian side. A great deal of ill-feeling against the nobles generally has been excited by the extravagant expenditure of the Esterhazy family, and the losses which their downfall has entailed on whole families in this part of the country, where the land for miles around was owned by them, and where they have several Schlosses. In fact, it seemed to us that, wherever we pointed out a country seat, and inquired to whom it belonged, it was ten to one we were told that it formed a part of the Esterhazy property. No wonder the late bankrupt Prince was said to be, at one time, the wealthiest individual in Europe.

If, however, by courtesy or by habit, these broad lands and extensive palaces still retain the name of their quondam

owner, they have ceased to be the property of his descendants, and are either mortgaged, sold, or tenanted by others. These Schlosses, called respectively Esterhaz and Eisenstadt, are magnificent palaces, and were kept up with almost regal pomp till the crash came, and the circumstances of the family could no longer be concealed. Esterhaz is about fourteen miles from Oedenburg, and was the original residence of the Esterhazy family, which derives its name from this place. It is of enormous extent, and is built in the Italian style, but of the most florid character. Marbles, frescoes, gilding, and sculpture, combine to render this palace a fit dwelling for a magnate whose territorial possessions exceeded in extent the kingdom of Wurtemberg. Maria Theresa once sojourned here, and the chamber occupied by that Empress is of course jealously kept, and still shewn. There are yet a few pictures on the walls, but none of much value, the famous Esterhazy Collection having been removed, as we have said, to the gallery of the National Academy, at Pesth. The only portrait of any interest left here is that of Haydn, who was for thirty years *Maestro di capella* to the late Prince's father.

The palace of Esterhaz was almost as celebrated for the articles of art and *vertù*, the evidences of taste and research, the rarities and curiosities it contained, as for the costliness of its construction, its fittings, decorations, and furniture; and all these have been (says a Hungarian topographical writer) "immortalized" by a native poet, known to (local) fame by the name of Esterhazy Vigassayck. The ball-room, the belvedere, the banquet-hall, and the library—supplied by the Prince who built it with between twenty and thirty thousand volumes, and a choice collection of engravings—are all nobly-proportioned rooms.

In the garden, on the left hand side, is to be seen the marionette-theatre, decorated regardless of expense, and with faultless taste, and which comparatively minor addition to the main building is said to have cost 50,000 florins. The figures are carefully modelled, and proportioned to the dimensions of the stage; their costumes are elaborate, and sufficiently numerous to admit of the performance of thirty different pieces. The name of the artificer who contrived this complicated piece of workmanship was Von Pauersbach, and he was occupied during twenty years in bringing the machinery to perfection. As this theatre was only to be used in summer, the seats of the spectators were placed in a delightful grotto, in which fountains began to play as soon as the company were seated.

On the right hand is a larger theatre for living performers, in which a sufficient number of roomy boxes were constructed for the accommodation of the Prince and his guests. Adjoining this is the Chinese ball-room, altogether unique, perhaps, in Europe, and beyond it a handsome marble basin, with a fountain in the midst. On the opposite side is a corresponding basin, and near it, adjoining the theatre, an elegant coffee and refreshment-room, opening into the garden.

Besides all this, the gardens are adorned with elaborate summer-houses, known as the Temple of Diana, the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Love and Fortune, the Hermitage, etc., while the Marcus-Platz afforded a fine area for the display of fireworks. All these buildings were adorned with marble statues, and the grounds were laid out in noble alleys and avenues, together with a miniature forest, affording beautiful and diversified walks.

It is now nearly a century since this palace has been in-

habited as a residence, the family having, three generations back, given the preference to that of Eisenstadt; nevertheless the gilding and decorations of its marble halls are in comparatively excellent condition, and it has no appearance of being deserted.

The palace of Eisenstadt, about eleven miles to the north of the town of Oedenburg, was built by Prince Paul Esterhazy, of Galantha, Palatine of the Kingdom of Hungary, in the year 1683. The design was quadrangular, of right regal aspect; having at the corners four massive towers, of which that looking towards the town contained four bells of different sizes, and the corresponding one, a single bell of 157 cwts. It was almost reconstructed by Prince Nicolas Esterhazy, of Galantha, in 1805, and the cost of this palace, which had Moreau for its architect, was absolutely fabulous. The first stone of the new building was laid on the 15th September of that year, and beneath it, together with specimens of the current coinage, was placed a document stating the date and attendant circumstances. To describe its magnificence would be impossible, for notwithstanding its enormous extent, the completeness and finish of every part was faultless.

Besides the ball-room, the theatre, the library, bath-rooms, picture-gallery, belvederes, conservatories, and other luxurious adjuncts, is the chapel, which once boasted a matchless orchestra, worthy the performance of the masses of the great kapell-meister Haydn, who for thirty years presided over these spiritual dissipations.

In the grounds, beyond the terraces and avenues that surround the palace, are statues, fountains, summer-houses, temples, and the renowned Calvarienberg. Here is also the monastery of the Brothers of Mercy, founded in 1740 by

Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, with its hospital of 16 beds, and its well ordered dispensary.

We may further mention the battery of sixteen guns, intended to fire salvos on all festive occasions. The printing establishment, and the barracks for the Prince's Grenadier guards, are also well worth a visit, and the latter gives some idea of the state maintained by this once wealthy and influential family. In 1805 a new cemetery, adjoining this latter building, was opened.

The road from Eisenstadt to Mühlendorf is one long alley of chesnut-trees, and was made at the time of the building of the original castle, but in 1792 it was prolonged as far as Wimpassing by Prince Anton Esterhazy.

Besides an extensive Thier-garten, this princely residence possesses a most extensive hunting-ground, amply stocked with game of all descriptions, and a conservatory which might vie with those of Cholderton, Chatsworth, or Biberich.

The views from the castle and its grounds were once very beautiful, but of course the disappearance of the Neusiedler lake has proved a serious loss in this respect.

Another of the Esterhazy residences is the castellated palace of Förchtenstein, also in the neighbourhood of Oedenburg, and at about the same distance, but to the west; whereas Esterhaz is to the south-east, and Eisenstadt to the north of that place. The site is peculiar, as it is pitched on a rugged eminence, and resembles rather that of a fortress of the middle ages than of a palace of our own days: it was, however, almost entirely rebuilt at the beginning of the 17th century.

In mediæval times this fastness, held by a noble Hungarian chief, named Frakno, sustained many an on-

slaught by the Turks, and its extensive armoury has become a museum for the spoils taken from these invaders. Together with these it contained some relics of Matthias Corvinus, some ancient and modern armour, and fifty pieces of ordnance. On the failure of heirs to the original owner, Fraknovara, as this stronghold is named in the Magyar language, became the property of the Sovereign, who bestowed it on a Prince of the house of Esterhazy, and this wealthy magnate was bound to arm at his own expense a whole regiment of soldiers, whose equipments were kept in the armoury.

Within the castle were contained all the countless personal treasures, matchless precious stones, and valuable heirlooms of the Esterhazy family—at once the envy and admiration of European Courts; but the treasury containing all this wealth, consisting of family portraits, gold and silver plate, tankards, salvers, candelabra, vases, jewelled swords and fire-arms, family relics, and presents from crowned heads—all of inestimable value—can never again be spoken of but as a thing of the past. Protected by a guard of the Prince's grenadiers stationed within the castle, they had been successfully preserved intact from generation to generation, acquiring from each successive owner an added treasure, as the family tradition, which dates from the time of the Turkish ascendancy, was—concerning this sacred deposit—that every possessor who in turn claimed it as head of the illustrious house, should not only preserve what he received, but should add some costly gem to the collection, in order that there might always be a fund sufficient to redeem any member of the family from captivity—the only purpose to which it was ever to be applied.

Little dreamed the author of this decree of the proportions to which the treasure would attain, or of the low estate to which the dreaded Ottoman was doomed to sink. Still less did he dream that this hoarded wealth was destined to redeem a descendant, not from Turkish slavery, but from Israelitish bondage. Strange, indeed, and mysterious are the issues of life! There was no departure from the letter of the law, and the luckless vendor was guilty of no breach of the trust he had received from his remote ancestors, but which he was not destined to transmit, as *they* had, to his posterity. With him has ceased that long-continued succession which had imparted so venerable a prestige to his wealthy, noble, and honourable house.

This almost sacred treasure, jealously guarded night and day by an armed garrison from the depredations of the covetous, and protected almost as rigorously from the admiration of connoisseurs, was, all the while, destined to be torn from its shrine, and not only exposed to the prying gaze of all who chose to examine it, but offered by printed circulars to the public at large, who were thus invited to assemble and compete for its possession; and at this hour, trophies won in battle, gifts bestowed by fair or imperial hands, tokens exchanged with friends at parting—perhaps to meet no more, or—yet more sacred—remembrances from a parent's death-bed, gems once blazing on princely brows, adorning royal fingers, and glittering at the coronation of monarchs, may be worn by any one who has money enough to purchase them. Such is the end of that which is garnered up by one hand only to be scattered by another.

Within the town of Eisenstadt—a comparatively important town, enclosed by walls, and numbering a population

of something like 60,000—stands an old Franciscan monastery, within which is the vault of the Esterhazy* family.

Eisenstadt has a Ghetto of its own, where we find a synagogue—adequate to the needs of the denizens of the two streets it comprises—a cemetery, and two gates. On the 10th July, 1795, when the number of Israelites amounted to 612, occurred a fire which burned down the whole of their territory, not a single house escaping.

* This distinguished and ancient family traces its origin to Ettéla, commonly called Attila, King of the Huns, and self-styled "The Scourge of God." With the Magyars, this Prince has always been held in high estimation, and his deeds of glory, no less than the benefits they wrought for his race, have made many of them proud to claim their descent from him.

He is regarded in Hungary as a hero, perversely maligned in history, and the Magyars maintain that, if terrible in battle, Attila was humane and generous after his victories; regarding himself as the predestined instrument of a Divine mission, which he fulfilled with zeal and fidelity, but at the same time with reluctance and regret.

CHAPTER IX.

Excursion to Kroisbach (Rakos)—Roadside Vineyards—Difficulties of language—Varieties of scenery—We reach our destination—Old stone-cross—S. Donatus—Country-palace of the Bishop of Waitzen—Curious collection of old Roman stones in the courtyard—Visit to the Presbytery—Neusiedler Lake—Its strange but complete disappearance—The Village Schoolmaster—Legend of the Lake—Stories of former inundations—Stein-brüche—An incident of war—Sugar refinery—Dinner in the village—Moonlight walk home—National dancing—Supper at the hotel—*En route* for Wiener-Neustadt—Its history—Fortifications—Picturesque streets—Interesting old church—Curious tombs within and tablets without—Historical inscriptions—Suburb—Large foundry—Other factories—The "Spinnerin-am-Kreuz"—Legend of the "Spinnerin"—The "Spiner-Kreuz"—Legend of the "Spiner"—Another version—Find ourselves once more in Vienna—"Wilder Mann" hotel—Legend of the Bären-hauter—Our landlord—German popular literature—Conclusion.

THE most interesting excursion we made from Oedenburg was that to the beautifully wild little village of Kroisbach (Hung. Rakos), about four miles distant. Our road lay through luxuriant vineyards; and it was suggestive to see the tempting bunches of white and purple grapes, hanging over the slight wooden paling that divided the cultivated land from the public road, within reach of every passenger's hand, yet as intact as if protected by an intervening wall, or a menacing notice of steel traps and spring guns. The scenery is beautifully undulating, both far and near, and the diligent cultivation carried on makes a most smiling picture. It was one of the prettiest and most diversified walks imaginable. We had great fun, arising

from our doubts about finding our way, for although there were people on the road, and we had but to inquire of them, or of some of the inhabitants of the little clusters of cottages we occasionally passed, or in the fields, where the peasants—men and women—were actively at work, all such inquiring would have been futile, seeing that not one among these honest boors understood a word of any language but their native Hungarian; therefore, after vainly attempting to make a practical use of their indications, we were often thrown quite out of our latitude. However, "all's well that ends well," and at last we reached a large farmyard which we had been told we should have to pass through. It was well stocked, and well guarded too, for a couple of fierce bloodhounds, chained to their kennels, and resembling many we had seen about this part of the country—and had admired for their enormous size and great intelligence—began barking furiously until they brought out the farmer and his wife—which was convenient, for they managed by signs to direct us on our road. We now crossed a rustic bridge, ascended a sloping eminence covered with turf, and found ourselves on the outskirts of a forest, which we entered: the stillness was profound, and we began to think that we should not much like to return that way if it were late at night. About half an hour's walk through this lonesome glade brought us out on a down covered with short, soft turf, and opened before us a strikingly beautiful prospect; the sun was shining brightly, and the deep, warm, transparent shadows added their peculiar charm to the natural loveliness of the spot. Down in the dell below, nestled the primitive little village, with the rivulet flowing through it, its silver thread now and then lost as it wended its course through the over-

hanging foliage, or disappeared beneath the rustic bridge. Of the clusters of little cottages and cabins, rising irregularly on the different gradients, some were thatched, some covered with coloured tiles, and others with grey wooden roofing. Several, rising as it were from the water's edge, were built on piles, and one of the two streamlets which crossed the hamlet flowed gently past them to a spot where, becoming more rapid, it turned a wheel, each mossy cog dripping as it left the water, and sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine. Two little irregular stone bridges, each of one pointed arch, crossed these streams at right angles to each other, and a herd of kine coming down the opposite declivity was crossing one of them, driven by a peasant woman, who was taking them down into the water to drink. All around grew vineyards, and near us was a patch of vine-ground on which the owners were busily engaged harvesting their grapes. Beside us, on the common above, stood an old square stone column, surmounted by a grotesque little statue of St. Donatus, to whom we were told the village was dedicated; a graceful creeper had spontaneously entwined itself round the aged pillar, and hung from its broken capital in natural festoons.

The Bishop of Waitzen has a palace here, but he does not often visit it, and was then absent. The mansion is large and well-proportioned, being built round a square paved court; but it had a forlorn and deserted appearance, and the rooms, which were poorly furnished, did not seem to have been occupied for some time. In the quadrangle we found a quantity of loose stones, which, on inquiry, we learned had been excavated not long since in the adjoining forest. On hearing this we tried to *scrape* a more intimate acquaint-

ance with these venerable relics, and turning over those we could manage to move, found they had once borne inscriptions, but were so mutilated that we searched in vain for any two consecutive letters. On one was a Mythra in alto-relievo, in wonderful preservation, about five feet long, and as well defined as that contained in the Vatican collection. From this we augured that, in all probability, some magnificent temple dedicated to the Sun, similar to that recently excavated at Ostia, had once embellished this locality. In vain, however, we sought any enlightenment from the peasantry; we could not even get them to tell us whether the village boasted any inhabitant more intelligent than themselves. All at once we bethought ourselves of the village priest: he, at least, thought we, will know something of these stones, and will perhaps be able to find a sermon in them. Seeing that they were already under ecclesiastical protection, the priest must, we thought, have some knowledge of them, and possibly he and the Bishop, a man of cultivated tastes, might have been examining them together. So we looked for the road which led to the church, and having reached it, we searched for the presbytery, which, sure enough, stood beside it. The door of the humble dwelling was closed, and all was very still within; but we knocked, and presently it was opened by a respectable old woman, who, to our relief, spoke German. We asked for his Reverence. Alas! for our expectations! he was away: he had left that very morning for a two days' stay in Oedenburg, and in all probability we had crossed him on the road. There was nothing to be done: the old lady was intelligent in her way, but it would have been idle to talk to her of Roman antiquities and buried temples; so we merely

expressed our disappointment, and asked her to shew us the way to the Neusiedler-lake.

The old woman, simple as she was, put on a new aspect at this question, and began to laugh at *our* simplicity.

"Is it indeed," said she, "the Neusiedler-see that your graciousnesses have travelled so far to behold! Now, that *is* grievous, for you must needs go away disappointed. Come with me, nevertheless," said she—throwing a shawl about her shoulders, and closing the street-door behind us—"and I will shew you what *was* the Neusiedler-lake; for that is all you will ever see of it now."

So we descended the lane, and returned into the road, on either side of which stood the scattered houses, or groups of houses—all one-storeyed—of which the village of Kroisbach consisted. When we reached the end of the village-street—if it may so be called—she bade us survey the broad plain at our feet, and mark beyond it the broken circle, indicated by the little clustering villages here and there, which had once stood on the borders of the lake.

"But," said we in astonishment, "these are meadows and ploughed fields you are shewing us."

"They are," replied our guide; "and yet—little more than two years ago—this was a sheet of brackish water, nearly thirty miles long, full of carp and pike. It was a sad day for our fisher-lads when their trade was taken away; and they sigh as they look at the perishing remains of their boats and nets, which will never more be of any use to them. But then, again," continued she, "God be praised! we are spared those terrible inundations, which used to devastate our little property, and destroy the lives of the inhabitants."

"But these inundations have not occurred for some time now?"

"No, indeed. I am one of the few who can remember the last. Once in a life-time is quite enough for such things, and they had ever been the curse of this place; but, at the beginning of the century, the Raabnitz canal was made, in order that the superfluous water of the lake might be carried off into the Raabnitz river."

"And how was this lake fed, and how came its waters to be salt?"

"Ah! that I can't tell your graciousness, but they *were* salt; for the water, which was wont to advance considerably on the shore in winter, used, when it retreated in summer, to leave a crystalline deposit, which was found to be very good manure. There was only one small tributary that flowed into it, called the Vulka, and the lake was very marshy towards the eastern portion, where it joined the great morass of Hanszag. I have heard say that it was no where more than fifteen feet deep."

"Now, do you think we could walk across to that village yonder, on the other side of your quondam lake?"

The old woman smiled—"Maybe," said she, "your graciousness knows the distance; you *can* certainly walk there; that is, if you want to take a long, a very long, walk. From where we stand to that spot is nine miles, though you wouldn't perhaps think it; and you may reckon the lake as it stood a few years ago at between sixty and seventy miles circuit. In some parts however, it was not more than two miles in breadth."

The old woman's information, like the lake itself, being exhausted, we thanked her for her kindness, and asked her if she could tell us of any respectable inn in the village, where we could rest and dine.

At this question she pulled a long face, but said she

would conduct us to the best the place afforded, though it was so rare to see a traveller, above the rank of a pedlar or a packman, pass through Kroisbach, that she doubted whether we should find suitable accommodation.

The old woman was right enough. The village inn truly *was* a village inn, and . . . . . "it was nothing more." It presented, however, an uncommonly picturesque interior, with its red-tiled floor, its deal dresser, latticed window, and crazy old rush-seated chairs. An old woman was the only inmate, and she was not in the sweetest possible temper.

"What can you give us to eat, mother?" said we, forgetting that our German was of no more use here than the Esquimaux language The old woman looked round indignantly, and scowled as if she thought we were mocking her. We were inclined to be angry in return; but we had no mind to quarrel, literally, with our bread and butter, so we put on a genial expression, and by the most amiable signs, and the exhibition of a piece of good Austrian . . . . paper—for here we may truly say, "*l'or est une chimère*"—we coaxed her into good humour, and persuaded her to boil us some eggs, of which we were only too thankful to make a dinner.

We had scarcely seated ourselves, however, before a new guest entered this singularly simple dining-room, and calling the old woman to the door, the two held a long conversation in their native tongue. What it was all about we could not form the remotest notion, but as the discussion subsided, and the new-comer was about to retire, we perceived that our hostess detained him by some observation upon ourselves, as the person addressed not only looked towards us, but advanced in a most sociable manner.

"Ah, you are strangers!" said he, in excellent (Aus-

trian) German, " and, I am told, don't speak our language: I am the schoolmaster of Kroisbach, and if my poor services can avail you in any way, you will oblige me by allowing me to be of use to you."

This was a pleasant introduction, and right glad were we to take advantage of it. Our polite friend was soon seated amongst us, ready to reply to all our questions as far as his own knowledge permitted. He confirmed all we had already heard with regard to the singular disappearance of the lake, and moreover entertained us with the narration of the local tradition, which, viewing the spot through the rainbow tints of imagination, had given a water-queen to the once beautiful Neusiedler-see. It was a prose poem: full of charming fancy; and so characteristic of the popular literature of the land, that we made every effort to retain it in the schoolmaster's own words, and offer it to our readers under the name he gave it, having written it down as soon as we reached home.

The connoisseur in legendary lore will observe with interest the peculiar character of the Hungarian traditions, wholly distinctive from those which have emanated from the German mind, and evidently proceeding from a different origin.

The Legend of the Fairy Hulámka.

It was evening, and the limpid waters of the Neusiedler-lake glowed with the reflection of the sunset sky. The scene of that evening hour was one of calm, genial, summer stillness: the surrounding meadows and woods, the distant village, and the purple hills beyond, told but one tale, and that was interpreted by the sweet song of birds and the joyous hum of insects.

At the edge of the glittering water sat a maiden spinning. She was fair as that summer evening, beautiful as heaven, gentle as the new-born lambs that gambolled in the soft, daisied grass; and the miniature crystal waves rolled forward in their sport, while now and then they kissed her feet and playfully withdrew, as if to provoke her notice and obtain a smile. On her countenance was to be seen such celestial peace, that a holy joy seemed to emanate from her graceful form; and as she sat there, unconscious of the charm she shed around her, the beholder would have found it difficult to say whether the light which illumined her was shed upon, or proceeded from, her person. Suddenly the silence was broken: the sweet tones of the angelus-bell fell upon the maiden's ear, and arrested her hand: she fell upon her knees, and, as her prayers floated back to the heaven which inspired them, she seemed like an angel communing with kindred spirits.

The lengthening shadows had disappeared, and an uniform tint of cool transparent grey covered everything but the western sky, which still shone brightly with the clear and rosy reflections of the departed orb, when a fisherman was seen wandering along the shore of the Neusiedler-lake: slowly and pensively he walked, and, approaching the spot where the maiden still lingered, he saluted her as she rose from her knees.

"What luck had you to-day, fisherman?" said she.

"Alas!" replied the fisherman, "one solitary little fish alone found its way into my net—it is not worth the carrying home—and it cuts me to the heart to think that the children must go supperless to bed." As he spoke he opened his basket, and laid the sorry produce of his evening's toil on the sand. The little fish wriggled about

in the most piteous manner, and as the Spinner witnessed its hopeless struggles, she was moved with compassion for the miniature denizen of the waters, but not less so for the fisherman's young children. She took up the gasping little fish, and turning to its owner, she said:

"Sell me the little thing. It suffices not for you and your children: it is but a mouthful, and can avail you nothing;"—and she placed it gently on the surf of one of the little loving waves that had been courting her, and saw it joyfully borne away to its companions of the lake.

"Now," said she to the fisherman, "see here: this is my day's work; it is yours, in exchange for the fish. Take it to the Edelfrau at the Castle: she will purchase it of you, and you will have food for your Etelka and her baby-sisters."

"Thank heaven! and thank you, my benefactress. You are a good, a holy child. You have saved my little ones; and I promise you that on your wedding-day you shall have for your feast such a fish as our good King Solomon himself would have been proud to see on his table. Farewell!"—and he hastened to the Castle of the Edelfrau.

Erzsi now bethought her of going home, and, as she turned once more to look at the spot where she had released the little fish, she saw that it was still lingering close to the surface. The moment it perceived she was seeking it, it leaped up three times into the air, as if to greet and thank her, and then disappeared among the pebbles.

It was now night; the last faint glimmer of the glowing sunset had melted away, and the deep azure of heaven was spangled with golden stars. At the brink of the lake a knight was watering his horse: weary he was, and a stranger, and his wandering eye, searching for a place of

rest, reposed with relief upon the beautiful scene. He looked at the luminous west, he gazed upwards at the glittering vault of heaven, and he cast his eyes on the forest, as it lay in the deepening shade: all was beautiful; but the beauty of all things seemed to be concentrated in the form of the being before him. The Spinner was to him an epitome of all the choicest things in nature—of sunny rays—of moonlight purity—of starry brilliancy. All nature's loveliest possessions, thought he, she has selected and assembled in this fair creature. Whence is she—what is she—and whither does she go?—and with uneasy misgivings he saw her slowly turn and depart. Why should he not follow her—watch over her on that lonely road—accost her, and ask permission to protect her?

The maiden pursued her way: her thoughts were already with her mother in their humble cottage, where she was about to rejoin her. The sound of hoofs behind her aroused her from her innocent reverie, and she looked round: a horseman was close beside her, and as he came up with her he alighted, and, falling on bended knee, he said: "Hear me, gentle maiden, whoever thou art, for I have no name for thee, and I know not whether thou be the fairy of this lake or an earthly princess who—for some wise purpose—hast been pleased to disguise thyself in the homely garb of a village-maiden. Suffer me," he continued, "to accompany thee: it is dark. Be pleased to mount my steed, and I will lead him."

"Good Sir, you are in error," replied the young girl, smiling. "I am nothing more than I seem. I am a child of the village, and I live by the labour of my hands. Erzsi, the Spinner, is my name, as all the country knows."

"Pardon me, fair lady," said the knight, "that I have been bold enough to raise the veil behind which you are pleased to shroud your rank and exalted condition; only give me your gracious permission to guard you safely until I can see you arrived at your home. You know that our knightly vows pledge us to honour your sex, and to defend you against all possible danger."

"Nay, then," said the young girl, laughing, "if you are resolved in your own mind that I am indeed a princess, you shall be convinced that I am serious in my denial of that flattering supposition. I shall not give you occasion to draw your sword in my service, for those lights you see before you are those of our village, and the furthest of them is the lamp by which my mother sits, watching and waiting for me."

The knight felt reassured by these words; and as Erzsi declined to mount, he threw his bridle over his arm, and the two young folks walked on beside each other, the steed following. Silently they stepped—the youth's heart fluttering with a tremor unknown to him before. He, who was familiar with courts, felt abashed in the presence of a village-maiden: he sought for words, but they came not at his bidding, and Erzsi was the first to speak.

"We are at home," said she; "this is my mother's cottage:" with these words she lifted the latch, and turning to her companion, added, "Will you be pleased, good Sir, to lead your horse to yonder stable, and then to come under our roof, that you may see the glories of my enchanted palace."

The youth obeyed, tied up his horse at the manger, and soon rejoined Erzsi and her mother—a handsome woman of middle age—whose gentle countenance confirmed the

welcome that was on her lips, and whose bearing was stamped with a native dignity which pleased the stranger well.

"Mother," said Erzsi, mischievously, "you must know that this cavalier has taken it into his head that I am a princess; so let us behave like princesses, and shew him all the hospitality our palace affords. He must be good enough to exercise his imagination, and try to think our humble supper a banquet—for you will invite him to share it, mother?"

"That is a matter of course, my child; did any Magyar ever send away a traveller unsated? Let our fireside be ever so small, our hearth will blaze as brightly as any in the land. Has not our Holy King Stephen enjoined us ever to cultivate generosity to strangers as the first of all virtues? and truly his behest will be obeyed to the latest times. This night it so happens that a guest is doubly welcome, not because he will be more cordially received—that must always be the same—but because we can treat him more luxuriously. Just before your arrival, a strange fisherwoman, having lost her way in the duskiness of the evening, came in hither, bringing with her a large fish, which she begged permission to cook here, that we might eat of it together, as she was hungry, and desired not to go further till she had supped."

As the mother finished speaking, the fisherwoman appeared from the adjoining room. Her face was more beautiful, her form more graceful, and her movements more enchanting than any woman who had ever before been seen. Mysteriously bewitching, as a mountain-lake sleeping in the soft moonlight, and dazzling as the purest

snow, was she to behold; but the sunbeam of her eye announced that beneath that snow teemed an eternal summer of Paradise-roses, that could only blossom under the genial breath of exhaustless love.

They sat down to table.

"All surprises me here," said the knight; "but one circumstance more than all the rest: it is, that you have received me so frankly and so cordially, and yet you have never even asked who I am?"

"In Magyar-land," replied Erzsi's mother, "we require not the name of a stranger in order to receive him with hospitality: nevertheless, if you are willing to reveal to us your history, we will willingly hear it. We perceive, at all events, that you are a foreigner."

"True," said the knight. "Far from here is my native land; from the sunny land of Italy I came, though my stock is Norman, and my name Ratold. My father was driven from his home by his own patriotic zeal, and was foremost among those Normans who carried their victorious arms into Italy. My mother is dead—peace be to her ashes—but, young as I was when I lost her, her memory has never ceased to survive in my heart. Often have I seen her gentle form in the dreams, not only of my infancy, but of my manhood, and in her loving, earnest eyes I have gathered courage to battle with the hardships and sorrows of life. My father—who mourned her, hour by hour, till he rejoined her—no longer able to bear the home she had once brightened with her sweet presence, left it, taking with him myself and an infant sister. My father was a brave soldier: the King knew his value, and rewarded his devotion and feats of arms by conferring upon him honourable distinc-

tions. On one occasion, however, my father was appointed to command an expedition against a band of Greek pirates; but, alas! what befel him, none ever knew: we could only conjecture that either he was taken, and detained a prisoner, or that his ship went down and all on board perished. Need I say that I wept bitterly as the conviction forced itself upon me that I should see my father's face no more. 'Alas! alas!' I exclaimed, in the depth of my grief, 'Why did he not take me with him: maybe I could have saved him, or at least I should have known and shared his fate.' Thus wept I often; but my tears were vain, and I have no longer any doubt that the briny waters hold him who was my childhood's support and joy. My sister and I, left alone in the world, fell into the hands of a distant relative, who had long been settled in Apulia. My father's goods, scattered and uncared for, were dispersed and lost, little by little; his money and lands were appropriated by him who should have been our protector, and when I arrived at the age of manhood, I found we were denuded of all our earthly possessions. For this I cared little: I still had my sword; but I often thought with apprehension and anxiety of my sister's fate. She had never known anything of our former grandeur—she was too young to remember or to compare—and I always refrained from any allusion to the subject, hoping I might one day be able to call our false guardian to account, and replace her in the sphere of luxury to which she was born; but when at length I had taken my resolution, and was on the point of coming to an explanation with our treacherous relative, she confessed to me that she loved Gerrano, the son of this perfidious man.

"Does he love you in return?" I asked.

"A thousand and a thousand times he has sworn it to me," said the unhappy girl, "and I believe in his truth, brother: never will Gerrano wed another."

"Alas! alas!" said I, "hapless maiden! can I draw my sword against the father of him thou lovest?"

And I asked myself, "How could Gerrano marry the sister of him who had revealed his father's treachery?" Gerrano I knew was noble, and could take no share in this dastardly wrong; so, when I found how matters stood, I resolved to sacrifice my long-contemplated project, and to leave Italy.

At this period arrived proposals for a marriage between King Koloman and Basilla, the daughter of our Prince Roger; and as Roger knew nothing of the language, the laws, or the customs of Hungary, an embassy was sent to this country, in order to obtain full information of all that could in any way concern this affair. One year has elapsed since I, therefore, who formed part of that embassy, have been acquainted with your country and your people. Since my sojourn here I have learned that Gerrano's father is dead, and that his son has not only married my sister, but has honourably restored to her all her wealth, promising to devote his whole life to her happiness. My duties here are at an end, and having now no call to return to my sister, I have resolved to remain in this land, which I dearly love, and where I hope to find an opportunity of making myself useful to the king, and obtaining an honourable post in his army,

Ratold had proceeded thus far in his recital, when the fisherwoman, who had risen from table some little time before, and who was seated near the window, interrupted him

by exclaiming that she could see his horse struggling to release himself from the ring to which he was attached. Ratold rose, and begging his hostesses to excuse him, went out to tranquillize his steed. To his surprise he found he was followed by the fisherwoman, who, engaging him in conversation, informed him that she was a Princess in disguise, and that, having taken a great fancy to him, she was willing to receive his addresses and to marry him. She added that, together with her heart and hand, she would confer upon him untold wealth and power. Ratold was scarcely less astonished than alarmed at this strange revelation, and the yet stranger proposal that accompanied it, and felt himself in great difficulty as to the reply he should make; he, however, summoned all his presence of mind, and assured the mysterious lady that, however deeply he might be penetrated with a grateful sense of the unlooked-for honour she proposed to confer upon him, he regretted that his circumstances precluded him from listening to the flattering suggestion.

"My heart," said he, "is no longer my own: fascinated by the charms of the cottage maiden, all my affection is centred in her; and even were it not so, I am too conscious of my vast inferiority to yourself, to entertain for a moment aspirations so disproportioned to my condition. I have, beauteous Princess," he continued, "dared to raise my thoughts as high, but no higher, than the heart of the beautiful but humbly-born Erzsi, and the flame of my love for her burns as brightly as that of yon star, which at this moment shines upon her bower, and so entirely fills my soul that there is no place in it for any other passion."

As they stood thus conversing, a crash was heard, proceeding from the centre of the village, followed by a blaze

which suddenly shot up into the sky, and reddened while it illumined the surrounding scenery, announcing that a fire had broken out in one of the peasant's cottages, while piercing cries reached their ears, and Ratold, pausing not an instant, rushed to the rescue of the sufferers. A terrible foreboding oppressed his heart, for the little dwellings were mostly fishermen's cabins, built of logs, and should the fire be difficult to extinguish, it must inevitably spread from house to house, and it would be impossible to avert the total destruction of the hamlet. While Ratold was making for the seat of danger, overwhelmed with these anticipations, he perceived that the waters of the lake were rapidly rising, and that a new danger awaited him; he ran on, however, the water overtaking him at every step, until a complete inundation seemed imminent. Nothing, however, could be more felicitous under the circumstances, the encroachment of the lake enabling the villagers with very little delay to extinguish the fire, and the threatened conflagration was happily averted. Exhausted with his exertions, Ratold turned towards the cottage, the only spot known to him in this sequestered place; but he had hardly made up his mind what course to pursue, when the fisherwoman once more appeared before him.

"Ratold," said she, "you now know my power: arrest your steps, and listen to what I have to say. First of all, know that I am the Genius of this lake—the fairy Hulámka; and then understand that with no mortal could I wed. My words to you, just now, were intended but as a trial of your affection for one whom I now know you love for herself alone; and, let me tell you, she is in every way worthy of your regard. I have long watched over her harmless and useful life, passed on the banks of my domain, and it was only this

evening she rendered me a signal service in restoring to me a little fish, particularly petted and beloved by me, which had been caught by a heedless fisherman. Let us go together to her home, and there I will reveal myself to her, and advise you both on your future career."

With these words they pursued their way towards the cottage, and Hulámka, joining the hands of the youthful pair, bade them love each other well, for that a sad separation must soon take place between them. "The enemy's army," said she, "is already in Altenburg. You, Ratold, will shortly be summoned to your post, and, when leading your men on to battle, resist the foe as you resisted the temptations I placed in your way, and the victory is yours. No steel can be more penetrating than the glances from my eyes."

Ratold and Erzsi rose with the morrow's sun, and that very day were they formally betrothed. The prediction of the fairy Hulámka was only too soon verified, and Ratold was summoned to head his troop, and repair immediately to Altenburg. He threw himself on his horse, leaving Erzsi to the tender care of their protectress, who assured them of her continued interest, and bade them always have recourse to her.

"As for you, Erzsi," said she, "whenever you need my aid, you have but to spin a piece of work similar to that you sent to the lady of the Castle the other day: throw it into the water, and invoke my name."

Six weeks had elapsed. Ratold returned to the little fishing village, his whole soul filled with ardent longing to embrace his affianced bride; but what was his disappointment—what his cruel perplexity—to find the spot, associated in his memory with such smiling recollections, a

scene of desolation and solitude. He scarcely recognized the place. Eagerly he spurred his horse on to the hut in which he had left Erzsi and her mother. The door hung open on one hinge—the garden was trampled down—the rooms were untenanted! Frantically he searched about for the object of his tender affections, when he was met by a fisherman—the same whom we may remember having already seen in conversation with Erzsi on the shore; from him he learned that Erzsi's mother had taken refuge in his cabin, where she sat, disconsolate and sad, bewailing her daughter's loss. The village, he told him, had been devastated by the enemy, and Erzsi, seized by one of their band, had been placed on a horse and carried off, none knew whither.

At this intelligence, Ratold's fury knew no bounds, and, vowing the extremest vengeance, he assembled all the villagers and fishermen, and having harangued them, entreated them to join him in pursuit of the foe, to punish this dastardly attack on a defenceless village, and to rescue the booty and the prisoners. By evening, the undisciplined but enthusiastic band, with Ratold at their head, had come up with the enemy, and dispersed themselves in ambuscade on a well-wooded eminence overlooking their camp.

A city of tents lay pitched along the left bank of the Leitha, as far as the spot where it falls into the Danube. The enemy, under their leader Enriko, were encamped before Altenburg; and the soldiers were assembled in groups around their bivouac-fires, laden with unexpected booty of immense value, and disputing, as to its distribution. The chiefs, who were seated—half-intoxicated—over their meal, were Enriko, Thomas, Klaibold, and Wilhelm, and they were freely discussing their lawless projects,

each pronouncing his behest as if he had but to speak to be obeyed.

One expressed his desire to dethrone the reigning monarch, and to make himself king in his stead: another declared he would prefer a dukedom, with its rich revenues; while a third was for dividing the spoil, and distributing to one the gold, to another the arms, to a third the women. At the mention of this plan, it was proposed that they should repair to the women's tent, and inspect the captives. Arrived there, the drapery behind which these unhappy creatures sat was lifted, and lo! an assemblage of beautiful girls, in the midst of whom sat one more lovely than a starlight night, with a clear but melancholy radiance on her snowy brow. Her golden tresses fell in silky curls over her ivory shoulders, and her eyes, of heavenly blue, were cast down, and shaded by long dark lashes; sad as was the expression of her exquisite face, she was busily occupied in spinning. At the sight of her, all the other beauties faded into insignificance, and an universal exclamation of admiration arose. Upon this Klaibold declared that the beautiful Spinner was *his* prize; that he had found her spinning, had taken her and placed her upon his horse, and that, since he had located her in his tent, she had resumed her toil, and had never ceased spinning and weeping; but that he was greatly annoyed at this proceeding on her part. The other chiefs pronounced her so beautiful, that her charms sufficed to compensate for all else.

"Chief," said Erzsi, rising and addressing Klaibold, "you say you are my master. Know, then, that this work of my hands is for you. It is a shirt of mail, which will protect you from all harm, and make you invulnerable; but, to be available, it must be spun in tears, woven in

tears; bleached with tears, and sewn in tears. Suffer me, therefore, to complete it for your use."

Now, when Klaibold had heard these words, he vowed that he would keep the Spinner for himself, and that no one else should touch her; moreover, that she should remain undisturbed till she had finished her work. On this arose a fierce dispute between the chiefs, who at last began to draw their swords against each other.

Meantime Erzsi's point was gained, for, taking advantage of the turmoil and confusion, she rushed to the water's edge, and throwing in her work, she exclaimed—"Hulámka, help!"

Immediately it seemed as if the strife of elements were mingling with the strife of men. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, echoing from mountain to mountain; lake and river were agitated with the fury of the winds, and higher and higher rose the storm, till the Leitha began to overflow its banks, and chiefs and soldiers, alike forgetting their animosity and their booty in the all-absorbing instinct of self-preservation, thought only of saving their own lives. As the waters rose, however, so also with them rose out of the hidden caves of earth water-spirits, who were seen struggling with their devoted victims, and with force and subtlety drawing them under the surface. There was no chance for flight—no hope of safety: the bridges were carried away by the violence of the inundation, the banks had disappeared, and the confusion was boundless, during which Erzsi and her companions, led by an invisible hand, were borne towards the rising ground which the water had not yet reached, where Ratold and his men were stationed.

King Koloman had been informed of these strange and unexpected events, and he instantly repaired to the camp,

where he found Ratold pursuing the foe into the waters, and turning all his efforts to the rescue of the prisoners. The King, all the Magyars, and the enemy themselves, attributed the triumphant issue to the skill and courage of Ratold, and he was overwhelmed with the warmest commendations and rewards. Feeling, however, that he had not fairly entitled himself to them, he was about to interrupt these praises and disclaim the merit: the words were on his lips, when a gentle shower, suddenly descending, interrupted his discourse, and in the midst of it he distinctly heard the word "Silence." Ratold obeyed the protecting enchantress, and received the honours destined for him by the King, so that to this day the victory is attributed to his prowess alone.

A few days after this, Ratold and Erzsi stood together hand in hand before the altar, and great were the rejoicings of the homely but admiring neighbours, for Erzsi was greatly beloved. The fisherman did not forget his promise, and on the table spread for the wedding-feast appeared such a fish as was never seen before or since in the waters of the Neusiedler-see. Ratold carried his wife to the Schloss given to him by the King, with its title and territory, as a reward for his services, and there the happy pair lived so blissfully that they never again had to invoke Hulámka's aid. A fine family grew up around them, and prosperity attended their descendants, generation after generation, for the race of Ratold and Erzsi flourishes still.

So ended the story: but not so the schoolmaster's information; indeed, we found his conversation most interesting, and in all that regarded the locality and its neighbourhood we could scarcely have met with a more competent or a more obliging informant. Our only regret was that

want of time prevented us from availing ourselves more fully of this opportune acquaintance. Among other curious facts, he told us that at Stein-brüche, in this immediate neighbourhood, was offered up, not very long before our visit, an (unintentional) sacrifice of cattle, exceeding in number all that has ever been told of heathen hecatombs or Jewish holocausts. It so happened that ten thousand head of cattle, belonging to various farmers and dealers of the adjacent country, were assembled in the vicinity of the Prussian troops on the breaking out of the late war, and the Prussians, hearing of the prize, and eager to make so valuable a capture, prepared to come down upon them. The owners, learning the project, immediately proceeded with all expedition to drive the cattle beyond the enemy's reach; so they urged them on with all possible haste, driving the animals before them till men and beasts alike were so exhausted with fatigue that they could go no further. Finding themselves still pursued, and unable to protect their property, they determined that at least it should not fall into the hands of the Prussians. Accordingly they proceeded to massacre every beast they possessed, and being arrived at Stein-brüche, then and there the deed was done; so that when the Prussians came up, they found the prize on which they had so confidently reckoned had completely slipped through their fingers. After this, another difficulty arose: the population of the neighbouring villages thronged the place, and eagerly sought to buy up the carcases; but the speed at which they had been driven had seriously damaged their condition—while the immense number slaughtered, without method or precaution, and in very hot weather, increased the evil—so that the flesh was not considered fit for consumption, and the authorities interfered to prevent the sale. The utmost that was allowed was the removal of

the horns, hoofs, and hides, after which it was ordered that the rest should be buried within a certain time on pain of heavy penalties.

Stein-brücke is a small place, but it has a large sugar-refinery, giving employment to a considerable proportion of its population.

The day was now far advanced: we had lingered here and there—admiring one object, sketching another, and studying with interest some of the strange and primitive customs and costumes of the place—till we had quite forgotten the hour, and had forgotten also that we were wholly unacquainted with our road, so we started off with quickened speed. We traversed the village, crossed the bridge, ascended the slope, passed the pillar of the patron Saint, and then came the forest. Gloomy enough it was: a ghost or two would have been welcome in such utter solitude and stillness, but none came to enliven our desolate path. A brigand would have created some excitement, but there was not even the faintest rustle among the leaves to help our imagination; so on we plodded with the soberest tread, hearing no sound save that of our own footfall, till we came in due course to the deserted quarry we had passed in the morning, and an undulating meadow brought us to the hedge and the farm-yard through which our road lay. Here, at last, we were nearly in for an adventure, but not one of the sort we could be expected to relish. No sooner had we passed the gate, which stood wide open, than out rushed the enormous dogs we had noticed previously, and which, raised on their hind legs, stood higher than a man; they flew madly towards us, yelling and baying with a ferocity which, defenceless as we were, it would have been in vain to think of escaping. One of them had his paws already on the shoulder of one of our party, and another second would have decided his fate,

had not the farmer, attracted by the noise, darted out of the house and called off the dogs at the very critical instant. It was provoking to be unable to censure the fellow as he deserved for leaving his gate open—the only road available for travellers lying through his yard—and thus literally letting loose the dogs of war upon his helpless and unsuspecting victims: however, he appeared sorry for what had occurred, and we were only too thankful for our hair-breadth escape.

This large breed of dogs is very common in Hungary: almost every hotel has one, and they are frequently seen at shop-doors, and also in public places where there is an entrance to guard. They are immensely powerful beasts, but very gentle when not provoked; they are also said to be very intelligent, and appear much attached to their masters, playing with them almost like kittens.

As we proceeded we experienced considerable difficulty in finding our way, owing to the darkness of the night, and went astray more than once, meeting no one of whom we could inquire. At length the spires and lights of the little town of Oedenburg came in sight, to indicate the direction we were to follow, and we reached our hotel at last, in safety, but thoroughly tired. It was a mild night, and as we sat at supper, we could hear through the window of the dining or guest-room, which stood open, the lively notes of a dance, played on the czimbalom at a little *ginguette* opposite, and could watch the merry couples whirling round and enjoying their pastime in true national style.

Next morning we were *en route* for Wiener-Neustadt, a most interesting old town, which deserves a more distinctive nomenclature. It has a population of some 13,000 inhabitants, and is a fine, picturesque, and antiquated place, with broad streets and characteristic architecture.

It suffered severely from a fire which occurred there nearly forty years ago, and which destroyed some of the handsomest edifices in the place. Among these were the town-hall, and the manufactory of fire-arms. It appears that this fire occurred in the summer season, and after a long continuation of hot, dry weather, so that when the conflagration began to spread, it was difficult—not to say impossible—to arrest the progress of the flames, more especially as the supply of water was, as usual on these emergencies, not under command.

The town is fortified, being flanked with towers and surrounded by a moat. The fine old square tower, enclosed within a wall and ditch, still remains, and within it a beautiful miniature Gothic chapel, the windows of which are very fine. The streets round about the market-place—a most lively spot—have primitive arcades in front of their shops. The old church, a mediæval structure, extremely venerable and picturesque, is full of interesting historical remains, and well repays examination. The lower part of the south wall is covered with curious tablets, of all dates, shapes, sizes, and imports. Among others is a monument erected to the famous Hungarian hero Zrinyi. The highly suggestive inscription on the tablet, which bears on it marks of age and ill-usage, runs thus:—

Hoc in Tumulo
Jacent
Comes Petrus Zrinius
Banus Croatiæ
Manlius Franciscus Frangepan
Ultimus familiæ
Qui, quia
Cæcus cæcum duxit
Ambo, in hanc foveam ceciderunt.

(Here are two skulls, rudely sculptured, and beneath them the headsman's sword. Then comes the moral—which has its political significance — maliciously put into the mouths of the hapless victims themselves.)

Discite, mortales, et casu discite, nostro
Observare fidem regibus atque Deo.
A.D. MDCLXXI. die XXX. Aprilis, horâ IX.
Ambitionis meta est tumba.

Within the church are several very large red marble tablets, standing erect, one of which struck us as more peculiar than the rest, and bore on the panel formed by the border—within which was engraved the inscription—the royal coat of arms, surmounted by the consecrated peacock's plume. We deciphered on it the following curious, not to say grotesque, lines, in Gothic letters placed at equal distances, and without either capitals or stops:—

Archd: Austri: A.D. M. et quadruplex
C bimi X. I quoque duplex
Illustris principis clarissima vitis
Arniiti grates Archiducis Austriæ
Natiti hic requiescunt et ani domini crescunt.

Nearly every inscription concludes with the pious aspiration—

"God give him a joyful resurrection."

At a little distance out of the town is a large iron-foundry, for the manufacture of machinery. It employs 800 men, and a curious sight it is at twelve o'clock each day to see them all turn out to dine. Their frugal repast is brought to them by wife, sister, mother, or daughter, as the case may be; and as there is no shelter either against sun or rain, they must needs sit down, like the multitude of old,

on the grass, for many of them "come from afar." They profit by this opportunity to enjoy the society and conversation of their female relatives, who thus minister to them. Their earnings amount to no more than 70 kreutzers—less than 2*s.* a day. Trade was just then so bad, and there was so little doing, that the factory was not lighted at night in order to spare the expense: they could therefore only make a "short day."

There are other factories besides this, and a large quantity of silk, velvet, and ribbons, is made here. There is also a paper-mill, a porcelain manufactory, and a sugar-refinery.

About a mile from Wiener Neustadt stands a curious old Gothic monument, closely resembling our Eleanor crosses, and called the "Spinnerin-am-Kreuz." To this mediæval monument, dating from the 12th century, is attached the following legend, which we received from an authentic source. As a characteristic specimen of the popular literature of this part of the world, we have rendered it into English as follows:

LEGEND OF THE "SPINNERIN-AM-KREUZ."

According to popular belief, during the crusade against Saladin, there lived in the fortress of Rauhenstein, overlooking the fair waters of the Danube, a noble lord by name Graf Heinrich von Rauhenstein, who had been left—by the premature death of his young wife—the sole protector and guardian of an only daughter of singular beauty, called Hülda.

As soon as this charming maiden had attained the age of womanhood, of course

"Admiring suitors came;"

rival knights—noble, chivalrous, handsome, wealthy, and influential. There was little choice, in fact, as far as these outward attributes were concerned: all were so eligible that Hülda's father was thoroughly perplexed, and wisely decided to leave the selection to herself. To this end he proposed that, as all the suitors were about to be shortly called away to the holy war, a parting banquet should be given at the Castle of Rauhenstein, to which all should be bidden, and the hospitable baronial hall was lighted and warmed for the occasion, great preparation having been made in kitchen, pantry, and buttery. Large logs were laid across the brazen-dogs, and were soon blazing and crackling on the ample hearth, while the red light flickered joyously upon the brazen vessels and silver flagons which graced the tables and sideboards.

The guests were seated in order of precedence, and the rich Danubian wines sparkled in the goblets, when the damsel rose from her place, and taking up a silver dish, on which was served a roasted peacock, she passed round the table from guest to guest until all were served, when she begged each one to make known his vow and promise.

The first, who was a powerful old baron, swore that if his son were fortunate enough to win the beautiful Hülda, she should select twelve village maidens, whom he would portion.

The second made oath that should he obtain her, he would ransom twelve Christians.

The third, that he would build an hospital for pilgrims; and so on with the rest.

When all had said their say, Hülda promised that on the following day she would make known her resolution, and the festivities concluded with a dance.

On the day of departure, the Austrian crusaders assembled at Rauhenstein, and Heinrich, calling his daughter, reminded her that the time was come when she must speak. Hülda's maiden modesty, however, would not suffer her to face this troop of eager knights, whose fate hung upon her lips, and she handed to her father a tablet, from which he read aloud the announcement that Hülda—"being unable, among so many noble suitors of equal pretensions, to fix her choice, had resolved to give her hand to him who, on his return from the Holy Land, should bring her back the most useful present." With that the knights understood that they had received their answer, and departed, each pondering on what he should select to ensure the prize for himself.

The war began with the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and on one unfortunate night the besieged Saracens made an onslaught on the French camp, which threw the Christians into such confusion that a disaster would have been inevitable, had it not been for the courage and skill of the youthful Adolph von Liebeck, who, heading the Austrian knights, sallied out to the succour of the French, and vanquished the foe.

As morning dawned, Liebeck observed beside him a young knight, whose features, on his opening his vizor, he could not at all recognize; he was nevertheless of a fine commanding figure, and had given proof of his valour, for his arm was wounded, and was supported by his sash.

"You are an Austrian knight?" inquired Liebeck. "How comes it that I have not seen you before?"

"I did not come from Germany with you," replied the stranger, "but sailing from Sicily under command of the Con-

nétable Raoul de Clermont, by a fortunate chance I arrived in time to join my countrymen on the night of the attack."

"Your sash is, doubtless, the gift of some Sicilian maiden?"

"No, indeed, it was embroidered for me by the fair hand of a playmate of my childhood, whom I left in Austria; she requested me on my departure to send her some rare exotics for her garden from the countries I should visit, and on receiving them she sent me this sash in token of her acceptance of my offering."

"And may I ask your name?"

"I am called Walter von Merkenstein."

"And your lady-love is the beautiful Hülda von Rauhenstein? You have very likely heard of her resolution only to give her hand to the knight who, on his return from the crusade, shall bring her the most useful and most agreeable gift. I may add that I have my own opinion on the subject."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"My belief is that the man she loves is absent," said Adolph, with a scrutinizing glance at his companion. "How!" continued he, "you change colour and are silent. Am I unworthy of your confidence, I—Adolph von Liebeck?"

"Adolph von Liebeck!" replied the other, "have I indeed been talking with the hero to whom the Christian cause owes everything? The same, too, who in the war with Heinrich the Lion received my father's dying breath, and without whom my unhappy mother would have been left dependent on the compassion of strangers! Adolph von Liebeck has every claim upon my confidence, and I will

not, therefore, conceal from you that I have loved Hülda from my boyhood, and that I only left home in the hope of performing some act of prowess that might make me worthy of her."

Adolph von Liebeck had long nourished a secret attachment for Hülda; but the earnestness of his new friend, and a hidden conviction that Walter was the favoured object of the maiden's choice, at once fixed his resolution. Adolph was a man of no ordinary stamp: penetrating in his glance, and prompt as firm in his resolutions, he acted on the principle of preferring what he knew to be right to what he felt to be agreeable, and his own passion was in an instant set aside.

"Walter," he said, extending his hand, "may heaven prosper your love; you see in me a brother-in-arms, and a friend in need: make what use you please of me, and believe that from this hour I will do all in my power to forward your suit."

Walter threw himself into the arms of his noble-hearted friend; he thanked him with fervour, and from that time the two young knights were always to be found side by side. They walked together, they ate together, they prayed together, and they fought together, and many a time did the generous Adolph expose his life to shield that of his friend.

One day when there had been a desperate encounter, during which many on both sides were slain and wounded, Walter von Merkenstein was missed from his place. Inquiries were made in all directions; and one knight having declared that he had seen him lying among the wounded, Adolph proceeded with scrupulous care to examine the field, in the hope of discovering him still living. Vain, however, was his search, Walter was no where to be found.

Day after day passed, and no intelligence could be obtained of the missing man. Liebeck was in despair; there could no longer be any doubt: Walter must have been taken prisoner. He lost no time in resorting to Duke Leopold of Austria, of whom he entreated permission to repair to Damascus, to the Court of Saladin, in order to obtain the release of his friend; and, provided with the required authorization, not a moment did he lose.

On his arrival in Damascus, he requested an audience of the Sultan, which he obtained after a delay of three days, when he proposed to that magnanimous prince to liberate double the number of his prisoners, on receiving out of captivity twelve of the Austrians who had been taken; but so great was his disappointment on finding that Walter was not among them, that he could not conceal it from the Sultan. The latter pressed him to make known the cause of his trouble, and Adolph, overcome by his own grief and the goodness of the monarch, confided to him the cause of his visit.

"Then your friend can be no other than an Italian captive named Gualtiero," said Saladin, "of whom I have just made a present to my son, as he is very desirous of having a companion with whom he may speak Italian. If you wish to identify him," he added, "you can see him, if you please."

"I should very much wish to see him, Sire," replied Adolph, "provided I could do so without being seen by him."

"That can be done," said Saladin; "you have only to place yourself behind this curtain, which no slave dares approach."

As soon as Adolph was out of sight, the Italian was introduced, and Adolph at once recognized in him the friend

he had so anxiously sought and so faithfully served. Saladin having assured himself of the fact, bade the young knight retire, when Adolph fell at the Prince's feet and besought his release.

"Nay," replied the Sultan, "I can only give him his liberty on the same conditions as any other knight."

"Alas! Sire," said Liebeck, "I have not wherewithal to ransom him. It is only in my power to make one proposal. I offer myself in his place: I, too, speak the Italian language, and may attend on your son in his stead. I can equally well serve his sherbet and tend his flowers."

"Christian!" answered the Mussulman, "you are truly magnanimous. What moves you to make so tremendous a sacrifice?"

"Sire," replied Adolph, "no eye weeps for me in the halls of my fathers; but tears, precious as pearls, will be shed over Walter's captivity. He *must* return, at any price I can pay;"—and he related briefly the whole story.

Saladin was overcome. After a moment's pause, he replied, not without emotion—"Generous knight! I grant the request; it shall be as you desire."

"One more favour, Prince. My friend knows not whether I still live: let him, I pray you, remain in ignorance of the circumstance to which he owes his freedom."

The next morning Walter was ordered into the Sultan's presence.

"Your chains are loosed," said he; "you are at liberty to return to your country. Here is gold to defray the expenses of your journey: go, and shew yourself to the beautiful Hülda, whose fame has travelled into my dominions. I ask no thanks: all I request is that you will place in her fair hands this amber casket, which I have closed

with my seal; she alone must open it, and I hope that she will value your present more highly than those which will be brought her by her other admirers."

Walter, astonished beyond measure at the incidents of this interview, puzzled himself in vain with questions as to its significance; but, finding no solution to the mystery, he set out on his homeward journey, rejoicing in his singular good fortune, and totally unconscious of the heroic affection to which he owed so much happiness.

There were great festivities in the old baronial hall of Rauhenstein: the surviving knights had returned from the crusade, and the day had come when the gifts were to be presented. It was a joyful and yet an anxious day, and there were pale cheeks and fluttering hearts, for each knew that—although it was *possible* he might be the favoured one—there could be but one chosen, and there must needs be many disappointed. In the midst of the eager interest that was manifested, no one thought of the poor captive sighing unheard, in chains, amid the privations of his self-imposed penance. His generous heart murmured not, but we cannot help being touched by the utter silence with which the chronicler passes over his name.

The banquet was over, and the knights approached in order, each bearing in his hand the offering he had selected, and which he hoped would prove the most acceptable. Costly and various indeed were the presents for which they hoped to receive so rich a reward.

One presented a talisman, which possessed the power of nullifying the malice of all enemies. Hülda took it, examined it, listened to the explanation, and laid it quietly

beside her, while the knight rose from his knee and returned to his place.

Another advanced, presenting on bended knee a set of the rarest and costliest jewels that the East could produce. They were matchless: these, too, were deposited beside the first.

A third brought holy relics, which had the gift of healing every possible malady.

A fourth and a fifth followed, until all had taken their turn.

Last of all came Walter von Merkenstein, and gracefully he fastened on Hülda's snowy arm a rich bracelet, presenting her likewise with a flower, the scent of which would instantly remove pain.

Hülda suffered the ornament to remain where it had been placed, and declared that she regarded this medicinal plant as the most useful of the gifts she had received.

"And I," said her father, "I ratify the decision;" and forthwith he proclaimed Ritter Walter von Merkenstein the affianced husband of his daughter.

Bewildered with his good fortune, Walter had entirely forgotten to deliver the Sultan's box, until Heinrich von Rauhenstein, alluding to his prowess and his captivity, reminded him how he had been liberated; he, therefore, at once returned to Hülda's feet, and, tendering the precious casket, related to her the singular manner in which it had been confided to his keeping.

Hülda opened the mysterious lid, and after examining the contents sunk tremblingly into a chair, exclaiming, "Walter, I cannot be your bride: another has yet stronger claims upon me. Yes," she continued, "the strongest claims; for he has not only fulfilled the stipulated condi-

tions in the most perfect way, but his heart has made the most unheard-of sacrifice: read, dear father, the paper this box contains."

Heinrich took the paper and read as follows:—

"The most welcome gift that I can make to you is, without doubt, your lover, and I send him to you herewith. That the box also may contain something agreeable and useful, I enclose in it the seed of a plant called saffron, wholly unknown in Europe: if you succeed in rearing it, your country will owe you its thanks, as it will prove as useful for its colour as for its medicinal properties. You can cultivate it in the gardens of the Castle of Liebeck, which, with its lands, I make over to my friend Walter von Merkenstein, that he may have possessions to offer you when you bestow on him your hand. He will find your name carved on every tree, and there at least will the ransomed slave of Saladin learn to know the heart of the friend who exchanged his own liberty for his."

All present were deeply moved at the words of the generous-hearted Adolph; and Merkenstein, with faltering voice, exclaimed:—

"No, indeed! Truly, Hülda's hand does not belong to me. I should at this hour be groaning in slavery, had I not been freed by the devotion of the noblest of men. It is my most sacred duty to return to Syria, and resume the place from which he rescued me."

The old Ritter Rauhenstein embraced the youth and approved his resolution; but he gave him a purse of 200 golden florins with which to pay the ransom of Liebeck, and Hülda sent him a letter in which she had written these words, "Your gifts have combined all the required conditions. My hand awaits you."

Walter was gone: the old Castle of Rauhenstein had returned to its wonted tranquillity, and the old knight had resumed his accustomed occupations; but Hülda's cheek grew pale, and her eyes looked feverishly from the turret windows, as if her thoughts were travelling in the direction of those who were risking their lives for her.

Her father remarked the change that was taking place in her, and was perplexed as to what remedy his tenderness could suggest under such peculiar circumstances; when Hülda herself addressed him on the subject which preoccupied both.

"Father," she said, timidly approaching him, "I know you have understood my thoughts since Walter left us: they have naturally been very anxious, and I now come to you with a request which I hope you will not deny me; for there is only one course from which I can derive any peace in this trying position."

"Speak on, my child," said the good father, "I have no doubt your wish is a reasonable one, and you may consider it already granted."

"It is then, dear father, that you will allow me to retire from this life of ease and luxury for a time. Two noble knights have for my sake abandoned their native land and the homes of their ancestors, and are incurring hardships of which we know nothing, in foreign and ungenial climes. The one pines in alien bonds: the other, leaving the love of mother and sister, pursues his way over unknown lands, willing to assume those very chains; and I, the cause of all this suffering, am living in the home of my childhood, sunned by a father's love, served by attached domestics, beneath the shelter of my paternal castle. This cannot be; it becomes me to seek some means of averting the displea-

sure of heaven. On the road to Vienna stands a stone cross, beside which pilgrims are wont to rest and pray; there let me await the return of those absent knights; there will I make expiation, and spin for the poor until heaven shall send them safely home again. This severe life will perhaps help my tears to prevail, and my prayers will be heard when they are thus earnestly offered."

The old knight, somewhat reluctantly, gave his consent to Hülda's project. He bought a small cottage which stood near the cross, and repaired thither with his daughter, in order that she might fulfil her vow. Daily, from this time forward, did Hülda repair to the foot of the old cross, and, regardless of storm or heat, pour forth her innocent prayers, sitting there with her distaff, till she was known through all the country round, as the "SPINNERIN-AM-KREUZ."

About fifteen months had elapsed, when one summer's evening, towards dusk, Hulda was kneeling in her wonted place at the pillar, breathing forth

> "Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard;
> . . . . for hither now repaired,
> Nightly, the maid; by God's all-seeing eye,
> Seen only, while she sought this boon alone:
> Her lover's safety, and his quick return.
> In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
> And to her bosom, fair as moon-beam, pressed
> One hand; the other lifted up to heaven.
> Her eye, bright as the star of morn,
> As violet, meek, excessive ardour streamed,
> Wafting away her earnest soul to God.
> Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
> On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
> Yet heard in heaven—heard at the mercy-seat.
> A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face:
> It was a tear of faith and holy fear,

Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On opening rosebuds by the stream of Life.
On her the moon gazed tenderly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne,
Glanced down, well pleased: and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
Oh! had her lover seen her thus,
Thus holy wrestling, thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence,
With unexpected joy, the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. . . . .
. . . . . .
She saw him not, heard not his fast approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A kneeling seraph,
Pleading for his ward before the Throne,
Seemed fittest—pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woodland shelter, 'neath the starry night,
Spirits of Love about them ministered,
And, God approving, blest the holy joy."

After the sweet joy of first meeting was over, Walter proceeded to tell his story. On arriving at his destination he had found Sultan Saladin no more. He had been dead about two months, and the Austrian slave he was in quest of had received his freedom, and had left the country. No. one, he added, knew whither he was gone, and from one source he had received the mournful tidings that, after falling into a state of profound melancholy, he had died of a broken heart. Hülda was deeply touched, and both she and his surviving rival mourned him with sincere sorrow.

Hülda's time of expiation was fully at an end; but, although her father pressed her to abandon all thoughts of the absent, and probably deceased, Adolph, she could not make up her mind to exclude him from her life, and to give her hand to Walter.

"Remember," said she, "how magnanimous was Adolph's

sacrifice: surely it demands of us every consideration, and the least we can do to testify our appreciation of his heroism, is to grant him time to appear. We have only the certitude that he left Damascus, and are in ignorance as to what may have been his subsequent fate. Let us, at all events, defer all further measures for one year: I will then declare my resolution."

However unpleasant this delay might be to the father, and however hazardous to the hopes of the lover, they were fain to yield to the maiden's proposal, which, they could not but admit, was just and reasonable, as well as honourable and generous.

The stipulated period was drawing to a close, when, one winter's evening, while the old knight, with his daughter and her lover, were seated round the fire in the old hall, a clatter of hoofs was suddenly heard in the court of Rauhenstein, and in a few minutes a muffled figure had dismounted and stood on the threshold. As he threw off his cloak they at once recognized in him the wanderer about whose fate they had made so many anxious conjectures, and warm were the welcomes with which he was received.

Adolph's surprise was great to find the lovers not yet united—greater still was his emotion at hearing the cause of the hesitation which kept them apart, and of which he absolutely refused to avail himself. He had, he said, once and for all made over all claims to his friend, and had only come to take a final leave of the inmates of the Castle before he returned for ever to the wars.

"Nay, indeed," exclaimed Walter, "that is now my duty. Since you live, Hulda can never be my bride: she is yours by every right that a human tie can possess."

Liebeck made no reply; but opened his vest, and on his

breast displayed the cross of the Knights Templars, whose vows he had taken.

"You see now," he said, "that my union with Hülda is henceforward impossible. I *could* not, if I would, accept the sacrifice you would make; my only happiness therefore consists in knowing that you are happy in each other's love. Do not make my duty heavier to me than it must needs be. Farewell, and sometimes spare me a loving remembrance."

With these words he hurried out, threw himself on his horse and disappeared. Those who remained looked at each other. The whole interview seemed like a dream, and to this day it is said in Rauhenstein that Adolph von Liebeck died in Palestine, and that the muffled knight who visited the inmates of the Castle that winter's night was the spirit of the departed hero, who was never heard of more. The wedding of Walter von Merkenstein with the beautiful Hülda was solemnized in due course, and in the gardens of the Castle of Liebeck they planted, with grateful affection for the memory of Adolph, the seeds he had sent from the East; so that it is to him that Austria is indebted for the valuable herb which now flourishes throughout the land, and which is called Saffron.

In the outskirts of Vienna is another old monument, of a description similar to that near Wiener-Neustadt. As both have given rise to traditional lore they are often confounded, but to the best of our belief the following is the accepted version of the origin of the first

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Legend of the Spiner-Kreuz.

A miller, whose name was Spiner, returning one day

from a neighbouring market-town, had to traverse the Wienerberge, and on coming to the place of execution, which was then not far from the spot where now stands the old Gothic stone cross known as the "Spiner-Kreuz," found there a thief just about to be hanged.

The miller elbowed his way through the crowd, and stood in the foremost rank. So close, indeed, was he to the inauspicious spot, that the poor criminal heard him exclaim to the bystanders in a loud voice:

"I wonder how that fellow feels just at this moment!"

The executioner had adjusted the rope around his neck, and little now remained to terminate the lugubrious scene, when the thief suddenly exclaimed—

"Look out there! Wait. I have a revelation to make. I had an accomplice in my crime, and I will declare his name."

A sudden silence prevailed: the people were all ears.

"That is he!" said the convict solemnly, and he pointed deliberately to the miller, who—startled, terrified, and struggling—was seized at once by the executioner's assistants and the officers of justice. In vain he protested his innocence. The condemned man was removed, a respite declared, and he was carried back to the prison. He remained immovable in his assertion, and as in those days trials were generally very short, and the slightest evidence sufficed to satisfy the judges, these latter declared that the simplest and most satisfactory course would be to reconduct the convict to the gallows, and to hang his accomplice with him; but that, as the miller denied his guilt, he should be hanged first.

So said, so done: the two were led back to the fatal spot, and the hangman proceeded to place the rope round the

neck of the luckless miller, when the accuser again exclaimed—

"Halt! I have something further to disclose."

All was once more still, and those present were on the tip-toe of expectation, when the thief, turning to the miller, who stood trembling, and so pale with fear that his cheeks were whiter than his coat, asked:

"Do you think you can tell now how a fellow feels when he is under the gallows?"

Then addressing himself to the officers of justice he said:

"This man is innocent. I never saw him before, nor he me: I only desired to respond to his wish to know how a man regards his situation when the gates of eternity are yawning before him."

The miller, upon this explanation, was set free: but the incident was a standing joke against him to the end of his days; and the spot was, in remembrance of it, called the "SPINER KREUZ."

In addition to this story—still devoutly believed by some—there is an old tradition that people never could agree as to the origin of the name of this monument; and another authority states that the cross, having been erected in the 17th century, in celebration of the deliverance of Christendom from the inroads of the Turks, had an inscription carved upon it, as follows:—

S alvator
P atrimonii
I esus
N azarenus
R ex
I udæorum.

Upon which the people—not at that time very expert at reading, or very learned in historical lore—catching at the initial letters, framed them into a word, and familiarly called the monument "the SPINRI."

Having explored Wiener-Neustadt and its neighbourhood, receiving a most agreeable impression of both, we took train, and in a few hours found ourselves once more in the Austrian capital. It was a lovely autumn evening—an evening worthy of summer: over our heads was a clear and fleckless sky, melting from the deep clear blue above us down towards the horizon into "one vast Iris of the west." The sun was sinking behind the distant landscape in all his glory as the train drew up, and collecting our belongings, we drove to the hotel of the "Archduke Charles." Alas! alas! the place was full—full to overflowing: not a bed was to be had, and we were fain to make another selection. Let it be the "Oesterreichische Hof," said one: the order was given, and to the "Oesterreichische Hof" we drove, but only to obtain the same answer. We were partly prepared for this difficulty, from former experience of the inadequate accommodation afforded in the central section of the city, or "Vienna proper;" but, determined not to be driven to the suburbs, we remembered the "Wilder Mann," and soon we were in the Kärnthnergasse, wearied and perplexed, and apprehending further disappointment and more trouble. A good-tempered, pleasant-faced Hungarian porter came to the door of our carriage, lifted his gold-banded cap, and received us with a most encouraging air.

"Have you beds?" said we, once more.

"At your graciousness's pleasure," replied he; "will you give yourselves the trouble to alight and see them?"

"Willingly," we replied: and gladly following our prepossessing conductor, we were handed over to a waiter, who soon provided us with all we wanted.

Before us stood the "Speise-lokalitäten," where we were not sorry to rest and dine after our day's fatigues. What was dinner to us, however, was supper to the rest of the guests, who were seated in parties at the numerous little tables. It was a large, cheerful, and well-appointed room, communicating with the kitchen, the door into which was cleverly masked, for along that side was a passage formed by a row of orange trees and oleanders, six or eight feet high, in large, green-painted, wooden boxes. The floor was of asphalt, and the room was simply the quadrangular court, covered in with a domed glass roof.

The landlord seemed concerned for the comfort of his guests, and came in every now and then, walking quietly about among the waiters, to see that all were duly cared for. He had a word for the *habitués*, who seemed on friendly terms with him, and as the room gradually cleared, he seated himself beside the stove, which happened to be near our table. We addressed to him some questions on local matters, to which he replied with much intelligence, and obtained from him some interesting particulars about the streets and monuments of this city. At length we inquired of him what was the origin of the sign of his house, which appeared to be a very favourite one throughout that part of the country.

"Your graciousness is right;" said he, "it is a sign very generally adopted in this part of Austria, but I know not why it has been seized upon by others. For myself, at all events, I can answer, and the reason why *this* house has

always gone by that name is because the event to which it refers happened on this spot."

"Indeed! and pray what event was that?"

"What, does not your graciousness know the legend of the *Bären-hauter?*"

"Nay, we never so much as heard of it; so if you will relate it to us you will be rendering us an agreeable service."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied our amiable landlord; "it is one of our most popular local traditions, and dates back a long way, for you will find this very house, or rather the oldest part of this house, mentioned in the history of the siege of Vienna by Matthias Corvinus, in the year of grace 1486."

"That, indeed, makes it a very venerable building."

"And one of the most ancient in Vienna," broke in our landlord, who piqued himself on the antiquity of his *house.* "This then," continued he, "is the story,"—and he proceeded to relate as follows:—

The Legend of the Bären-hauter.

In the year 1444, when Vladislaus, King of Hungary, fell at the unfortunate battle of Varna, overcome by the countless army of Amurat, which entirely routed the Christian forces, there was, among the few who escaped the carnage of that dreadful day, a man-at-arms named Georg, and surnamed by his comrades Georg of the Valley. A young fellow of prepossessing appearance, he was by no means wanting in courage; but, it would seem, he knew how to make use of his feet as well as his hands, for he contrived, after the

encounter which proved fatal to so many of his countrymen, to escape unobserved, gaining the neighbouring forest, and at least for the time placing his life in safety. So far well, but his position was not a very enviable one; he could not leave his hiding-place without risk of discovery, and what was he to do in this wild and deserted place? A stranger to the country, no less than to its language, how should he set about finding his way through its intricacies, and what chance had he of reaching his home, even if he could meet with a fellow-being who was not an enemy? No wonder that our hero was preoccupied with his embarrassing reflections; and no wonder that, faint, weary, and helpless, still almost within sight of the gory field, strewn with the lifeless bodies of his comrades, he should fall a prey to the fatal suggestions of despair.

Georg sat down beneath a tree, resting his chin on his hands, and, staring into vacancy, was giving way to the gloomiest thoughts, when a sound fell upon his ear, which told of the approach of footsteps. His first impulse was to welcome any incident which betokened a change in his miserable condition: his second, to apprehend some surprise, and to mistrust all strangers. He accordingly rose, and stealing cautiously round, concealed himself behind the trunk of the tree which had sheltered him, so as to observe the new-comer from behind as soon as he should have passed; but he counted without his host; for, as if the stranger had guessed his intention, instead of pursuing the path, he turned abruptly off, and passed by the very spot whither the unfortunate refugee had retreated. Further dissimulation he now felt would be worse than useless; so, affecting to put a bold face on the circumstance, Georg looked up and saluted him.

He was not much reassured by his aspect. Not less than fifty years of age, he was yet dressed in a fanciful costume by no means in character with his years. It consisted of a tightly-fitting black velvet suit, over which was thrown a dark claret-coloured cloak, large enough to envelope his whole person, while a broad-brimmed, pointed, black felt hat shaded his features.

He returned the young man's salute with a smile, which was meant to be friendly, but scarcely masked the sinister expression of his deep-set eyes.

"You don't seem to be in a very happy frame of mind, Mr. Soldier," said he. "He who fights and runs away . . . . . you know the rest, I daresay: but, you see, it is one thing to run away, and another to know what you are to do with yourself afterwards;"—and he smiled cynically, and made Georg feel particularly uncomfortable.

"True enough, Mr. Stranger," he replied; "and that is therefore just what I am considering."

"Ah, that is well; for a runaway soldier . . . . ahem! . . . . you know . . . ."

"What, then?" said Georg, alarmed. "Do you mean to betray me?"

"I! O dear no; pray make yourself easy. Of course I *could*, but I assure you, thus far, I have no such intention; but you seem to have been reflecting, let us know what conclusion your wisdom has arrived at."

Georg looked up and was silent; first, because he had no answer to give, and secondly, because he was mystified by the tone and language of his new acquaintance.

"One would think," said he, at length, "that you had some expedient to offer, by your asking so many questions."

"Well done; well done! Evasive, but shrewd," said he

of the cloak, slapping him on the back, and Georg started, for he fancied he felt something sharp at the fingers' ends. "And you're not far wrong either, for I could offer you more than one expedient—that is if you like to hear them."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said Georg, with a sigh; "but, perhaps, you will explain, that I may know whether you are not making game of a poor devil."

"You've hit it again, my dear fellow," said the stranger, "for you are, as you say, a poor miserable devil; while on the other hand I am a rich powerful devil—for to tell you the truth I am *the* Devil himself. Now don't start in that foolish way, when you can see—for I am sure you are a very sensible young man—that I have come to you in a friendly spirit, and that you have nothing to be afraid of."

"Your speech is fair enough," answered Georg, endeavouring to conceal his terror; and then, impelled by the desperation of his position, he added, "but what are your intentions?"

"They depend entirely on yourself," answered the Devil; "I am ready, if you say the word, not only to ensure your safety from detection, but to start you with money and luck enough to enable you to have a jolly time of it as long as you live."

Georg felt sorely tempted, and almost forgot his apprehensions in the brilliant perspective. He hesitated, and the Devil, seeing the advantage he had gained, hastened to follow it up.

"Then, it's a bargain," said he, extending his open hand but the action recalled the young man to his senses, and he mechanically withdrew his own.

"There are *two* parties," said he, "to a bargain, and we

have only talked of the terms on *one* side; what are those expected on the *other?*"

"Oh, dear me," answered the Devil, with a shrug, "how very particular you are; a mere nothing—just your signature to this little bit of parchment, and you will never hear of me again till you are taking leave of all the enjoyments I mean to bestow on you."

"I thought as much," said Georg, contemptuously, and in a tone of bitter disappointment; "then you may just go back whence you came, for no signature of mine will you ever get, I can tell you;"—and he turned and went away in a rage.

"Now, you hot-headed fellow," said the Devil, who had no mind to let his victim escape, "do wait a bit, and don't give me the trouble of coming after you this warm day. Listen to reason, and see how much more generous I am than you deserve. I will make you another proposal rather than let you return to your wretchedness, and will undertake to befriend you as already expressed, on the simple condition that, for the next three years, you neither wash, shave, comb, or cut your hair, or make any alteration in your dress? Now, how does *that* suit you?"

"That is another matter," said Georg, still suspicious, and reluctant to enter into any compact, however plausible. "I don't say I will refuse that, but . . . . . ."

"DONE!" said the Devil. "Done! Now I'm off;" and he had scarcely uttered the word, when, to Georg's astonishment, he found himself standing in a crowded street in Vienna. His first impulse was to look round for his interlocutor, who was no where to be seen; his second, to rejoice in the feeling of security with which he found himself once more in his own country; and his third, to wonder

what was now to become of him. To his surprise, if not to his terror, he found he was habited from head to foot in the skin of a bear, and perceiving himself the object of general attention, he ran under a gateway, intending to hide himself till dark. As he ran he heard the chink of money, and discovered in his hide a pocket filled with gold pieces, which renewed themselves as fast as he took them out.

This was a pleasant prospect, no doubt—plenty of money and no work; still, when he began to reflect, he found that there are worse evils than labour, and that if he was well paid, he earned that pay dearly. The worst was, the bargain was concluded, and he was in for it. It was too late to retreat. In vain he tried to reassure himself with the idea that in three years his penance would be at an end. Three years under such circumstances assumed the proportions of thirty! and as time went on, matters became worse. Georg—the handsome Georg—who had always been a dandy, and piqued himself on the trimness of his appearance, had now become so frightful an object, that he was shunned by all decent people, while the very street boys would pelt him with mud, and then run away screaming, "The *wild man* is after us;" till at last he was known by no other name.

The state of mind into which he found himself sinking, now opened his eyes to the intention Lucifer must have had in view.

"He thought," said Georg to himself, "to degrade me till I lost all self-respect, and that I should then abandon myself to vice, and so become his prey; but I will give him the slip yet, and perhaps, after all, he may come off worse than he thinks for."

Acting upon this sagacious resolution, Georg searched through the streets of Vienna till he found a modest, unpretending dwelling, adjoining a much-frequented inn, to serve him as a retreat till the term of his sequestration should be ended. Here he established himself; and, under the plea that he was gifted with extraordinary powers of divination, he drew the simple country-folk around him from far and near, so that it was not long before he obtained the reputation of a wise man or magician—an idea that received considerable support from his extraordinary appearance. Georg gave excellent advice to his clients, and as he assumed a paternal tone, and charged nothing for his consultations, he was looked upon as a miracle of disinterestedness, and passed for the oracle of the country round.

At the end of the first half of the third year "Master Urian"—for so the Devil called himself—appeared one day unexpectedly, and announced to him the visit of a certain Hans Ponsheimer, who had heard of his fame, and was coming from an adjoining town, named Lugeck, to consult him on the state of his affairs.

"Now, Master Georg," said the Devil, "I must begin by observing that you have been going on lately in a way that does not suit my book at all, and if you are determined to evade me, I must contrive to make up my balance in some other way. You will be so good, therefore, as to attend to my directions, and to follow them implicitly."

Georg nodded his acquiescence.

"What I require of you, then," said the other, "is this. When this burgher makes his appearance, you will listen to his story, and when he has come to an end you will tell him that he stands on the brink of a momentous crisis, but that you can rescue him from the perils which menace him.

He will ask you how, and you will then say that you cannot tell him anything about it until he has promised you one of his three daughters (who, I can tell you, are all very beautiful) in marriage. They are, however, haughty, and self-conscious, and, knowing nothing of their father's ruin—for he is on the eve of bankruptcy—they expect to match with princes; so you may guess the airs they will give themselves when they receive the advances of one so repulsive as yourself."

A few days after this interview, the predicted visit took place. Hans Ponsheimer arrived at the inn, and, without giving himself time to rest or eat, went straight to the wise man's domicile. All passed as foretold, except that, on Georg's making known his conditions, Hans laughed him to scorn, and asked him what he took him for, to suppose that *his* daughters would ever consent to marry such an object as he.

"My dear Sir," answered Georg coolly, "I only take you for what you are—a ruined man, whose credit, to-morrow morning, will not be worth that:"—and he snapped his fingers and assumed an expression of indifference.

"What!" said the merchant, "ruined! Hans Ponsheimer without credit! When you cease to be a bear, and become a man, I will believe that, and not before."

"More extraordinary things than either have happened before now," said Georg, quietly. "Are you not expecting, in a few days, to be called upon for a large sum?" he continued.

The merchant stared. "I am, Sir," said he; "but how came you to know this?"

"That is my secret," replied Georg.

"Still, I do not see how that proves my ruin. I have a

much larger amount coming in before that is due, so that my risk is amply covered."

"Oh! my good Sir, that is just where the shoe pinches; you *think* you will receive that sum—you are relying upon it; but not one penny of it will you ever touch, take my word for it; so if you have your credit at heart, you must look for some other means of liquidating your debt."

The merchant bounded from his seat, still incredulous. "It is not—it cannot be true. Vile miscreant, you menace me for the sake of forcing me to comply with your designs; but this shall not be." He was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted messenger from Lugeck, who desired to say a word to him in private, without loss of time.

"Your servant may speak before me, Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "or, if you prefer it, I will be his spokesman: he is come to announce to you the failure of the house we were just speaking of."

The courier stood speechless by, and Ponsheimer, aghast, now turned a deprecating eye on the singular being whose sincerity he had called in question.

"Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "we will say no more of your rough treatment, more especially out of regard to the close relationship we shall soon stand in to each other."

The merchant shuddered involuntarily: but this time he withheld all expression of his disgust.

"I am willing to release you from all your embarrassments, provided I have your word that one of your daughters shall be my wife."

"I consent," said Hans, and he heaved a deep sigh; "you have my word, the word of Hans Ponsheimer—till this day as good as his bond."

"Then," replied Georg, "I am willing to enter into part-

nership with you, and I deposit as capital the amount of the debt you have to pay,"—and he counted out the notes with a deliberation which took the other by surprise. Hans, fully sensible of the obligation he had received, and relieved of an enormous weight, stretched out his hand to shake that of his shaggy benefactor, but when he saw the long claws at the ends of his fingers, the thought of the rash promise he had made on behalf of his dainty daughters overcame him, and he trembled in every limb. However, it was impossible to retract, and Ponsheimer was obliged to withdraw, promising his future son-in-law that his bride should be ready in a few days, only requesting a reasonable time to prepare her for the change that was to take place in her lot.

Hans went home broken-hearted, and wondering how he should ever venture to break the matter to his daughters, who, on his approach, came out to welcome him back. They were completely bewildered by his downcast looks, and at last coaxed him to tell them the cause of his trouble. Hans related his story briefly but honestly; he disguised nothing, but painted the "Wild Man" in all his hideousness, and then waited anxiously to see how they took the information. The two elder made very short work of it: they declared that nothing should ever induce *them* to accede to so revolting a condition, and fell upon their father with the harshest reproaches. The unhappy man sat before them in a state of mute despondency. As he raised his eyes, they fell on the face of his youngest child, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears; she was his Cordelia, and unable to witness her father's distress, she rose and, throwing her arms round his neck, "Father dear," she said, "I will marry the Wild Man; my life is yours, and I will not forsake you."

Ponsheimer was overcome by this touching proof of his child's generosity and affection. "Trudchen," he exclaimed, "you have always been the joy of my life, and you are my consolation in this trial. Heaven, I am convinced, will reward you for this sacrifice."

But Gertrude closed her father's lips with a kiss, and begged he would have no fear for her, as no happiness the world could give could exceed the satisfaction of feeling that she had accomplished a filial duty.

But the merchant felt ill at ease with himself, and was still deliberating on the dilemma in which he was placed, when a great commotion was heard in the street, occasioned by a gorgeous pageant which was defiling through the town, to the surprise of all its inhabitants. The cortege had threaded the street in which was Ponsheimer's house, and when he looked out of window he saw a magnificent coach, drawn by six richly harnessed horses, and attended by servants in handsome liveries, approaching his house. As soon as it drew up, an elegant cavalier alighted and entered the door. Hans advanced to the stairs, but what was his surprise to find himself in the embrace of a handsome youth, who, in the voice of the Wild Man, called him his future father, and begged to see his destined bride.

Gertrude's astonishment and joy may be imagined, but it did not exceed that of her father; while, as for her heartless and unfilial sisters, no words could describe their rage and despair. Unable to endure the sight of a happiness which had been within their reach, and which they themselves had refused, they reproached their father with deceiving them, and their sister for taking advantage of them. Lucifer stood by and smiled: his prey awaited him, and that very day one of the sisters hung herself,

while the body of the other was found in the river next morning.

Georg of the Valley lived happily with his gentle and beautiful wife, and his respectable father-in-law. Their names are to be found in a title-deed dated 1459, in which the house they occupied at Lugeck is designated by the sign of the Black Bear.

On the spot where stood the inn, of which the Wild Man inhabited an outhouse in the days of his disguise, now stands the identical house, enlarged and embellished as you see, gracious Sirs, and in which I have the honour to receive you this day."

Our landlord ceased speaking, and we appreciated the entertainment he had afforded us in this characteristic legend. He assured us that Vienna abounded in such traditions, and that it was wonderful to see what a reputation the devil of mediæval times had left behind him, for there was hardly a street in the whole city which did not furnish some quaint story of his supernatural agency, and that the spots to which such recollections were attached were preserved and maintained with the most jealous care. "In fact," said he, "popular credulity retains the most absurd and impossible legends, and those who love to relate them seem to think that if they can point to the scene of the occurrence, the truth of their story is irrefutably proved."

Our good-natured host had acted so liberally by us in according us this recital that we had not the face to take advantage of his last observation. We, however, noted it carefully, and laid it by in a corner of our memory for future use, secretly determining at the first opportunity to turn his local knowledge to account.

The enthusiastic admiration expressed by our landlord for the legendary lore of his country opened a new vista to us, and we set ourselves sedulously to collect those curious and suggestive specimens of popular literature wherever we could find them authentic. We hope some day to translate them into our own language, and to present them to our readers, together with our personal experiences of Vienna and its surroundings.

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